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SHELF No.
ADAMS
235.4

Then knocking with his angry hands his breast,
Earth with his feet; He crys, Oh 'tis confest;
I have been a *pious fool* a *Woman-King*;
Wrong'd by a *Seer* a Boy, *every thing*.
Eight hundred years of *Death* is not so deep,
So unconcern'd as my *Lethargick sleep*.
My *Patience* ev'en a *Sacriledge* becomes,
Disturbs the *Dead*, and open their sacred *Tombs*.
Ah *Benjamin*, kind *Father!* who for me
This cursed World endur'st again to see!
All thou hast said, *great vision*, is so true,
That all which thou command'st, and more I'll do:
Kill him? yes *mighty Ghost* the wretch shall dy,
Though every *Star* in Heav'en should it deny;
Nor mock th'assault of our just wrath again;
Had he ten times his fam'd *ten thousand* slain.
Should that bold popular *Madman*, whose design
Is to revenge his *own disgrace* by *Mine*,
Should my ingrateful *Son* oppose th'intent,
Should mine *own heart* grow scrup'ulous and relent,
Curse me just *Heaven* (by which this truth I swear)
If I that *Seer*, my *Son*, or *Self* do spare.
No gentle *Ghost*, return to thy still home;
Thither this day mine, and thy *Foe* shall come.
If that curst object longer vex my sight,
It must have learnt to 'appear as *Thou* to night.
Whilst thus his wrath with threats the *Tyrant* fed,
The threatned *youth* slept fear less on his bed;
Sleep on, rest quiet as they *Conscience* take,
For though *Thou* sleep'st thy self, thy *God's* awake.
Above the subtle foldings of the Sky,
Above the well-set *Orbs* soft *Harmony*,
Above those petty *Lamps* that guild the *Night*;
There is a place o'reflown with hallowed *Light*;

Where *Heaven*, as if it left it self behind,
It stretcht out far, nor its own *bounds* can find:
Here *peaceful Flames* swell up the sacred place,
Nor can the glory contain it self in th'endless space.
For there no twilight of the *Suns* dull ray,
Glimmers upon the pure and native day.
No pale-fac'd *Moon* does in stoln beams appear,
Or with dim *Taper* scatters *darkness* there,
On no smooth *Sphear* the restless *Seasons* slide,
No circling *Motion* doth swift *Time* divide;
Nothing is there *To come*, and nothing *Past*,
But an *Eternal Now* does always last.
There sits th' *Almighty*, *First* of all, and *End*;
Whom nothing but *Himself* can comprehend.
Who with his *Word* commanded *All* to *Be*,
And *All* obey'd him, for that *Word* was *He*.
Only he spocke, and every thing that *Is*
From out the womb of *fertile Nothing* ris.
Oh who shall tell, who shall describe thy throne,
Thou great *Three One*?
There Thou thy self do'st in full presence show
Not absent from these meaner *Worlds* below;
No, if thou wert, the *Elements League* would cease,
And all thy *Creatures* break thy *Natures* peace
The *Sun* would stop his course, or gallop back
The *Stars* drop out, the *Poles* themselves would crack:
Earths strong foundations would be torn in twain,
And his vast work all ravel out again
To its first *Nothing*; For his *Spirit* contains
The wel knit *Mass*, from him each Creature gains
Being and *Motion*, which he still bestows;
From him th' *effect* of our weak *Action* flows.
Round him vast *Armie* of swift Angels stand.

Wh

Which seven triumphant Generals command,
They sign loud anethems of his endless praise.
And with fixt eyes drink in immortal rayes.
Of these he call'd out one; all Heav'en did shake,
And silence kept whilst its Creator spake.
Are we forgotten then so soon? can He
Look on his *Crown*, and not remember *Me*
That gave it? can he think we did not hear
(Fond Man!) his threats? and have we made the *Ear*
To be accounted *deaf?* No, *Saul*, we heard;
And it will cost thee dear: the ills thou'st fear'd,
Practis'd, or thought on, I'll all double send;
Have *we* not spoke it, and dares *Man* contend!
Alas, poor dust! didst thou but know the day
When thou must lie in blood at *Gilboa*,
Thou, and thy *Sons* thou wouldst not threaten still,
Thy trembling Tongue would stop against thy will.
Then shall thine *Head* fixt in curst *Temples* be,
And all their *foolish Gods* shall laugh at Thee.
That hand which now on *Davids* Life would prey.
Shall then turn *just*, and its own *Master* slay;
He whom thou *hat'est*, on thy *lov'd Throne* shall sit,
And expiate the disgrace thou do'st to it.
Had then; tell *David* what his *King* has sworn,
Tell him whose blood must paint this rising Morn.
Yet bid him go securely when he sends;
'Tis *Saul* that is his *Foe*, and *we* his *Friends*.
The *Man* who has his *God* no aid can lack.
And *we* who bid him *Go*, will bring him back.
He spoke; the *Heavens* seem'd decently to bow,
With all their bright *Inhabitants*; and now

The jocond *Sphæres* began again to play,
Again each *Spirit* sung *Hallelujia*.
Only that *Angel* was straitgon; Ev'en so
(But not so swift) the *morning Glories* flow
At once from the bright *Son*, and strike the ground;
So winged *Lightning* the soft air does wound.
Slow *Time* admires, and knows not what to
The *Motion*, having no *Account* so *small*.
So flew this *Angel*, till to *Davids* bed
He came and thus his sacred Message said,
31 Awake, young *Man*, hear what thy *King*
has sworn;
He swore thy blood should paint this rising Morn.
Yet to him go securely when he sends;
'Tis *Saul* that is your *Foe*, and *God* your *Friend*
The *Man* who has his *God*, no aid can lack;
And he who bids thee *Go*, will bring thee back
Up leapt *Jessides*, and did round him stat
But could see nought was left but air,
Whilst this great *Vision* labours in his thought
Lo, the *short Prophesie* 'taffect is brought.
In treacherous hast he's sent for to the King,
1 *Sam.* 18 10. & 19.9 And with him bid his charmful *Lyre* to bring
The King, they say, lies raging in a Fit,
Which does no cure but sacred tunes admit;
32 And true it was, soft *musick* did appease
1 *Sam.* 16. 23. Th' obscure fantastick rage of *Sauls* disease.
33 Tell me, oh *Muse* (for *thou*, or none can tell
The mystick pow'rs that in blest *Numbers* dwell,
Thou their great *Nature* know'st; nor is it fit
This noblest *Gem* of thine own *Crown* t' omit
Tell me from whence these heav'nly charms a
Teach the dull world *t' admire* what they *desp*
As first a various unform'd *Hint* we find

Rise in some god-like *Poets* fertile *Mind*,
Till all the parts and words their places take,
And with just matches *verse* and *musick* make;
34 Such was *Gods Poem*, this *World Is* new *Essay*;
So wild and rude in its first draught it lay;
Th' ungovern'd parts no *Correspondence* knew,
An artless *war* from thwarting *Motions* grew;
Till they to *Number* and fixt Rules were brought
By the *eternal Minds Postique Thought*.
35 *Water* and *Air* he for the *Tenor* chose,
Earth made the *Base*, the *Treble Flame* arose.
36 To th'active *Moon* a quick brisk store he gave,
To *Saturns string* a touch more soft and grave.
The *motions Strait*, and *Round*, and *Swift*, and *Slow*,
And *Short*, and *Long*, were mixt and woven so,
Did in such artful *Figures* smoothly fall,
As made this decent measur'd *Dance* of *All*,
And this is *Musick*; *Sounds* that charm our ears,
Are but one *Dressing* that rich *science* wears.
Though no man hear't, though no man it teherse
Yet will there still be *Musick* in my *Verse*.
In this *Great World* so much of it we see;
37 The *Lesser*, *Man*, is all o're *Harmonie*.
Storehouse of all *Proportions*! *single Quire*!
Which first *Gods Breath* did tunefully inspire!
From hence blest *Musicks* heav'nly charms arise,
From *sympathy* which *Them* and *Man* allies.
Thus they our *souls*, thus they our *Bodies* win,
Not by their *Force*, but *Party* that's within.
38 Thus the strange *Cure* on our spilt *Blood* apply'd,
Sympathy to the distant *Wound* does guid.
39 Thus when to *Brethren strings* are set alike,
To *move* them *both*, but *one* of them we *strike*.
Thus *Davids Lyre* did *Sauls* wild rage controul.
40 And tun'd the harsh discorders of his *Soul*.

41 When *Israel* was from bondage led,
Psalm. 114. Led by th' *Almighty's* hand
From out a forreign land,
The great *Sea* beheld, and fled.
As men pursu'd, when that fear past they find,
Stop on some higher ground to look behind,
So whilst through wondrous ways
The sacred *Army* went,
The *Waves* afar flood up to gaze,
And their own *Rocks* did represent,
Solid as *Waters* are above the *Firmament*.

Old *Jordans* waters to their *spring*
Start back with sudden *fright*;
The *spring* amaz'd at sight,
Asks what *News* from *Sea* they bring.
The *Mountains* shook; and to the *Mountains* side,
The little *Hills* leapt round themselves to hide;
As young affrighted *Lambs*
When they ought dreadful spy,
Run trembling to their helpless *Dams*;
The mighty *Sea* and *River* by,
Were glad for their *excuse* to see the *Hills* to fly.

What ail'd the mighty *Sea* to flee?
Or why did *Jordans* tyde
Back to his Fountain glide?
Jordans Tyde, what ailed Thee?
Wy leapt the *Hills*? why did the *Mountains* shake?
What ail'd them their fixt *Natures* to forsake;
Fly where thou wilt, *O Sea!*
And *Jordans* Current cease;
Exod. 17 6, *Num.* 20 11. *Jordan* there is no need of thee,
For at *Gods* word, when e're he please,
The *Rocks* shall weep new *Waters* forth instead of these.

Thus

Thus sung the great *Musician* to his Lyre;
And *Sauls* black rage grew softly to retire
But *Envys serpent* still with him remain'd,
42 And the wise *Charmers* healtful voice, disdain'd.
Ps. 58 5 Th' unthankful *King* cur'd truly of his fit,
Seems to lie drown'd and buryed still in it.
From his past madness draws this wicked use,
To sin disguis'd, and *murder* with *excuse*:
For whilst the fearless youth his cure pursues,
And the soft *Medicine* with kind art renews;
1 *Sam.* The barb'arous *Patient* casts at him his *spear*,
18. 11. (The usual *scepter* that rough hand did bear)
& 19 10 Casts it with violent strength, but into th'roome
An *Arm* more strong and sure than his was come;
An *Angel* whose unseen and easie might
Put by the *weapon*, and *misled* it *right*.
How vain Mans pow'er is! unless God command,
The *weapon* disobeys his *Masters* hand!
Happy was now the error of the blow;
At *Gilboa* it will not serve him so.
One would have thought, *Saul* sudden rage t'have seen,
He had himself by *David* wounded been,
He scorn'd to leave what he did ill begin,
And thought his *Honor* now engag'd i'th' *Sin*,
A bloody Troop of his own Guards he sends
(*Slaves* to his *Will*, and falsly call'd his *Friends*)
To mend his *error* by a surer blow,
So *Saul* ordain'ed, but *God* ordain'ed not so
Home flies the *Prince*, and to his trembling *Wife*
Relates the new-past hazard of his life,
Which she with *decent passion* hears him tell;
For not her own fair *Eyes* she lov'd so well.
43 Upon their *Palace* top beneath a row
Of *Lemon Trees*, which there did proudly grow,
And with bright stores of golden fruit repay.

The *Light* they drank from the *Suns* neighb'ring ray,
(A small, but artful *Paradise*) they walk'd;
And hand in hand sad gentle things they talk'd.
Here *Michol* first an armed Troop espies
(So faithful and so quick are *loving Eyes*)
Which marcht, and often gliftet'd through a wood,
That on right hand of her fair *Palace* stood;
She saw them; and cry'd out; They're come to kill
1 Sam. 19. 11. My dearest *Lord*; *Sauls* spear pursues thee still.
Behold his wicked *Guards*; Haste quickly, fly,
For heavens sake haste; My dear *Lord*, do not dy.
Ah cruel *Father*, whose ill-natur'd rage
Neither thy *Worth*, nor *Marriage* can asswage!
Will he part those he join'd so late before?
1 Sam. 18. 27. Were the two-hundred *Foreskins* worth no more?
He shall not part us; (Then she wept between)
At yonder Window thou mayst scape unseen;
This hand shall let thee down; stay not, but haste;
'Tis not my *Use* to send thee hence so fast.
Best of all women, he replies —— and this
Scarce spoke, she stops his answer with a Kiss;
Throw not away (said she) thy precious breath,
Thou stay'st too long within the *reach* of *death*.
Timely he'obeys her wise advice, and streit
To injust Force she opposes just deceit.
She meets the Murd'erers with a *vertuous Ly*,
1 Sam. 19. 13. And good dissembling Tears; May he not *dy*
1 Sam. 19. 14. In quiet then? (said she) will they not give
That freedom who so fear lest he should *Live*?
Even fate does with your cruelty conspire,
And spares your *guilt*, yet does what you *desire*.
Must he not *live*? for that ye need not *sin*;

My

My much-wrong'd *Husband* speechless lies within,
And has too little left of vital breath
To know his *Murderers*, or to feel his *Death*.
One *hour* will do your work ——
Here her well-govern'd Tears dropt down apace;
Beauty and *Sorrow* mingled in one face
Has such resistless charms that they believe,
And an *unwilling* apprehension find to *grieve*
At what they *came* for; A pale *Statues* head
In linnen wrapt appear'd on *Davids* bed;
Two servants mournful stand and silent by,
And on the table med'cinal reliques ly;
In the cloose room a well-plac'ed Tapers light,
Adds a becoming horror to the sight.
And for th' *Impression God* prepar'ed their *Sence*;
They saw, believ'd all this, and parted thence.
How vain attempts *Sauls* unbleſt anger tryes,
By his own *hands* deceiv'd, and servants *Eyes*!
It cannot be (said he) no, can it? shall
Our great *ten thousand Slayer* idly fall?
The silly rout thinks *God* protects him still;
But *God*, alas, guards not the *bad* from *ill*.
Oh may he guard him! may his members be
In as full strength, and well-set harmonie
As the fresh body of the first made Man
E're *Sin*, or Sins just meed, *Disease* began.
He will be else too *small* for our *vast Hate*;
And we must *share* in our revenge with *fate*.
No; let us have him *Whole*; we else may seem
To'have snatcht away but some few days from him,
And *cut* that *Thread* which would have *dropt* in two;
Will our great anger learn too stoop so low?
I know it cannot, will not; him we prize
Of our just wrath the solemn *Sacrifice*,
That must not *blemish* be; let him remain

Secure, and *grow up* to our *stroke* again,
'Twill be some pleasure then to take his breath,
When he shall *strive*, and *wrestle* with his *death*;
Go, let him live —— And yet —— shall I then
stay
So long? good and great actions hate delay.
Some foolish piety perhaps, or He
That has been still mine *honors Enemie*,
Samuel may change or cross my just intent,
And I this *Formal Pity* soon repent.
Besides *Fate* gives him me, and whispers this,
That he can fly no more, if we should miss;
Miss? can we miss again; go bring him strait,
Though gasping out his Soul; if the wisht date
1 *Sam.* Of his accursed life be almost past,
19. 15. Some *Joy* 'twill be to *see* him breath his last.
The *Troop* return'd, of their *short Virtue*'
asham'ed, (blam'ed
Sauls courage prais'd, and their own weakness
But when the *pious fraud* they understood,
Scarce the respect due to *Sauls* sacred blood,
Due to the sacred *beauty* in it reign'ed,
From *Michols* murder their wild rage restrain'ed.
She'alleag'ed the holiest chains that bind a *wife*,
1 *Sam.* *Duty* and *Love*; she alleag'ed that her own
19. 17. Life,
Had she refus'ed that safety to her Lord,
Would have incurr'd just danger from his sword.
Now was *Sauls* wrathfull grown; he takes no
rest,
A violent *Flame* rolls in his troubled brest.
And in fierce *Ligthning* from his *Eye* do's break;
Not his own *favorites*, and best friends dare
speak,
Or look on him; but mute and trembling all,
Fear where this *Cloud* will burst, and *Thunder* fall.
So when the *pride* and *terrour* of the *Wood*,
A *Lyon* prickt with rage and want of food,

Espies

Espies out from afar some well-fed beast,
And bristles up preparing for his feast;
If that by swiftness scape his gaping jaws;
His bloody eyes he hurls round, his sharp paws
Tear up the ground; then runs he wild about,
Lashing his angry tail, and roaring out.
Beasts creep into their dens, and *tremble there*;
Trees, though no *wind* is stirring, shake with feare;
1 Sam 19. 19. *Silence* and *horror* fill the place around.
Eccho it self dares scarce repeat the sound.
46 Midst a large *Wood* that joyns fair *Ramahs* Town
(The neighbourhood fair *Rama*'s chief renown)
47 A *Colleg* stands, where at great *Prophets feet*
The *Prophets Sons* with silent dili'gence meet,
By *Samuel* built, and mod'erately endow'ed.
Yet more to'his lib'ral *Tongue* than *Hands* they ow'ed.
There himself *taught*, and his blest voice to heare,
Teachers themselves lay proud *beneath* him there.
The *House* was a large *Square*; but plain and low;
Wise *Natures* use *Art* strove not to outgo.
An inward Square by well-rang'd Trees was made;
And midst the friendly cover of their shade,
A pure, well-tasted, wholsome *Fountain* rose;
Which no vain cost of *Marble* did enclose;
Nor thought carv'd *shapes* did the forc'ed waters pass,
Shapes gazing on themselves ith' *liquid glass*.
Yet the chaste stream that'mong loose peebles fell
48 For *Cleanness*, *Thirst*, *Religion* serv'd as well.
49 The *Schollars*, *Doctors* and *Companions* here,
Lodg'ed all apart in neat small chambers were:
Well-furnisht Chambers, for in each there stood,
50 A narrow *Couch*, *Table* and *Chair* of wood,
More is but clog where *use* does bound *delight*;

And those are rich whose *Wealth*'s proportion'ed
right
To their *Lifes Form*; more *goods* would but
becom
A *Burden* to them, and contract their *room*.
A second *Court* more sacred stood behind,
Built fairer, and to nobler use design'd:
The *Hall* and *Schools* one side of it possest;
The *Library* and *Synagogue* the rest.
Tables of plain-cût Firre adorn'ed the Hall;
51 And with beasts skins the *beds* were cov'red all,
52 The reverend *Doctors* take their seats on high.
Th' *Elect Companions* in their bosoms ly.
The *Schollars* far below upon the ground,
On fresh-strew'd rushes place themselves
around.
With more respect the *wise* and *ancient* lay;
But eat not choicer *Herbs* or *Bread* than they,
Nor purer *Waters* drank, their constant feast;
But by great days, and *Sacrifice* encreast.
The *Schools* built round and higher, at the end
With their fair circle did this side extend;
To which their *Synagogue* on th'other side,
And to the *Hall* their *Library* replide.
The midst tow'ard their *Gardens* open lay,
To 'admit the joys of *Spring* and *early day*.
I'th'-*Library* a few choice *Authors* stood,
Yet 'twas well stor'ed, for that small store was
good;
Writing, Mans *Spir'itual Physick* was not then
It self, as now, grown a *Disease* of Men.
Learning (*young Virgin*) but few *Suitors* knew;
The common *Prostitute* she lately grew,
And with her *spurious brood* loads now the Press;
Laborious effects of *Idleness*!
Here all the various forms one might behold
How *Letters* sav'ed themselves from *Death* of
old;

Some

53 Some painfully engrav'd in thin wrought *plates*,
Some cut in *wood*, some lightlier trac'ed on *slates*;
54 Some drawn on fair *Palm leaves*, with short
live'd toyl,
Had not their *friend* the *Cedar* lent his *Oyl*.
55 Some wrought in *Silks*, some writ in tender *barks*;
Some the sharp *Stile* in waxen *Tables* marks;
56 Some in beasts *skins*, and some in *Bibles read*;
Both new rude arts, with age and growth did
need.
The *Schools* were painted well with usefull skill;
Stars, *Maps*, and *Stories* the learn'd wall did fill.
Wise wholesome *Proverbs* mixt around the
roome,
57 Some writ, and in *Egyptian Figures* some,
Here all the noblest *Wits* of men inspir'd,
From earths slight joys, and worthless toils
retir'd,
Whom *Samuels* Fame and *Bounty* thither lead,
Each day by turns their solid know ledge read.
58 The course and power of *Stars* great *Nathan*
thought,
And home to man those *distant Wonders* brought,
How toward both *Poles* the *Suns* fixt journey
bends,
And how the *Year* his *crooked walk* attends.
By what just steps the *wandring Lights* advance,
And what eternal measures guid their *dance*.
Himself a *Prophet*; but his *Lectures* shew'd
How little of that *Art* to *them* he ow'ed.
Mahol th'inferior worlds fantastick face,
Though all the turns of *Matters Maze* did trace;
Great *Natures* well-set *Clock* in pieces took;
On all the *Springs* and smallest *Wheels* did look
Of *Life* and *Motion*; and with equal art
Made up again the *Whole* of ev'ry *Part*.
The *Prophet Gad* in *learned Dust* designes
Th'immortal solid rules of fancl'ed *Lines*.

Of

Of *Numbers* too th' *unnumbred wealth* he
showes,
And with them far their *endleſs journey* goes.
59 *Numbers* which ſtill encreaſe more high and wide
From *One*, the *root* of their *turn'd Pyramide*.
Of *Men*, and *Ages* paſt *Seraiah* read;
Embal'md in longliv'd *Hiſtory* the *Dead*.
Show'd the *ſteep falls*, and ſlow *aſcent of States*;
What *Wiſdom* and what *Follies* make their *Fates*.
Samuel himſelf did *Gods* rich *Law* diſplay;
Taught douting men with *Judgment* to *obay*.
And of this raviſht *Soul* with ſudden flight
Soar'd above *preſent Times*, and humane ſight.
Theſe *Arts* but welcome *ſtrangers* might *appear*,
Muſick and *Verſe* ſeam'd *born* and *bred* up here;
Scarce the bleſt *Heav'en* that rings with *Angels*
voyce,
Does with more conſtant *Harmony* rejoyce.
The ſacred *Muſe* does here each breſt inſpire;
Heman, and ſweet-mouth'd *Aſaph* rule their
Quire:
Both charming *Poets*, and all ſtrains they plaid,
By artful *Breath*, or nimble *Fingers* made.
The *Synagogue* was dreſt with care and coſt,
(The onely place where that they' eſteem'd *not*
loſt)
60 The glittering roof with gold did daze the view,
The ſides refreſh't with ſilks of *ſacred blew*.
Here thrice each day they read their perfect *Law*,
Thrice pray'ers from willing *Heav'en* a bleſſing
draw;
Thrice in glad *Hymns* ſwell'd with the *Great Ones*
praiſe,
61 The plyant *Voice* on her ſea'en ſteps they raiſe,
Whilſt all th' *enlivened Inſtruments* around
To the juſt feet with various concord ſound;
Such things were *Muſes* then, contemn'd low
earth;

Decent

Decently proud, and mind'ful of their *birth*.
'Twas *God* himself that here tun'd every Toung;
And greatefully of him alone they sung.
They sung how *God spoke out* the worlds vast ball;
From *Nothing*, and from *No where* call'd forth *All*.
No *Nature* yet, or *place* for't to possess,
But an unbottom'd *Gulf* of *Emptiness*.
Full of *himself*, th' *Almigthy* sat, his own
Palace, and without *Solitude Alone*.
But he was *Goodness* whole, and all things will'd;
Which ere they *were*, his *active word* fulfill'd;
And their astonisht heads o'th' sudden rear'd;
An unshap'ed kind of *Something* first appear'd;
Confessing its new *Being*, and undrest
As if it stept in hast before the rest.
Yet buried in this *Matters* darksome womb,
Lay the rich *Seeds* of ev'ery thing to com.
From hence the chearful *Flame* leapt up so high;
Close at its heels the nimble *Air* did fly;
Dull *Earth* with his own weight did downwards pierce
To the fixt *Navel* of the *Universe*,
And was quite lost in *waters*: till God said
To the proud *Sea*, shrink in your ins'olent head,
See how the gaping *Earth* has made you place,
That durst not murmure, but shrunk in apace.
Since when his bounds are set, at which in vain
He foams, and rages, and turns back again.
With richer stuff ne bad *Heav'ens* fabrick shine,
And from him a quick spring of *Light divine*
Swell'd up the *Sun*, from whence his cheerfishing flame
Fills the whole world, like *Him* from whom it came.
He smooth'd the rough-cast *Moons* imperfect mold,

And

And comb'ed her beamy locks with sacred gold;
Be thou (said he) *Queen* of the mournful night;
And as he spoke, she'arose clad o're in *Light*,
With thousand *stars* attending on her train;
With her they rise, with her they set again.
Then *Herbs* peep'ed forth, new *Trees* admiring stood,
And smelling *Flow'ers* painted the infant wood.
Then flocks of *Birds* through the glad ayr did flee,
Joyful, and sake before *Mans Luxurie*,
Teaching their *Maker* in their untaught lays:
Nay the *mute Fish* witness no less his praise.
For those he made, and cloath'd with silver scales;
From *Minoes* to those *living Islands*, *Whales*.
Beasts too where his command: what could he more?
Yes, *Man* he could, the *bond* of all before;
In him he all things with strange order hurl'd;
In him, that *full Abridgment* of the *World*.
This, and much more of *Gods* great works they told;
His *mercies*, and some *judgments* too of old:
How when all earth was deeply stain'd in sin;
With an impetuous noyse the waves came rushing in.
Where *birds* e're while dwellt, and securely sung;
There *Fish* (an unknown *Net*) entangled hung.
The face of *shipwrackt Nature* naked lay;
The *Sun* peep'd forth, and beheld nought but *Sea*,
This men forgot, and burnt in lust again;
Till show'rs, strange as their Sin, of *fiery rain*,
And scalding brimstone, dropt on *Sodoms* head;
Alive they felt those *Flames* they fry in *Dead*.
No better end rash *Pharaohs* pride befel.
When *Wind* and *Sea* wag'ed war for *Israel*.
In his gilt chariots amaz'd *fishes* sat,

And

And grew with corps of wretched *Princes* fat.
The waves and rocks half eaten bodies stain;
Nor was it since, call'd the *Red-sea* in vain.
Much too they told of faithful *Abrams* fame,
64 To whose blest passage they owe still their
Name:
Of *Moses* much and the great seed of *Nun*;
What wonders they perform'd, what lands they
won.
How many *Kings* they slew or *Captive* brought;
They held the *Swords*, but *God* and *Angels*
fought.
Thus gain'd they the wise spending of their
days;
And their whole *Life* was their dear *Makers*
praise.
No minutes rest, no swiftest thought they sold
To that beloved *Plague* of *Mankind*, *Gold*.
Gold for which all mankind with greater pains
Labour towards *Hell*, then those who dig its
veins.
Their *wealth* was the *Contempt* of it; which more
They valu'd then rich fools the shining *Ore*
The *Silk-worm's* pretious death they scorn'd to
wear,
And *Tyrian Dy* appear'd but sordid there.
Honor which since the price of *Souls* became,
Seem'd to these *great ones* a low idle *Name*.
Instead of *Down*, hard beds they chose to have,
Such as might bid them not forget their *Grave*.
Their *Board* dispeopled no full *Element*,
Free *Natures* bounty thriftily they spent
And spar'ed the *Stock*; nor could their bodies
say
We owe this *Crudeness* t' Exces yesterday.
Thus *Souls* live *cleanly*, and no soiling fear,
But entertain their welcome *Maker there*.
The *Senses* perform nimbly what they're bid,

And

And *honestly*, nor are by *Reason* chid.
And when the down of *sleep* does softly fall,
Their *Dreams* are heavenly then, and mystical
With hasty wings *Time present* they outfly,
And tread the doubtful *Maze* of *Destiny*.
There walk and sport among the *years to come*;
And with quick *Eye* pierce ev'ery *Causes womb*.
Thus these *Saints* enjoy'd their *Little All*;
Free from the spight of *much-mistaken Saul*;
For if mans Life we in just ballance weigh,
David deserv'd his *Envy* less than *They*.
Of this retreat the hunted *Prince* makes choice,
Adds to their *Quire* his nobler *Lyre* and *Voice*.
But long unknown even here he could not lye;
So bright his *Lustre*, so quick *Envies* Eye!
1 *Sam.* 19,20 Th' offend Troop, whom he escap'd before,
Pursue him here, and fear mistakes no more;
Belov'd revenge fresh rage to them affords;
Some part of him all *promise* to their *Swords*.
They came, but a new spirit their hearts possest,
Scattering a sacred calm through every breast:
The furrows of their brow, so rough erewhile,
Sink down into the dimples of a *Smile*.
Their cooler veins swell with a peaceful tide,
And the chaste streams with even current glide.
A sudden *day* breaks gently through their eyes,
And *Morning-blushes* in their cheeks arise.
The thoughts of war, of blood, and murther cease;
In peaceful tunes they adore the *God* of *Peace*.
Ib. v. 21 New Messengers twice more the *Tyrant* sent,
And was twice more mockt with the same event.
His heightned rage no longer brooks delay;
Ib. v. 23 It sends him there himself; but on the way
His *Foolish Anger* a *wise Fury* grew,
And *Blessings* from his mouth *unbidden* flew.
His Kingly robes he laid at *Naioth* down,

Began

Began to *understand* and *scorn* his *Crown*;
Employ'd his mounting thoughts on nobler things;
And felt more *solid joys* than *Empire* brings.
Embrac'ed his wondring *Son*, and on his head
The *balm* of all past *wounds*, kind *Tears* he shed.
Num.22 So cov'etous *Balam* with a fond intent
Of *Cursing* the *blest Seed*, to *Moab* went.
But as he went his *fatal tongue* to sell;
Ib.v.28 His *Ass* taught him *to speak*, *God* to *speak well*.
Num. 24. 5. How comely are thy *Tents*, Oh *Israel*!
(Thus he began) wat conquests they foretel!
Less fair are *Orchards* in their *autumn* pride,
Adorn'd with *Trees* on some fair *Rivers* side.
Less fair are *Valleys* their green mantles spread!
Or *Mountains* with tall *Cedars* on their head!
'*T*was *God* himself (thy *God* who must not fear?)
Brought thee from *Bondage* to be *Master* here.
Slaughter I shall wear out these; new *Weapons* get;
And *Death* in triumph on thy darts shall sit.
When *Judahs Lyon* starts up to his prey,
The *Beasts* shall hang their ears, and creep away.
When he lies down, the *Woods* shall silence keep,
And dreadful *Tygers* tremble at his *sleep*.
Thy Curjers, *Jacob*, shall twice *curs'ed* be;
And he shall bless *himself* that blesses *Thee*.

NOTES
UPON THE
FIRST BOOK.

1 THE cuſtom of beginning all *Poems*, with a *Propoſition* of the whole work, and an *Invocation* of ſome God for his aſſiſtance to go through with it, is ſo ſolemnly and religiouſly obſerved by all the ancient *Poets*, that though I could have found out a better way, I ſhould not (I think) have ventured upon it. But there can be, I believe, none better; and that part, of the *Invocation*, if it became a *Heathen* is no leſs Neceſſary for a *Chriſtian Poet*. *A Jove Principium Muſæ*; and it follows then very naturally, *Jovis omnia plena*. The whole work may reaſonably hope to be filled with a *Divine Spirit*, when it begins with a *Prayer* to be ſo. The *Grecians* built this *Portal* with leſs ſtate, and made but one part of theſe *Two*; in which, and almoſt all things elſe, I prefer the judgment of the *Latins*; though generally they abuſed the Prayer, by converting it from the *Deity*, to the worſt of *Men*, their *Princes*: as *Lucan* addreſſes it to *Nero*, and *Statius* to *Domitian*; both imitating therein (but not equalling) *Virgil*, who in his *Georgicks* chuſes *Auguſtus* for the *Object* of his *Invocation*, a *God* little ſuperior to the other two.

2 I call it *Judah*'s, rather than *Iſrael*'s *Scepter* (though in the notion of diſtinct *Kingdoms*, *Iſrael* was very much the greater) Firſt, becauſe *David* himſelf was of that Tribe. Secondly, becauſe he was firſt made King of *Judah*, and this Poem was deſigned no farther than to bring him to his *Inauguration* at *Hebron*. Thirdly, becauſe the Monarchy of *Judah* laſted longer

ger, not only in his Race, but out-lasted all the several Races of the Kings of *Israel.* And lastly, and chiefly, because our *Saviour* descended from him in that *Tribe*, which makes infinitely more considerable than all the rest.

I hope this kind of boast (which I have been taught by almost all the old *Poets*) will not seem immodest; for though some in other Languages have attempted the writing a *Divine Poem*; yet none, that I know of, has in English: So *Virgil* says in the 3. of his *Georgicks*,

Sed me Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis
Raptat amor, juvat ire jugis, quà nulla priorum
Castaleam molli divertitur orbita clivo.

Because none in *Latin* had written of that Subject. So *Horace*;

Libera, per vacuum posui vestigia princeps;
Non aliena meo pressi pede. ——

And before them both *Lucretius*,

Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius antè
Trita solo, juvat integros accedere fontes
Atq; haurire ——

And so *Nemesianus*,

—— *Ducitq; per avia, quà sola nunquam*
Trita rotis ——

Though there he does wrong to *Gratius*, who treated of the same Argument before him. And so *Oppian*, 1. *Ven.*

Ἔρρεο καὶ τραχεῖαν ἐπιστείβωμεν ἀταρπὸν
Τὴν μερόπων οὔπω τις ἑῆς ἐπάτησεν ἀοιδῇ.

My own allusion here is to the passage of the *Israelites* through the *Wilderness*, in which they were guided by a *Pillar of Flame.*

Though there have been three *Temples* at *Jerusalem*, the first built by *Solomon*, the second by *Zorobabel*, and the third by *Herod* (for it appears by *Josephus* that *Herod* pluckt down the old *Temple*, and built a new one) yet I mention only the first and last, which were

were very much superiour to that of *Zorobabel* in ri
ches and magnificence, though that was forty si
years a building, whereas *Herods* was but eight, an
Solomons seven, of all three the last was the most ita
tely; and in that, and not *Zorobabels Temple*, was ful
filled the Prophesie of *Hagai*, that the glory of the lat
House should be greater than the first.

5 To be made an *Apostle* for the conversion of *Poets*
to *Christianity*, as S *Paul* was for the conversion of th
Gentiles; which was done not only by the *Word*, a
Christ was the Eternal *Word* of his *Father*; but by i
becoming a *Particular Word* or *Call* to him. This mo
re fully explained in the Latin. Translation.

6 It was the same case with *Hercules*; and therefor
I am not afraid to apply to his subject that which *Sene
ca* makes *Juno* speak of him in *Hercul. Fur.*

Superat, & crescit malis,
Iraq, nostrâ structer, in laudes suas
Mea vertet odia, dum nimis sæva impero.
Patrem probavi; gloriæ feci locum.

And a little after.

Minorq; labor est Herculi jussa exequi,
Quàm mihi jubere ——

7 In the publique *Games* of *Greece*, *Palm* was mad
the sign and reward of *Victory*, because it is the natur
of the *Tree* to resist, overcome and thrive the bette
for all pressures,

—— *Palmaq; nobilis*
Terrarum dominos evehit ad Deos. Hor. Od. 1.

From whence *Palma* is taken frequently by the *Poet*
and *Orators* too, for the *Victory* it self. And the Gree
Grammarians say, that *νίκειν* (to overcome) is der
ved from the same sense, *παρὰ τὸ μὴ ἔχειν, à non ce
dendo.*

8 *Shore* is properly spoken of the *Sea*, and *Banks* o
Rivers: and the same difference is between *Littu*
and *Ripa*; but yet *Littus* is frequently taken amon
th

the best *Latin Authors* for *Ripa*, as I do here *Shore* for *Banck*; *Virgil.*

Littora quæ dulces auras diffunditis agris,

Speaking of *Minëius.*

That the *Matter* of *winds* in an *Exhalation* arising out of the concavities of the earth, is the opinion of *Aristotle*, and almost all *Philosophers* since him, except some few who follow *Hippocrates* his doctrine, who defined the wind to be *Air in Motion*, or flux. In those concavities, when the *Exhalations* (which *Seneca* calls *Subterranean Clouds*) overcharge the place, the moist ones turn into water, and the dry ones into *Winds*; and these are the secret *Treasuries*, out of which God is in the Scripture said to bring them. This was also meant by the *Poets*, who feigned that they were Kept by *Æolus*, imprisoned in deep caves,

—— *Hic vasto Rex Æolus antro*
Luctantes ventos tempestatesq; sonoras
Imperio premit, ac vinclis & carcere frænat.

Upon which methinks, *Seneca* is too critical, when he says, *Non intellexit, nec id quod clausum est, esse adhuc ventum, nec id quod ventus est, posse claudi; nam quod in clauso est, quiescit, & aeris statio est, omnis in fugâ ventus est:* For though it get not yet out, it is wind as soon as it stirs within, and attempts to do so. However my Epithete of *unfletcht Tempests* might pass with him; for as soon as the *wings* are grown, it either flies away, or in case of extream resistence (if it be very strong) causes an *Earthquake*. *Juvenal Sat.* 5. expresses very well the *South wind*, in one of these dens.

—— *Dum se continet Auster,*
Dum sedet, & siccat madidas in carcere pennas.

To give a probable reason of the perpetual supply of waters to *Fountains* and *Rivers*, it is necessary to establish an *Abyss* or deep gulph of waters, into which the *Sea* discharges it self, as Rivers do into the Sea; all which maintain a perpetual *Circulation* of water, like that of *Blood* in mans body: For to refer the original

of all *Fountains* to condensation, and afterwards dissolution of vapors under the earth, is one of the most unphilosophical opinions in all *Aristotle*. And this *Abyss* of waters is very agreeable to the *Scriptures*. *Jacob* blesses *Joseph* with the blessing of the Heavens above, and with the Blessings of the Deep beneath: that is, with the dew and rain of Heaven, and with the Fountains and Rivers that arise from the Deep; and *Esdras* conformably to this, asks, What habitations are in the heart of the Sea, and what veins in the root of the *Abyss*? So at the end of the *Deluge*, *Moses* says, that God stopt the windows of Heaven, and the fountains of the *Abyss*.

And indisturb'd by Moons in silence sleep. For I suppose the *Moon* to be the principal, if not sole cause of the *Ebbing* and *Flowing* of the Sea, but to have no effect upon the waters that are beneath the Sea it self.

11 This must be taken in a Poetical sense; for else, making *Hell* to be in the *Center* of the earth, it is far from infinitely large, or deep; yet, on my conscience, where e're it be, it is not so strait, as that *Crowding* and sweating should be one of the *Torments* of it, as is pleasantly fancied by *Bellarmin*. *Lessius* in his Book *de Morib. Divinis*; as if he had been there to *survey it*, determines the *Deameter* to be just a *Dutch* mile. But *Ribera*, upon (and out of the *Apocalypse*) allows *Pluto* a little more elbow-room, and extends it to 1600 furlongs, that is 200 Italian miles. *Virgil* (as good a Divine for this matter as either of them) says it is twice as deep as the distance betwixt Heaven and Earth:

Bis patet in præceps tantum tenditq; sub umbras
Quantus ad æthereum cœli suspectus Olympum.

Hesiod is more moderate,

Τόσσον ἔνερθ' ὑπὸ γῆς ὅσον οὐρανός ἐστ' ἀπὸ γαίης.

Statius puts it very low, but is not so punctual in the distance: He finds out an *Hell* beneath the vulgar one,

Indespecta tenet vobis qui Tartara, quorum
Vos estis superi ——

Which

Which sure *Æschylus* meant too by what he calls *Τάρταρος νέρθεν αἰδὼ* the *Scripture* terms it *Utter darkness*, *Σκότος ἐξώτερον*, & *Ζόφον σκότους*.

2 There are two opinions concerning *Samuels* anointing of *David*: one (which is *Josephus*'s) that he did it privately, and that it was kept as a secret from *Davids Father* and *Brethren*; the other, that it was done before them, which I rather follow; and therefore we use the word *Boldly*: nay I believe, that most of the people, and *Jonathan*, and *Saul* himself knew it, for so it seems by *Sauls* great jealousie of his being appointed to succeed him; and *Jonathan* avows his knowledge of it to *David* himself; and therefore makes a *Covenant* with him, that he should use his family kindly when he came to be *King*. Anointing did properly belong to the *Inauguration of High Priests*; and was applyed to *Kings* (and likewise even to *Prophets*) as they were a kind of extraordinary *High Priests*, and did often exercise the duties of their Function, which makes me believe that *Saul* was so severely reproved and punished; not so much for offering Sacrifice (as an usurpation of the *Priests* Office) as for his infidelity in not staying longer for *Samuel*, as he was appointed by *Samuel*; that is by *God* himself. But there is a Tradition out of the *Rabbins*, that the manner of anointing *Priests* and *Kings* was different; as, that the *Oyl* was poured in a *Cross*, (*decussatim*, like the figure of Tand X) upon the *Priests* heads, and Round in fashion of a *Crown* upon their *Kings*; which I follow here, because it sounds more poetically (*The royal drops round his enlarged head*, not that I have any faith in the authority of those *Authors*.

3 The *Prophesie* of *Jacob* at his death concerning all his Sons, *Gen* 49. v. 10. The *Scepter* shall not depart from *Judah*, nor the *Lawgiver* from between his feet, till *Shilo* come, and to him shall belong the assembling of Nations. All *Interpreters* agree, that by *Shilo* is meant the *Messias*; but almost all translate

is differently. The *Septuagint*, *donec veniant*, τὰ ἀποκείμενα αὐτῷ, *quæ reposita sunt ei.* *Tertullian*, and some other Fathers, *Donec veniat cui repositum est.* The vulgar *Edition*, *Qui mittendus est*; some of the Rabbies. *Filius ejus*; others *Filius mulieris*; others, *Rex Messias*; others *Sospitator*, or *Tranquillator*; ours and the French Translation retain the word *Shilo*, which I choose to follow.

14 Though none of the *English Poets*, nor indeed of the ancient *Latin*, have imitaded *Virgil*, in leaving sometimes half-verses (where the sense seems to invite a man to that liberty) yet his authority alone is sufficient, especially in a thing that looks so naturally and gracefully: and I am far from their opinion, who think that *Virgil* himself intended to have filled up those broken, *Hemistiques*: There are some places in him, which I dare almost swear have been made up since his death by the putid officiousness of some *Grammarians*; as that of *Dido*,

——— *Moriamur inultæ?*

Sed moriamur, ait ———

Here I am confident *Virgil* broke off; and indeed what could be more proper for the passion she was then in, then to concude abruptly with that resolution nothing could there be well added; but if there were a necessity of it, yet that which follows, is of all things that could have been thought on, the most improper, and the most false,

Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras;

Which is contrary to her sense; for to have dyed revenged, would have been.

Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.

Shall we dye (says she) *unrevenged?* That's all that can make death unpleasant to us: but however it is necessary to dye. I remember, when I made once this exception to a friend of mine, he could not tell how to answer it, but by correcting the Print, and putting a note of *Interrogation* after the first *Sic.*

Sic

Sic? sic juvat ire sub umbras:

Which does indeed a little mend the sense; but then the expression (to make an *Interrogation* of *Sic* alone) is lame, and not like the *Latin* of *Virgil*, or of that age: But of this enough. Though the *Ancients* did not (as I said) imitate *Virgil* in the use of these broken verses; yet that they approved, appears by *Ovid*, who (as *Seneca* reports in the 16 *Controversie*) upon these two verses of *Varro*,

Desierant latrare canes urbesq; silebant,
Omnia noctis erant placidâ composta quiete,

Said they would have been much better, if the latter part of the second verse had been left out; and that it had ended,

Omnia noctis erant ----

Which it is pity that *Ovid* saw not in some of his own verses, as most remarkably in that,

Omnia potens erant, deerant quoq; littora ponto.

All things was *Sea*, nor had the *Sea* a *Shore*.

Where he might have ended excellently with

Omnia pontus erat ———

But the addition is superfluous, even to ridiculousness.

15 An *Apostiopæsis*, like *Virgils*

Quos ego---Sed motos præstat componere fluctus.

This would ill befit the mouth of any thing but a *Fury*; but it were improper for a *Devil* to make a whole speech without some lies in it; such are those precedent exaltations of the *Devils* power, which are most of them false, but not *All*, for that were too much even for a *Fury*; nor are her boasts more false, than her threatnings vain, where she says afterwards, *'Tis not thy God himself*-- yet *Seneca* ventures to make a man say as much in *Her. Fur.*

Ampletere aras, nullus eripiet Deus
Te mihi ———

16 *Cain* was the first and greatest example of *Envy* in this world; who slew his *Brother*, because his Sacrifice was more acceptable to God than his own; at which

the *Scripture* says, *He was sorely angred, and his countenance cast down.* It is hard to guess what it was in *Cains Sacrifice* that displeased God; the *Septuagint* make it to be a defect in the *Quality*, or *Quantity* of the *Offering*, οὐκ, ἐὰν ὀρθῶς προσενέγκῃς, ὀρθῶς δὲ μὴ διέλῃς, ἥμαρτες; If thou hast offered right, but not rightly divided, hast thou not sinned? but this Translation, neither the Vulgar Edition, nor ours, nor almost any follows. We must therefore be content to be ignorant of the cause, since it hath pleased God not to declare it; neither is it declared in what manner he slew his Brother: And therefore I had the Liberty to chuse that which I thought most probable; which is, that he knockt him on the head with some great stone, which was one of the first ordinary and most natural weapons of Anger. That this stone was big enough to be the *Monument* or *Tombstone* of *Abel*, is not so Hyperbolical, as what *Virgil* says in the same kind of *Turnus*,

Saxum circumspicit ingens,
Saxum antiquum ingens; campo qui fortè jacebat
Limes agro positus, litem ut discerneret & agris,
Vix illud lecti bis sex cervice subirent,
Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus,
Ille manu raptum trepidâ torquebat in hostem:

Which he takes from *Homer*, but addes to the *Hyperbole.*

Ὁ δ' ἐ δύο ἄνδρε φέρεσκεν,
Οἷοι νῦν βροτοί εἰσιν, ὁ δὲ μιν ῥέα παλλὰς Ἀθήνη. Il. 21.

Ovid is no less bold, *Metamorph.* 12.

Codice qui misso quem vix juga bina moverent
Juncta, Pholoeniden a summo vertice fregit.

17 Though the *Iews* used to bury, and not to Burn the Dead, yet it is very probable that some Nations, even so anciently, practised Burning of them, and that is enough to make it allowable for the *Fury* here to allude to that custom: which if we believe *Statius*, was received even among the *Græcians* before the *Theban War.*

Belzebub.

18 *Belzebub.* That one evil *Spirit* presided over the others, was not only the received opinion of the Ancients, both *Jews* and *Gentiles*; but appears out of the *Scriptures*, where he is called, *Prince of this world*, John 12. 31. *Prince of this age*, 1 Corinth. 2. 6. *Prince of the Power of the Air*, Ephes. 2. 2. *Prince of Devils*, Matt. 12. 24. by the express name of *Belzebub*; which is the reason why I use it here *Porphyrio* says his name is *Serapis*, Μήποτε οὗτοί εἰ σιν ὧν ἄρχω ὁ Σάραπις ὃ τούτων Σύμβολον ὁ τρικάρηνος κύων, τοῦτ' ἔστιν ὁ ἐν τοῖς τρισὶ στοιχείοις, ὕθα τι, γῇ, ἀέρι πονηρὸς δαίμων. According to which *Statius* calls him *Triplicis mundi summum*; but names him not: for he addes, *Quem scire nefastum est.* This is the *Spirit* to whom the two Verses, cited by the same *Porphyry* address themselves,

Δαῖμον ἀλιτρον ὁων ψυχῶν διάδημα λελογχὼς
Ἠερίων ὑπένερθε μυχῶν, χθονιων τ' ἐφύπερθεν.

O thou *Spirit* that hast the command of guilty *souls*, beneath the vaults of the Air, and above those of the Earth; which I should rather read, χθονίων τ' ὑπένερθε; And beneath the Vaults of the Earth too.

Now for the name of *Belzebub*, it signifies the *Lord* of *Flies*; which some think to be a name of *scorn* given by the *Iews* to this great *Iupiter*, of the *Syrians*, whom they called Βεελσάμην, *id est*, Δία οὐρανιον, because the Sacrifices to his *Temple* were infested with multitudes of *Flies*, which by a peculiar priviledge, notwithstanding the daily great number of Sacrifices, never came (for such is the *Tradition*) into the *Temple* at *Ierusalem.* But others believe it was no mock-name, but a *Surname* of *Baal*, as he was worshipt at *Ekron*, either from bringing or driving away *swarms* of *Flies*, with which the Eastern Countrys were often molested; and their reason is, because *Ahaziah* in the time of his sickness (when it is likely he would not railly with the *God* from whom he hoped for relief) sends to him under the name of *Belzebub*.

19 That even insensible things are affected with horrour at the presence of *Devils*, is a frequent exaggeration of stories of that kind; and could not well be omitted at the appearance of *Poetical Spirits*.

Tartaream intendit vocem, quâ protinus omne
Contremuit nemus; & sylvæ intonuere profundæ,
Audiit & Triviæ longe lacus, &c. -- Virg. Æneid. 7.

And *Seneca* nearer to my purpose in *Thyestes*: *Sensit introitus tuos Domus, & nefando tota contactu horruit---Iam tuum mœstæ pedem Terræ gravantur, Cernis ut fontes liquor Introrsus actus linquat, ut regio vacent, &c.* And after, *Imo mugit è fundo solum, Tonat dies serenus ac totis domus ut fracta tectis crepuit, & moti Lares vertere vultum.* When *Statius* makes the Ghost of *Laius* to come to *Eteocles* to enrourage him to the war with his *Brother*, I cannot understand why he makes him assume the shape of *Tiresias*, *Longæ vatis opacos Induitur vultus, vocemq; & vellera*, since at his going away he discovers him to be *Laius*,

——— Ramos, ac vellera fronti
Diripuit confessus avum ———

Neither do I more approve in this point of *Virgils* method, who in the 7 *Æneid*, brings *Alecto* to *Turnus* at first in the shape of a *Priestess*,

Fit Calybe Junonis anus; ———

But at her leaving of him, makes her take upon her, her own figure of a *Fury*, and so speak to him; which might have been done, methinks, as well at first, or indeed better not done at all; for no person is so improper to perswade man to any undertaking, as the *Devil* without a disguise: which is the reason why I make him here both, come in, and go out too in the likeness of *Benjamen*, who as the first and chief of *Sauls* Progenitors, might the most probably seem concer'nd for his welfare, and the easiliest be believed and obeyed.

20 I fancy here that the *statue* of *Benjamin* stood in manner of a *Colossus* over *Sauls Gate*; for which perhaps

haps I shall have some *Criticks* fall severely upon me; it being the common opinion, that the use of all *statues*, nay, even pictures, or other representations of things to the sight, was forbidden the *Jews*. I know very well, that in latter ages, when they were most rigid in observing of the *Letter* of the *Law* (which they began to be about the time when they should have left it) even the *civil use* of *Images* was not allowed, as now among the *Mahumetans*. But I believe that at first it was otherwise: And first, the words of the *Decalogue* forbid the making of *Images*, not absolutely, but with relation to the end of *bowing down, or worshipping them*; and if the *Commandment* had implyed more, it would bind us *Christians* as well as the *Jews*, for it is a *Moral one*. Secondly, we have several examples in the *Bible*, which shew that *statues* were in use among the *Hebrews*, nay, appointed by *God* to be so, as those of the *Cherubins*, and divers other *Figures*, for the ornament of the *Tabernacle* and *Temple*; as that likewise of the *Brazen Serpent*, and the *Lyons* upon *Salomons Throne*, and the *statue* of *David*, placed by *Michol* in his Bed, to deceive the Souldiers who came to murder him; of which more particularly hereafter. *Vasques* says, that such *Images* only were unlawful, as were *Erecta aut constituta modo accommodato adorationi*, made, erected, or constituted in a *Manner* proper for *Adoration*; which *Modus accommodatus adorationis*, he defines to be, when the *Image* is made or erected *Perse*, for its own sake, and not as an *Appendix* or addition for the ornament of some other thing; as for example, *Statues* are *Idols*, when *Temples* are made for *them*; when they are only made for *Temples*, they are but *Civil Ornaments*.

21 *Enchanted Vertues.* That is, whose operation is stopt, as it were, by some Enchantment. Like that *Fascination* called by the *French*, *Nouement d' esguillette*, which hinders the natural faculty of Generation.

22 So *Homer*, Ἀχαιοὶς ἐχέτην Ἀχαιοί.

And *Virg.* *O verè Phrygiæ; neq; enim Phryges*

23 The number of years from *Benjamin* to *Sauls* reign; not exactly: but this is the next *whole number*, and *Poetry* will not admit of *broken ones*: and indeed, though it were in prose, in so passionate a speech it were not natural to be punctual.

24 In this, and some like places, I would not have the Reader judge of my opinion by what I say; no more than before in divers expressions about *Hell*, the *Devil*, and *Envy*. It is enough that the Doctrine of the *Orbs*, and the *Musick* made by their motion had been received very anciently, and probably came from the *Eastern* parts; for *Pythagoras* (who first brought this into *Greece*) learnt there most of his *Philosophy*. And to speak according to common opinion, though it be false, is so farr from being a fault in Poetry, that it is the custom even of the Scripture to do so; and that not only in the Poetical pieces of it; as where it attributes the *members* and *passions* of mankind to *Devils*, *Angels* and *God* himself; where it calls the *Sun* and *Moon* the two *Great Lights*, whereas the latter is in truth one of the smallest; but is spoken of, as it *seems*, not as it *Is*, and in too many other places to be collected here. *Seneca* upon *Virgils* Verse,

Tarda venit seris factura nepotibus umbram,

Says in his 86. *Epistle*, That the Tree will easily grow up to give shade to the *Planter*: but that *Virgil* did not look upon, what might be spoken most *Truly*, but what most *gracefully*; and aimed more at *Delighting* his *Readers*, than at *instructing Husbandmen*: Infinite are the examples of this kind among the *Poets*; one there is, that all have from their *Master Homer*; 'tis in the description of a *Tempest* (a common place that they all ambitiously labour in) where they make all the four winds blow at once, to be sure to have enough to swell up their Verse,

Una Eurusq; Notusq; ruunt, creberq; procellis
Africus —— And *Statius*,
Qualtter hinc gelidus Boreas, hinc nubifer Eurus.

And

And so all the rest. Of this kind I take those Verses to be of *Statius* to *Sleep* in his fifth *Sylva*, which are much commanded, even by *Scaliger* himself,

—— *Jacet omne pecus, volucresq; feræque,*
Et simulant fessos curvata cacumina somnos.

Hither to there is no scruple; for he says only, *The bowing Mountains seem to nod.* He addes,

Nec truncis fluviis idem sonus, occidit horror
Æquoris & terris maria inclinata quiescunt;

Which is falfe, but so well said, that it were ill changed for the *Truth*.

I am sorry that it is necessary to admonish the most part of *Readers*, that it is not by *negligence* that this verse is so loose, long, and as it were, *Vast*; it is to paint in the number the nature of the thing which it describes, which I would have observed in divers others places of this *Poem*, that else will pass for very careless verses: as before, *And over-runs the neighb'ring fields with violent course.* In the second Book, *Down a precipice deep, down he cast, them all* --and, *And fell a down his shoulders with lose care.* In the 3. *Brass was his Helmet, his Boots Brass, and ore his breast a thick Plate of strong Brass he wore.* In the 4. *Like some fair Pine ore-looking all th'ignobler Wood*; and, *Some from the Rocks cast themselves down headlong*; and many more: but it is enough to instance in a few. The thing is, that the disposition of words and numbers should be such, as that out of the order and sound of them, the things themselves may be represented. This the *Greeks* were not so accurate as to bind themselves to; neither have our *English Poets* observed it, for ought I can find. The *Latins (qui musas colunt severiores)* sometimes did it, and their *Prince, Virgil*, always. In whom the examples are innumerable, and taken notice of by all judicious men, so that it is superfluous to collect them.

26 *Eternity* is defined by *Boet.* Lib. 5. *de Consolat. Interminabilis vitæ tota simul & perfecta possessio.* The

whole and perfect possession, ever all at once, of a Being without beginning or ending. Which *Definition* is followed by *Tho. Aquin.* and all the *Schoolmen*; who therefore call *Eternity Nunc stans*, a *standing Now*, to distinguish it from that *Now*, which is a difference of *time*, and is alwayes *in Fluxu.*

27 *Seneca*, methinks; in his 58. *Epist.* expresses this more divinely than any of the *Divines*: *Manent enim cuncta, non quia æterna sunt, sed quia defenduntur curâ regentis, Immortalia tutore non egent; hæc conservat Artifex, fragilitatem materiæ vi suâ vincens.* And the *Schoolmen* all agree (except, I think, *Durandus*) that an immediate *concourse of God* is required as well now for the *Conservation*, as at first it was necessary for the *Creation* of the world, and that the nature of things is not left to it self to produce any action, without a concurrent act of God; which when he was pleased, to omit, or suspend, the fire could not burn the three young men in the red-hot Furnace.

28 The Book of *Tobias* speaks of *Seven Angels* superior to all the rest; and this has been constantly believed according to the Letter, by the ancient *Iews* and *Christians. Clem. Alexand. Stromat. 6.* Ἑπτὰ τὰς τῶν μεγίστην δύναμιν ἐχούσας πρωτογόνους ἀγγέλους. The *Seven* that have the greatest power, the *Firstborn Angels*, *Tob.* 12. 15. I am *Raphael*, one of the *Seven holy Angels*, which present the Prayer of the Saints, and which go in and out before the glory of the Holy one; and this *Daniel* may very well be thought to mean, when he says, *Chap.* 10. 13. *Lo Michael one of the chief Princes came to help me.* That some *Angels* were under the command of others, may be collected out of *Zachar.* 2. 3. where one *Angel* commands another; *Run, speak to this young man, &c.* and out of *Rev.* 12. 7. where *Michael* and his *Angels*, fought with the *Dragon* and his *Angels.* The number of just *seven* supream *Angels*, *Grotius* conceived to be drawn from the *seven chief Princes* of the *Persian Empire*, but I doubt whether the

the *seven* there were so ancient as this *Tradition*. Three names of these seven the *Scripture* affords, *Michael*, *Gabriel*, & *Raphael*; but for the other four, *Oriphiel*, *Zachariel*, *Samael*, & *Anael*, let the Authours of them answer, as likewise for their presiding over the *Seven Planets*,

The Verses attributed to *Orpheus* have an expression very like this of the *Angels*.

Τῶδε θρόνω πορόεντι παρεστᾶσιν πολύμοχθοι
Ἄγγελοι, οἷσι μέμηλε βροτοῖς ὡς πάντα τελεῖται.

So *Gabriel* is called *Luke* 1. 19. ὁ παρεστηκὼς ἐν ὠπίον τοῦ θεοῦ. He that *stands* before the face of *God*. And *Daniel* had his vision interpreted by one, τῶν ἑστηκότων, of the *standers* before God.

29 The *Poets* are so civil to *Iupiter*, as to say no less when he either *Spoke*, or so much as *Nodded*. Hom.

—— Μέγαν δ' ἐλέλιξεν Ὄλυμπον.

Virgil. *Annuit, & totum nutu tremefecit Olympum.*
Stat —— *Placido quatiens tamen omnia vultu.*

30 *Friends* in the plural, and an intimation of the *Trinity*, for which cause he uses sometimes *We*, and sometimes *I*, and Me.

31 I do not like *Homers* repeating of long Messages just in the same words: but here I thought it necessary, the Message coming from *God*, from whose words no creature ought to vary, and being delivered by an *Angel*, who was capable of doing it punctually. To have made him say a long, eloquent, or figurative speech, like that before of *Envy* to *Saul*, would have pleased perhaps some *Readers*, but would have been a crime against τὸ πρέπον, that is, *Decency*.

42 That *Timotheus* by *Musick* enflamed and appeased *Alexander* to what degrees he pleased, that a Musician in *Denmark* by the same art enraged King *Ericius*, even to the striking of all his friends about him; that *Pythagoras* taught by the same means a woman to stop the fury of a young man, who came to set her House on fire; that his Scholar *Empedocles* hindred another from murdering his Father, when the Sword was

drawn for that purpose; that the fierceness of *Achilles* his nature was allayed by playing on the Harp (for which cause *Homer* gives him nothing else out of the Spoils of *Eëtion*) that *Damon* by it reduced wild and drunken Youths: and *Asclepiades*, even seditious multitudes to Temper and Reason; that the *Corybantes* and effeminate Priests of *Cybele*, could be animated by it to cut their own flesh (with many more examples of the like kind) is well known to all men conversant among Authors. Neither is it so wonderful, that sudden passions should be raised or suppreſt (for which cause *Pindar* says to his *Harp*, Τὸν αἰχμάταν κεραυνὸν τρεννύεις. *Thou quenchest the raging Thunder.*) But that it should cure settled Diseases in the Body, we should hardly believe, if we had not both Humane and Divine Testimony for it. *Plin. lib.* 28. cap. 1. *Dixit Homerus profluvium sanguinis vulnerato femine Ulyssem inhibuisse carmine, Theophrastus Ischiadicos sanari, Cato prodidet luxatis membris carmen auxiliari. Mar. Varro Podagris*; Where *Carmen* is to be understood as joyned with *musical* notes. For the cure of the *Sciatick*, *Theophrastus* commends the *Phrygian Musick* upon the *Pipe*, and *A. Gell.* for giving ease to it, *Ut memoriæ proditum est*, as it is (says he) reported. *Apollon.* in his Book *de Miris* speaks thus It is worthy admiration, that which *Theophrastus* writes in his Treatise of *Enthusiasm*, that *Musick* cures many passions and diseases, both of the Mind and Body, Καθάπερ λειποθυμίας, φόβους δὲ τὰς ἐπιμακρὸν, γιγνομένας τῆς Διανοίας ἐκστάσεις. ἰᾶται γάρ φησιν ἡ καταύλησις τὴν Ἰσχιάδα τὴν Ἐπιληψίαν. And the same author witnesses, that many in his time, especially the *Thebans* used the *Pipe* for the cure of several sicknesses, which *Galen* calls καταυλεῖν τοῦ τόπου, *Super loco affecto tibiâ canere*; or, *Locæ dolentia decantare.* So *Zenocrates* is said to have cured Mad men, *Periander* and *Arion* divers other Maladies. But if it were not for this example of *David*, we should hardly be convinced of this *Physick*, unless it be

be in the particular cure of the *Tarantism*, the experiments of which are too notorious to be denyed or eluded, and afford a probable argument that other Diseases might naturally be expelled so too, but that we have either lost, or not found out yet the Art. For the explication of the reason of these cures, the Magicians fly to their *Colodea*; the *Platonicques*, to their *Anima Mundi*; the *Rabbies* to Fables and Prodigies not worth the repeating. *Baptista Porta* in his *Natural Magick*, seems to attribute it to the *Magical Power of the Instrument*, rather than of the *Musick*; for he says, that *Madness* is to be cured by the harmony of a *Pipe* made of *Hellebore*, because the *Juice* of that Plant is held good for that purpose; and the *Sciatique* by a *Musical Instrument* made of *Poplar*, because of the virtue of the *Oyl* of that Tree to mitigate those kind of pains. But these, and many *Sympathetical* experiments are so false, that I wonder at the negligence or impudence of the *Relators*. *Picus Mirandi.* says, That *Musick* moves the *Spirits* to act upon the *Soul*, as Medicines do to operate upon the *Body*, and that it cures the *body* by the *Soul*, as *Physick* does the *Soul* by the *Body*. I conceive the true natural reason to be, that in the same manner as *Musical* sounds move the outward air, so that does the *Inward*, and that the *Spirits*, and they the *Humours* (which are the seat of *Diseases*) by *Condensation*, *Rarefaction*, *Dissipation*; or *Expulsion* of *Vapours*, and by Vertue of that *Sympathy* of *Proportion*, which I express afterwards in Verse. For the producing of the effect desired, *Athan. Kirchertus* requires four conditions? 1. *Harmony* 2. *Number* 3. *Proportion*. and *Efficacious* and parthetical *words* joyned with the *Harmony* (which (by the way) were fully and distinctly understood in the *Musick* of the *Ancients*.) And 4. An adopting of all these to the Constitution, Disposition, and Inclinations of the *Patient*. Of which, and all things on this subject, he is well worth the diligent reading, *Liber de arte magni Consoni & Dissoni.*

Scaliger

33 *Scaliger* in his *Hypercrit.* blames *Claudian* for his excursion concerning the burning of *Ætna*, and for enquiring the cause of it in his own person If he had brought in, says he, any other person making the relation, I should endure it. I think he is too *Hypercritical* upon so short a *Digression*; however, I chuse here upon this new occasion, by the by to make a new short *Invocation* of the *Muse*, and that which follows, *As first a various unform'd*, is to be understood as from the person of the *Muse*: For this second *Invocation* upon a particular matter, I have the authority of *Homer* and *Virgil*; which nevertheless I should have omitted, had the digression been upon any subject but *Musick*. *Hom. Il.* 2.

Ἔσπετε νῦν μοι Μοῦσαι Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχουσαι
Ὑμεῖς γὰρ θεαί ἐστε, πάρεστέ τε, ἴστέ τε πάντα.
Ἡμεῖς δὲ κλέος οἷον ἀκούομεν, οὐδέ τι ἴδμεν

And *Virgil* twice in the same Book. (Æn. 7)

Nunc age qui Reges, Erato ——
Tu vatem tu Diva mone, &c.

And a little after,

Pandite nunc Helicona Deæ, contúsq; ciete ——
Et meministis enim Divæ, & memorare potestis,
Ad nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur aura.

34 I have seen an excellent saying of S. *Augustines*, cited to this purpose, *Ordinem sæculorum tanquam pulcherrimum Carmen ex quibusdam quasi antithetis honestavit Deus --- sicut contraria contrariis opposita sermonis pulchritudinem reddunt, ita quâdam non verborum sed rerum eloquentiâ contrariorum oppositione sæculi pulchritudo componitur.* And the *Scripture* witnesses, that the World was made in *Number*, *Weight*, and *Measure*; which are all qualities of a good *Poem*. This order and proportion of things is the true *Musick* of the world, and not that which *Pythagoras*, *Plato*, *Tully*, *Macrob*, and many of the *Fathers* imagined, to arise audibly from the circumvolution of the *Heavens*. This is their *musical* and loud voice, of which *David* speaks, *Ps.* 19. *The Heavens declare the glory of the Lord* ----

There

There is no Speech nor Language where their voice is not heard. Their sound is gone out through all the Earth, and their words to the end of the world —— Or as our Translation nearer the *Hebrew* (they say) renders it, Their *Line* is gone out, *Linea, vel amussis eorum*: To shew the exactness of their proportion.

35 Even this distinction of sounds in the art of Musick, is thought by some to have been invented from the consideration of elementary qualities: In imitation of which, *Orpheus* is said to have formed a Harp with four strings, and set them to different Tunes: The first to *Hypate*, to answer to the *Fire*. The second to *Parhypate*, for the *Water*. The third to *Paranete*, for the *Air*. And the fourth to *Nete*, for the *Earth*.

36 Because the *Moon* is but 28. days, and *Saturn* above 29 years in finishing his course.

37 There is so much to be said of this subject, that the best way is to say nothing of it. See at large *Kircherus* in his 10. Book *de Arte Consoni & Dissoni*.

38 The *Weapon-Salve*.

39 The common Experiment of *Sympathy* in two *Unisons*; which is most easily perceived by laying a straw upon one of the strings, which will presently move upon touching the other.

40 Here may seem to want connexion between this verse and the *Psalm*. It is an *Ellepsis*, or leaving something to be understood by the *Reader*; to wit, *That* David *sung to his Harp, before* Saul, *the ensuing Psalm*. Of this kind is that in *Virgil*,

Fungimur hospitio dextras, & tecta subimus.
Templa Dei saxo venerabar structa vetusto.
Da propriam Thymbræ domum, &c. ——

Where is understood *Et venerans dixi*, or some such words, which methinks, are more gracefully omitted, thã they could have beẽ supplyed by any care. Though *Scaliger* be of another mind in the 4. Book of *Poesie*, where he says, that there are some places in *Virgil*, where the sense is discontinued & interrupted by

by the leaving out of some verses, through the overmuch severity of his judgment (*morosissimo judicio*) with an intent of putting in better in their place; and he instances in these, where for my part I should be sorry that *Virgil* himself had filled up the gap. The like *Elleipsis* is in his 5 Book, upon the death of *Palinurus*.

Multa gemens casuq; animum percussus amici
O nimium cœlo & pelago confise sereno,
Nudus in ignotâ Palenure jacebis arenâ.

And such is that in *Statius*, 2 *Theb.*

——Ni tu Tritonia Virgo
Consilio degnata virum——State gente superbi
Oeneos, absentes cui dudum vincere Thebas
Annuimus——.

And why do I instance in these, since the examples are so frequent in all Poets?

For this liberty of inserting an *Ode* into an *Heroick Poem*, I have no authority or example; and therefore like men who venture upon a new coast, I must run the hazard of it. We must sometimes be bold to innovate,

Nec minimum meruere decus vestigia Græca
Ausi deserere---- Hor.

Psal. 58.5, *They are like the deaf Adder, that stoppeth her ear, which will not hearken to the voice of the Charmer, charm he never so wisely.* So Jerem. 8. 17. *Behold I will send Serpents, Cockatrices among you, which will not be charmed: Serpentes Regulos quibus non est Incantatio*: which Texts are ill produced by the *Magick-mongers* for a proof of the power of *Charms*: For the first is plainly against them, *Adder* being there taken for *Serpent* in general, not for one *Species* of *Serpents*, which alone had a quality of resisting *Incantations*: and the other is no more than if the Prophet should have said, Though you practise *Magick Arts*, like other Nations; and think like them, that you can *charm* the very *Serpents*, yet you shall find with all your *Magick*, no remedy against those which I shall send among you; for nothing

nothing in all the whole humane, or diabolical Illusion of *Magick* was so much boasted off as the power of Spells upon *Serpents*, they being the creatures most *antipathetical* and terrible to humane nature.

Frigidus in pratis cantando rumpitur anguis. Virg.
Vipereas rumpo verbis & carmine fauces. Ovid.
Inq; pruinoso coluber distenditur arvo.
Viperei coëunt abrupto corpore nodi,
Humanoq; cadit Serpens afflata veneno. Lucan.

13 Nothing is more notorious (for it was accounted one of the *wonders* of the *World*) than the κῆπος or παράδεισος κρεμαστὸς, rendred by the *Latines*, *Hortus pensilis* at *Babylon* which was planted on the top of prodigious buildings, made for that purpose, fifty Cubits high, foursquare, & each side containing four Acres of ground. It was planted with all sorts of Trees, even the greatest, and adorned with many Banquetting-Houses. The particular description see in *Diodor. Sicul. l.* 11. and out of him in *Qu. Curt. l.* 5. It was built, they say, by a *Syrian King* (to wit, *Nabuchodonosor*, for so *Josephus l.* 10. and *Suidas* expresly say) in favour of a *Persian Wife*, of his who as *Q. Curt.* speaks, *Desiderio nemorum sylvarumq; in campestribus locis virum compulit naturæ genium amœnitate hujus operis imitari.* And *D. Chrysostome* mentions an other of the like kind at *Susæ*, in his *Sermon* of *Riches*, Οὐδ᾽ ἂν γίνοιντο ποτὲ ἄνθρωποι ἰνδαίμενος ἀνόητοι καὶ ἄφρονες ὥδ᾽ ἃ τῶν ἐν Σούσοις παράδεισοι οἰκοδομήσωσι, ὃς ἦν, ὥς φασι, μετέωρος απυς These were miracles of their kind; but the use of Gardens made upon the top of Palaces, was very frequent among the ancients, *Seneca, Trag. Act* 3. *Thyest.*

Nulla culminebus meis Imposita nutat sylva. Sen. Epist. 122

Non vivunt contra naturam qui pomaria in summis turribus serunt? quorum silvæ in tectis domorum ac fastigiis nutant, inde ortis radicibus, quo improbe cacumina egissent. Plin. *In tecta olim Romæ scandebant silvæ;* Which

Which luxury, as all others, came out of *Asia* into *Europe*; and that it was in familiar use among the Hebrews, even in *Davids* time, several Texts of Scripture make me conjecture, 2 *Sam.* 26. 22. *They spread for Absalom a Tent upon the Top of the House, and Absalom went into his Fathers Concubines in the sight of all Israel,* 2 Sam. 11. 2. *And it came to pass in an evening, that David arose from off his bed, and walked upon the roof of the Kings house; and from the roof he saw a woman washing her self.* And 1 Sam. 9. 25. *Samuel communed with Saul upon the top of the House.* And again, *verse* 26.

44 1 *Sam.* 19. 13. *And Michol took an image, and put it in the bed, and put a pillow of goats hair for his Bolster, and covered it with a cloath,* An *Image,* the Hebrew is *Theraphim,* a word much disputed of, and hardly ever used in a good sense but here. The Images that *Rachel* stole from *Laban,* are so called; which there the *Septuagint* translate by Εἴδωλον, in other places by Θεραφὶν, or Θεραφὶν, sometimes by γλυπτὸν, here by κενοτάφιον the most improperly of all, *Herse*, or the representations of the *Dead*, laid upon *Herses*. The *Latin* use *Simulachrum*, or *Statua*, and *Aquila*, μορφώματα. The fancy of *Josephus* is extraordinarily *Rabbinical*. He says, that *Michol* put between the cloathes the Liver of a She-Goat, newly cut out, and shewed the palpitation of it under the coverlet to the Souldiers saying that it was *David*, and that he had not slept all night: How come such men as he to have such odd dreams? *Ribera* upon *Hosea* says thus, What *Statue* was it that she placed in the bed? Certainly no Idol; for those were not to be found in the house of *David* nor any *Astronomical Image*, made for the reception of celestical influences, which *R. Abraham* believes for those were not allow-able among the Jews; but she made some figure like a man, out of several cloaths, which she stuft with other things, like *Scarecrows* or those figures presented to wild Bulls in the

Thea

Theaters, or those that are placed upon great mens *Herses*. And she put the skin of a she-Goat about his head, to represent his red hair, which last is most ridiculous, and all before only improbable: For what time had she to make up such a *Puppet*? I do therefore believe, that she had a statue of *David* in the house, and laid that in the bed, pretending that he was speechless, and even this deceit I am forced to help, with all the circumstances I could imagine, especially with that most material one, *And for th'impression God prepared their sense*. And now concerning the *Civil use* of *Images* among the Jews, I have declared my opinion before, which whether it be true or no, is not of importance in *Poesy*, as long as it hath any appearance of probability.

5 It was a necessary condition required in all Sacrifices, that they should be without *Blemish*. See *Levit.* 1. and this was observed too among the Heathen.

6 *Rama*, or *Ramatha*, and *Naioth*, were not several Towns, but *Naioth* was a place in, or close by *Rama*, where there were wont to be solemn Religious meetings. *Adricom*

7 The Description of the *Prophets Colledge* at *Naioth*, looks at first sight, as if I had taken the pattern of it from ours at the *Universities*; but the truth is, our (as many other *Christian* customs) were formed after the example of the *Jews*. They were not properly called *Prophets*, or foretellers of future things, but Religious persons, who separated themselves from the business of the world, to employ their time in the contemplation and praise of God; their manner of praising him was by singing of Hymns, and playing upon Musical Instruments: for which cause 1 *Sam.* 10. 5. they carryed with them a *Psaltery*, *Tabret*, *Pipe*, and *Harp*; These it is probable were instituted by *Samuel*; for the 19, and 20. they saw the company of Prophets propheſying (that is, saw them together in *Divine Service*) and *Samuel* standing, as

as appointed over them, *Stantem super eos*; which the Chaldee interprets *Stantem docentem eos*; *Preaching* to them. These are the first *Religious Orders* heard off in Antiquity, for whom *David* afterwards composed *Psalms*. They are called by the *Chaldee Scribes*, because they laboured in reading, writing, learning and teaching the Scriptures; and they are called *Filii Prophetarum*, as 2 *King.* 2. 3. The Sons of the *Prophets* that were at *Bethel*; and *v.* 5. the *Sons* of the Prophets that were at *Jericho*: out of which may be collected, that *Colledges* of them were founded in several Towns. They are thus named (*Sons* of the *Prophets*) either because they were thaught by *Samuel*, *Elias*, *Elisha*, or some of the great and properly called *Prophets*, or in the sense that the *Greeks* term *Physitians* Ἰατρῶν παῖδας, The *Sons* of the *Physitians*; and the *Hebrews Men*, the *Son of Men*; but I rather believe the former, and that none but the young Scholars or Students are meant by this appellation. To this alludes S. *Matth.* 11. 19. *Wisdom is justified of her Children.* And the *Masters* were called *Fathers*, as *Elisha* to *Elijah*, 2 King. 2. 12. *My Father, my Father, &c.*

48 For the several Sprinklings and Purifications by water, commanded in the Law of *Moses*, and so often mentioned in the Books of *Exod. Levit. Numb.* and *Deutero.* the omission of which, in some cases was punished with no less then death, *Exod.* 30 20.

49 I have learned much of my *Masters*, or *Rabbies*, more of my *Companions*, most of my *Scholars*, was the speech of an ancient *Rabbi*, from whence we may collect this distinction, of *Scholars*, *Companions*, and *Rabbies*, or *Doctors*. The chief *Doctors* sate in the *Synagogues*, or *Schools*, in high chairs (perhaps like *Pulpits*) the *Companions* upon Benches below them, and the *Scholars* on the ground at the feet of their *Teachers*, from whence S. *Paul* is said to be brought up at the feet of *Gamaliel*; and *Mary* sate at *Jesus* his *feet*, and heard his word, *Luk* 10. 39. After the Scholars had made

made good progreſs in learning, they were *Elected* and made, by impoſition of hands, *Companions* to the *Rabbies*, like our *Fellows* of *Colleges* to the *Maſters*, which makes me call them *Th' Elect Companions.*

The furniture of the *Prophet Eliſha*'s chamber, 2 *Kings*, 4. 10.

It was the ancient cuſtom to cover the Seats and *Table Beds* with beaſts skins: So *Eumæus* places *Ulyſſes Odyſs* 14.

Ἐςόρεσεν δ᾽ ἐπὶ δέρμα ἰονθάδος ἀγρίου αἰγός.

Collocavit ſuper pellem villoſæ ſilveſtris capræ.

So *Evander Æneas*, 8 *Æneid.*

Præcipuumq; toro & villoſi pelle Leonis
Accipit Ænean ——

Ovid. *Qui poterat pelles addere dives erat.*

There is a great diſpute among the Learned, concerning the antiquity of this cuſtom of *Lying down* at meat; and moſt of the *Critiques* are againſt me, who make it here ſo ancient. That the *Romans* at firſt uſed *ſitting* at table, is affirmed by *Pliny*; that the *Græcians* did ſo too, appears by *Athenæus*, l. 7 c. 15. That in our Saviours time (long before which the *Romans* and *Græcians* had changed *ſitting* into *lying*) the *Jews* lay down is plain from the ſeveral words uſed in the New Teſtament upon this occaſion, as ἀναπίπτειν, *Luke* 22 ἀνακεῖσθαι *Matth* 26. κατακεῖσθαι *Luke* 14. ἀνακλιθῆναι, *Matth.* 26, ſo *John* is ſaid to lean on *Jeſus boſom*, Johan. 13. 23. that is, lay next to him at the Feaſt; and alluding to this cuſtom, *Chriſt* is ſaid to be in the *boſom* of his *Father*, and the Saints in the *boſom* of *Abraham*. Some think the *Jews* took this faſhion from the *Romans* after they were ſubdued by them, but that is a miſtake; for the *Romans* rather took it from the Eaſtern people: even in the *Prophets* time we have teſtimony of this cuſtom, *Ezek.* 23 41. *Thou ſateſt upon a ſtately bed, and a table prepared before it*, Amos. 2. 8. *They lay themſelves upon cloathes laid to pledge by every Altar*; that is, they uſed garments laid

laid to pledge instead of *Beds*, when at the Altars they eat things sacrificed to *Idols*. What was the fashion in *Samuels* time, is not certain; it is probable enough for my turn, that *Discubation* was then in practice and long before; for the plucking off their shoes when they went to *Table*, seems to imply it, that being done to preserve the *Beds* clean. And why had the *Jews* a strick particular command to have their shoes on their feet at the eating of the *Passover*, but because they were wont to have their shoes off at other meals

53 There is no matter capable of receiving the marcks of *Letters*, that hath not been made use of by the Ancients for that purpose. The *twelve Tables* of the *Roman Laws* were ingraven in *Brass*; so was the League made with the *Latines*, *Liv. Dec. 1. Lib. 2.* and *Talus* amongh the *Cretans* was feigned to be a Man made of *Brass* by *Vulcan* (of whom they reported many ridiculous stories) because he carried about in that Country the Laws graven in brass, and put them severely in execution. *Paus an.* in *Bœotic.* makes mention of the whole Book of *Hesiods* Ἔργα καὶ ἡμέραι written in Lead which kind of plates *Sueton* in *Nerone* calis *Chartas plumbeam, Leaden paper.* The fashion was in use before *Jobs* time; for he says, *Job* 19. 23. 24. *Oh that my words were graven with an Iron pen and Lead in the Rock for ever. Rock*, that is, the *Leaden plates* should be placed upon *Rocks* or *Pillars*. They likewise anciently engraved the very pillars themselves; as those two famous ones of *Enoch*, one of which was extant even in *Josephus* his days. And *Iamblicus* avows that he took the principles of his mystical Phylosophy from the *Pillars* of *Mercurie*. *Plin. l. 7. 56.* reports that the *Babylonians* and *Assyrians* write their Laws in *Coctis lateribus*, that is. *Pillars* of *Brick*, *Moses* his in *Stone*. *Horace*,

Non incisa notis marmora publicis.

But of this kind of writing, I was not to make mention in a *private Library*. They used also of old *Plates* of

Leave

Leaves of *Ivory*; from whence they were termed *Libri Eliphantini*; not as some conceive, from their *bigness*. Marr.

Nigra tibi niveum littera pingat ebur.

As for *Wood* and *Slates*, we may easily believe, that they and all other capable materials were written upon. Of thin shavings of wood the *Longobards* at their first coming into *Italy*, made *Leaves* to write on: some of which *Pancirellus* had seen and read in his time.

4. See *Plin l.* 13. 11. From whence *Letters* are called *Phœnicean*, not from the *Country*, but from φοῖνιξ, a *Palm* tree. But *Guiland de Papyro* thinks that *Phœnicea* in *Pliny* is not the same with φοῖνιξ, and has a long discourse to prove that *Palm Leaves* were not in use for writing, and that we should read *Malvarum* instead of *Palmarum*, which is a bold correction upon very slight grounds. It is true, they did anciently write too upon *Mallows*, as appears by *Isidor.* and the *Epigram* of *Cinna* cited by him:

Hæc tibi Arateis multùm invigilata lucernis
Carmina queis ignes novimus æthereos,
Lævis in arilulo Malvæ descripta libello
Prusiaco avexi munera naviculâ.

But this was a *rarity*; for *Mallows* are too soft to be proper for that use. At *Athens* the names of those who were expelled the Senate; were written in some kind of *Leaf*, from whence this sentence was called Ἐκφυλλοφόρησις, as the names of those banished by the people were in *Shells*, but at *Syracuse*, it was in *Olive Leaves*, and called Πεταλισμοὶ ἀπὸ τῶν πετάλων ἐλαίας. And in this manner wrote *Virgils Sibylla*,

Foliis tantum ne carmina manda.

Pliny testifies that the Books of *Numa* continued so long a time under ground unperished, by having been rubbed over with the Oyl of *Cedar*, *Horace. de Ar Pho.*

——— *Speramus carmina fingi*
Posselinenda Cedro, aut lævi servanda Cupresso?

Ovid. —— *Nec Cedro charta notetur*; and,
—— *Cedro digna locutus*;
Who speaks things worthy to be preserved always by *Cedar Oyl*; which was likewise used in the Elbalming of dead Bodies.

55 Of *Linen Books Livy* makes often mention: They were called *Libri Lintei*, and were *Publique Records*, by others termed too *Lintiæ Mappæ*, and *Carbasina volumina*, Silken Volumns, *Claud. de B. Get.*

—— *Quid carmina poscat*
Fatidico custos Romani carbasus ævi.

And *Sym. l.4. Epist. Monitus Cumanos lintea texto sumpserunt.* And *Pliny* says, the *Parthians* used to have Letters woven in their cloaths.

55 *Tender Barks.* The thin kind of skin between the outward Bark and the body of the Tree. The paper used to this day in *China* and some part of the *Indies*, seems to be made of the same kind of stuff. The name of *Liber*, a Book, comes from hence.

Some the sharp style, &c. These waxen Table-books were very ancient, though I am not sure there were any of them in the *Library* at *Naioth. Iliad. 6. Prætus* sent a Letter in such Tablebooks by *Bellerophon.* The *Style* or *Pen* with which they wrote, was at first made of Iron, but afterwards that was forbod at *Rome*, and they used *styles* of Bone; it was made sharp at one end to cut the Letters, and flat at the other to deface them; from whence *stylum vertere.*

56 *Pliny* says, that *Paper* (so called from the Name of the Reed of which it was made) or *Charta* (termed so of a Town of that name in the Marshes of *Egypt*) was not found out till after the building of *Alexandria*; and Parchment, not till *Eumenes* his time, from whose Royal City of *Pergamus* it was denominated *Pergamena.* In both which he is deceived; for *Herod.* in *Terpsi.* says, that the *Jonians* still call *Paper-skins*, because formerly when they wanted Paper, they were forced to make use of *skins*, instead of it. See *Mel. h. Gui-*

Guiland. de Pap. upon this argument. And the *Diptheræ* of the *Grecians* were nothing else but the skins of beasts, that wherein *Jupiter* is feigned to keep his Memorials of all things was made of the She-Goat that gave him milk. And many are of opinion, that the famous *Golden-Fleece* was nothing but a Book written in a *Sheep-Skin. Diod. Sicul. l.* 2. affirms that the *Persian Annals* were written in the like Books; and many more Authorities, if needful, might be produced: however, I call *Parchment* and the *Paper of Egypt new Arts* here: because they were later than the other.

Hieroglyphicks. The use of which it is very likely the *Jews* had from *Egypt* where they had lived so long, *Lucan. l.* 3.

Nondum flumineas Memphis contexere Biblos.
Noverat, & saxis tantum volutresq; feraq;
Sculptaq; servabant magicus animalia linguas.

8 *Nathan* and *Gad* were famous *Prophets* in *Davids* time; and therefore it is probable they might have lived with *Samuel* in his *Colledge*, for their particular *Professorships*, the one of *Astronony*, the other of *Mathematicks*, that is a voluntary gift of mine to them; and I suppose the places were very lawfully at my disposing. *Seraia* was afterwards *Scribe* or *Secretary* to *David*, called 1 *Kings* 4. 2. *Sisha*, and 1 *Chron.* 18. 16. *Shausha. Mahol* the *Reader* of *Natural Philosophy*, is mentioned, 1 *Kings* 4. 31. *Heman* and *Asaph* are often spoken of in the Scripture, 1 *Kings* 4. 1 *Chron.* 15. 17, 19. and 16. 5. and 37. 41, 42. and 25.

9 A *Pyramide* is a figure broad beneath, and smaller and sharper by degrees upward, till it end in a point, like our Spire Steepels. It is so called from Πῦρ, *Fire*, because *Flame* ascends in that Figure. *Number* is here called a *Turn'd Pyramide*, because the bottom of it is the point *One* (which is the beginning of *Number*, not properly *Number*, as a *Point* is of *Magnitude*) from whence it goes up still larger, just contrary to the nature of *Pyramidical Ascension.*

60 *Si-*

60 *Sacred blew.* Because of the use of it in the *Curtains* of the *Tabernacle*, the Curtain for the Door, the *Vail*, the *Priests Ephod*, *Breast-Plate*, and briefly all sacred Ornaments. The reason of chusing *Blew*, I suppose to have been in the *Tabernacle* was an *Enblem*, Numbers 15. 38. The Jews are commanded to make that lace or ribband of *Blew*, wherewith their fringes are bound to their cloaths; and they have now left off the very wearing of Fringes; because, they say, the art is lost of dying that kind of *Blew*, which was the perfectest sky-colour. *Cæruleus* is derived by some, *Quasi cæluleus.*

61 *Virg. l. 6. Æn.*

Obloquitur numeris septem discrimia vocum.

From which *Pancirollus* conjectures that, as we have now six notes in *Musick*, *Ut. Re. Mi. Fa. So. La.* (invented by a *Monk* from the *Hymn* to S. *John*, beginning every line with those syllables) so the ancients had *seven*; according to which *Apollo* too instituted the Lyre with seven strings, & *Pindar* calls it Ἑπτάτονον, his Interpreter, Ἑπτάμιτον, the *Argives* forbad under a penalty, the use of more strings.

62 *Porphyrius* affirmed, as he is cited by *Eusebius*, *2. Præpar. Evang.* that the *Egyptians* (that is, the *Thebans* in *Egypt*) believed but *one God*, whom they called Κνὴφ whom *Plutarch* also names *de Is & Osyr.* & *Strabo* l. 17. *Cnuphis*) and that the image of that God was made with an *Egg* coming out of his mouth, to shew that he *Spoke out the world*, that is, made it with his *word*; for an *Egg* with the *Egyptians* was the *symbol* of the *world.* Soo was it too in the mystical Ceremonies of *Bacchus*, instituted by *Orpheus*, as *Plut. Sympos. l.* 11. *Quæst.* 3. and *Macrob.* l. 7. c. 16. whence *Proclus* says upon *Timæus*, Τὸ Ὀρφικὸν ὠὸν ἢ τὸ Πλάτωνος Ὄν, to be the same things. *Vess. de Idol.*

63 *Theophil. advers. l. 2. Gent.* Θεὸς ἐ χωρεῖται, ἀλλ' ἀυτὸς ἐστι τόπος τῶν ὅλων, God is in no place, but is the *Place* of

of all things; and *Philo*, Αὐτὸς ἑαυτῷ τόπος; καὶ αὐτὸς ἑαυτῷ πλήρης. Which is the same with the expression here.

4 Gen. 14. 13. *And there came one that had escaped, and told Abram the Hebrew, &c.* which Text hath raised a great controversie among the Learned, about the dirivation of the name of the *Hebrews*: The general opinion received of old was, that it came from *Ebor*; which is not improbable, and defended by many learned men, particularly of late by *Rivet* upon *Gen.* 11. The other, which is more followed by the late Critiques, as *Arpennius*, *Grotius*, and our *Selden*, is, that the name came from *Abrahams* passage over *Euphrates* into *Canaan* (as the name of *Welch* is said to signifie no more than *strangers*, which they were called by the people amongst whom they came, and ever after retained it) which opinion is chiefly grounded upon the Septuagint Translation in this Text, who render *Abram* the *Hebrew*, τὸν περάτην, *Passenger*; and *Aquila*, Περαίτην.

5 For even these *Sons* of the *Prophets* that were Students in Colledges did sometimes likewise foretel future things, as to *Elisha* the taking up of *Elijah*, 2 King. 2. 3, &c.

The

THE CONTENTS

THe Friendſhap betwixt Jonathan *and* David; *and up that occaſion a degreſſion concerning the nature of* Lo *A diſcourſe between* Jonathan *and* David, *upon whi the latter abſents himſelf from* Court, *and the former g thither, to inform himſelf of* Sauls *reſolution. The Feaſt the* New-moon, *the manner of the Celebration of it; a therein a Digreſſion of the Hiſtory of* Abraham. Sauls *Spee upon* Davids *abſence from the Feaſt, and his anger agai* Jonathan. Davids *reſolution to fly away; he parts wi* Jonathan, *and falls a ſleep under a Tree. A Deſcription* Phanſie; *an* Angel *makes up a* Viſion *in* Davids *head; t* Viſion *it ſelf, which is, A* Propheſie *of all the ſucceſſion his Race till* Chriſts *time, with their moſt remarkable ac ons. At his awaking,* Gabriel *aſſumes an humane ſhap and confirms to him the truth of his* Viſion.

Davidei

DAVIDEIS.

The second Book.

BUt now the early birds began to call
The morning forth; up rose the *Sun* and *Saul*;
Both, as men thought, rose fresh from sweet repose;
But both, alas, from restless labours rose.
For in *Sauls* breast, *Envy*, the toilsome *Sin*,
Had all that night active and tyrannous bin,
She' expell'd all forms of *Kindness, Vertúe, Grace*;
Of the past day no footstep left or trace,
Of the past day no footstep left or trace.
The new-blown sparks of his old rage appear,
Nor could his *Love* dwell longer with his *fear*.
So near a storm wise *David* would not stay,
Nor trust the glittering of a faithless Day.
He saw the *Sun* call in his beams apace,
And angry Clouds march up into their place.
The *Sea* it self smooths his rough brow a while,
Flattering the greedy *Merchant* with a smile;
But he, whole ship-wrackt Barque it drank before,
Sees the deceit, and knows it would have more.
Such is the *Sea*, and such was *Saul*.
But *Jonathan* his *Son*, and *Only Good*,
Was gentle as fair *Jordans* useful Flood.
Whose innocent stream as it in silence goes.
Fresh *Honours*, and a sudden spring bestows
On both his banks to every flower and tree;
The manner *How* lies hid, th'*effect* we see.
But more than *all*, more than *Himself* he lov'ed
The mã whose worth his *Fathers* Hatred mov'ed.
For when the noble *youth* at *Dammin* stood
Adorn'd with *sweat*, and painted gay with *Blood*,

1 Sam. 18. 1. *Jonathan* pierc'ed him through with greedy Eye
And understood the future *Majestie*
Then destin'ed in the glories of his look;
He saw, and strait was with amazement strook,
To see the strength, the feature, and the grace
Of his young limbs; he saw his comely face
Where Love and Rev'erence so well mingled were;

2 And *Head*, already *crown'ed* with *golden haire*-
He saw what *Mildness* his bold *Sp'irit* did tame,
Gentler than *Light*, yet powerful as a *Flame*.
He saw his *Va'lour* by their *Safety* prov'ed,
He saw all this, and as he saw, he *Lov'ed*.
What art thou, *Love*, thou great mysterious thing?
Frō what hid stock does thy strāge *Nature* spring?
'Tis thou that mov'est the *world* through every part
And hold'st the vast frame close, that nothing start
From the due *Place* and *Office* first ordain'd.

3 By *Thee* were all things *Made*, and are *sustain'd*.
Sometimes wee see the *fully*; and can say
From hence thou took'est thy *Rise*, and went'st that way;
But oftner the short beams of *Reasons* Eye,
See onely, *There thou art*, not *How*, nor *Why*.
How is the *Loadstone*, Natures subtle pride,
By the rude *Iron* woo'd, and made a *Bride*?
How was the *Weapon wounded*? what hid *Flame*
The strong and conqu'ering *Metal* overcame?

4 *Love* (this *Worlds Grace*) exalts his *Natural* state;
He feels thee, *Love*, and feels no more his *Weight*.

5 Ye learned *Heads*, whom Ivy *garlands* grace,
Why does that twining plant the *Oak* embrace;
The *Oak* for courtship most of all unfit;
And rough as are the *Winds* that fight with it?
How does the absent *Pole* the *Needle* move?
How does his *Cold* and *Ice* beget *hot Love*?

Which

Which are the *Wings* of *Lightneſs* to aſcend?
Or why does Weight to th'*Centre* downwards bend?
Thus Creatures void of *Life* obey thy Laws,
And ſeldom *We*, *they* never know the *Cauſe*.
In thy large ſtate, *Life* gives the next degree,
6 Where *Senſe*, and *Good Apparent* places thee,
But thy chief *Palace* is *Mans Heart* alone,
Here are thy *Triumphs*, and full glories ſhown;
7 Handſome *Deſires*, and *Reſt* about thee flee,
Union, *Inhærence*, *Zeal* and *Extaſie*.
Thouſand with *Joys* cluſter around thine head,
O're which a gall-leſs *Dove* her wings does ſpread;
A gentle *Lamb*, purer and whiter farre
Than *Conſciences* of thine own *Martyrs* are,
Lies at thy feet; and thy right hand does hold
The myſtick *Scepter* of a *Croſs* of Gold.
Thus do'eſt thou ſit (like Men e're ſin had fram'ed
A guilty bluſh) *Naked*, but not *Aſham'ed*.
What cauſe then did the fab'ulous Ancients find,
When firſt their ſuperſtition made the *blind*?
'T was *They*, alas, 't was *They* who could not ſee,
When they miſtook that *Menſter*, *Luſt*, for *Thee*,
Thou art a bright, but not conſuming *Flame*;
Such in th'amazed Buſh to *Moſes* came;
v. 23. When that ſecure its new-crown'd head did rear,
And chid the trembling Branches needleſs fear.
Thy *Darts* of healthful *Gold*, and down wards fall
Soft as the *Feathers* that they're fletcht withal.
Such, and no other, were thoſe ſecret Darts,
Which ſweetly toucht this nobleſt pair of Hearts;
Still to one end they both ſo juſtly drew,
As courteous *Doves* together jok'd would do.
No weight of *Birth* did on one ſide prevaile,
Two *Twins* leſs even lie in *Natures Scale*.
They mingled Fates, and both in each did ſhare,
They both were *Servants*, they both *Princes* were.
If any Joy to one of them was ſent,

It was moſt his, to whom it leaſt was meant,
And fortunes, malice betwixt both was croſt,
For ſtriking one, it wounded th'other moſt.
Never did *Marriage* ſuch true *Union* find,
Or mens deſires with ſo glad violence bind?
For there is ſtill ſome tincture left of *Sin*,
And ſtill the *Sex* will needs be ſtealing in.
Thoſe joys are full of droſs, and thicker farre;
Theſe, without matter, clear and liquid are.
Such ſacred *Love* does heaven bright *Spirits* fil,
Where *Love* is but to *Underſtand* and *Will*,
With ſwift and unſeen *Motions*; ſuch as We
Some what expreſs in heightned *Charitie*.
O ye bleſt one! whoſe *Love* on *earth* became
So pure that ſtil in *Heav'en't* is but the ſame!
There now ye ſit, and with mixt ſouls embrace,
Gazing upon great *Loves* myſterious Face,
And pity this baſe world where *Friendſhip's* made
A *bait* for ſin, or elſe at beſt a *Trade*.
Ah wondrous *Prince*! who a true *Friend* could'ſt be,
When a *Crown Flatter'ed*, & *Saul threatned* Thee!
Who held'ſt him dear, whoſe *Stars* thy birth did croſs!
And bought'ſt him nobly at a *Kingsdoms loſs*!
Iſra'els bright *Scepter* far leſs glory brings;
There have been fewer *Friends* on earth than *Kings*.
To this ſtrāge pitch their high affections flew;
Till *Natures* ſelf ſcarce look'd on them as *Two*.
Hither flies *David* for advice and ayde,
As ſwift as Love and Danger could perſwade,
As ſafe in *Jonathans* truſt his thoughts remain
As when *Himſelf* but *dreams* them o're again.
My deareſt *Lord*, farewel (ſaid he (farewel;
He'aven bleſs the *King*; may no misfortune tell
Th'injuſtice of his hate, when I am dead;
They're

They're coming now, perhaps; my guiltless head
Here in your sight, perhaps, must bleeding ly,
And scarce your own stand safe for being nigh.
Think me not scar'ed with *Death*, howere't appear,
I know thou can'st not think so: t'is a fear
From which thy *Love*, and *Dammin* speaks mē free;
I'have met him face to face, and ne're could see
One terrour in his looks to make me *fly*
When *Vertue* bids me *stand*; but I would *dy*
So as becomes my *Life*; so as may prove
Sauls Malice, and at least excuse your *Love*.
He stopt, and spoke some passion with his eyes.
Excellent *Friend* (the gallant **Prince** replyes)
Thou hast so prou'd thy Virtues, that they're known
To all good men, more then to each his *own*.
Who lives in *Israel*, that can doubtful be
Of thy great actions? for he lives by *Thee*.
Such is thy *Valour*, and thy vast *success*,
That all things but thy *Loyalty* are less.
And should my *Father* at thy ruine aim,
'Twould wound as much his *Safety* as his *Fame*.
1 Sam. 25. 9. Think them not coming then to slay thee here,
But *doubt* mishaps, as little as you *feare*.
For by thy loving God who e're design
Against *thy Life* must strike at it through *Mine*.
But I my royal *Father* must acquit
From such base guilt, or the low thought of it.
Think on his softness when from death he freed
The faithless *King* of *Am'alecks* cursed seed;
Can he to'a *Friend*, to'a *Son* so bloudy grow,
He who ev'n sin'd but now to spare a *Foe*?
Admit he could; but with what strength or art
Could he so long close, and seal up his heart?
Such counsels jealous of themselves become,

And

And dare not fix without consent of some.
Few men so boldly ill, great sins to do,
Till licens'ed and approv'ed by others too.
1 Sam. 20. 2. No more (believe 't) could he hide this from me,
Then *I*, had he discover'd it, from *Thee*.
Here they embraces join, and almost tears;
Till gentle *David* thus new prov'd his fears.
The praise you pleas'd (great *Prince*) on me to spend
Was all out-spoken when you stil'd me *Friend*.
That name alone does dang'rous glories bring,
And gives excuse to th'*Envy* of a *King*.
What did his Spear, force, and dark plots impart
But some eternal rancour in his heart?
Still does he glance the fortune of that day
When drown'd in his own blood *Goliah* lay,
And cover'd half the plain; still hears the sound
How that vast *Monster* fell, and strook the ground:
The *Dance*, and, *David his ten thousand slew*,
Still wound his sickly soul, and still are new.
Great acts t'ambitious *Princes Treasons* grow,
So much they *hate* that *Safety* which they *ow*,
Tyrants dread all whom they raise high in place,
From the *Good*, *danger*; from the *Bad*, *disgrace*.
They doubt the *Lords*, mistrust the *Peoples* hate,
Till *Blood* become a *Principle* of *State*.
Secur'd nor by their *Guards*, nor by their *Right*,
But still they *Bear* ev'en more then they *Affright*.
Pardon me, *Sir*, your Father's rough and stern:
His *Will* too strong to bend, too proud to learn.
Remember, Sir, the *Honey's* deadly sting;
Think on that savage Justice of the *King*.
When the same day that saw you do before
Things above Man, should see you Man no more.
'T is true th'accursed *Agag* mov'ed his truth,
He pitied his tall Limbs and comely youth

Had seen, alas the proof of heav'ens fierce hate,
And fear'd no mischief from his powerless fate.
Remember how th'old Seer came raging down,
And taught him boldly to suspect his Crown.
Since then his pride quakes at th'*Almighties* rod,
Nor dares he love the man belov'ed by *God*.
Hence his deep rage and trembling *Envy* springs;
Nothing so wild as *Jealousie* of *Kings*.
Whom should he counsel ask, with whom advise;
Who *Reason* and *Gods counsel* does despise,
Whose head-strong will no *Law* or *Conscience* daunt,
Dares he not sin, do'you think, without your grant?
Yes, if the truth of our fixt love he knew,
He would not doubt, believe't, to kill ev'en *you*
The Prince is mov'ed, & straight prepares to find
The deep resolves of his griev'd Fathers mind.
The danger now appears, *Love* can shoon show't,
Sam. And force his *Stubborn piety* to know't
o, 5, They'agree that *David* should conceal'd abide,
c, Till his great friend had the Courts temper try'ed,
Till he had *Sauls* most secret purpose found,
And searcht the depth and rancour of his wound.
v, 23. 'T was the years seventh-born *Moon*; the so-
4 lemn *Feast*
v, 26. That with most noise its sacred mirth expreſt.
From op'ening Morn till night shuts in the day,
On *Trumpets* and *shrill Horns* the *Levites* play.
9 Whether by this in mystick *Type* we see
The *New-years-Day* of great *Eternitie*,
When the chang'd *Moon* shall no more changes *make*,
10 And scatter'd *Deaths* by *Trumpets* sound awake,
9, 19. Or that the *Law* be kept in Mem'ory still,
Giv'en with like noise on *Sina's* shining Hill,
11 Or that (as some men teach) it did arise

From

From faithfull *Arams* righteous *Sacrifice*,
Who whilst the *Ram* on *Isaac*'s fire did fry,
His *Horn* with joyful tunes stood sounding by.
Obscure the *Cause*; but *God* his will declar'ed;
And all nice knowledge then with ease is spar'ed
12 At the third hour *Saul* to the hallowed Tent
Midst a large train of *Priests* and *Courtiers* went;
Thee sacred *Herd* marcht proud and softly by;
Too fat and gay to think their deaths so nigh.
13 Hard fate of *Beasts*, more innocent then *We*!
Prey to our *Luxury*, and our *Pietie*!
Whose guiltless blood on *boards* and *Altars* spilt,
Serves both to *Make*, and *Expiate* too our guilt!
Three bullocks of free neck, two guilded Rams,
14 Two well-washt Goats, and fourteen spotless Lambs,
With the three vital fruits, *Wine*, *Oyl*, and *Bread*,
(Small fees to heav'en of all by which we're fed)
Are offerd'd up; the allowed flames arise,
And faithful pray'rs mount with them to the skies.
15 From thence the *King* to th'outmost Court is brought,
Where heav'enly things an inspir'ed *Prophet* taught,
And from the sacred Tent to'his Palace gates,
With glad kind shouts th'Assembly on him waites;
The chearful *Horns* before him loudly play,
And fresh-strewd' flowers paint his triumphant
48 way.
Thus in slow State to th' *Palace Hall* they go,
Rich dress for solemn *Luxury* and *Show*;
16 Ten pieces of bright *Tapestry* hung the room,
The noblest work e're stretcht on *Syrian* loom;
For wealthy *Adri'el* in proud *Sydon* wrought
1 *Sam* 18. 19. And giv'en to *Saul* when *Sauls* best gift he sought

The

The bright-ey'd *Merab*; for that mindful day.
No ornament so proper seem'd as thay.
There all old *Abrams* story yon might see;
And still some *Angel* bore him companie.
His painful, but well-guided Travels, show
The fate of all his *Sons*, the *Church* below.
Here beauteous *Sara* to great *Pharao* came,
He blusht with sudden *passion*, she with *shame*;
Troubled she seem'd, and lab'oring in the strife
'Twixt her own *Honor*, and her *Husbands Life*.
Here on a conqu'ering *Host* that careless lay,
Drown'd in the joys of their new gotten prey,
The *Patriarch* falls; well mingled might you see
The confus'd marks of *Death* and *Luxury*.
In the next piece blest *Salems* mystick King
Does sacred Presents to the *Victor* bring;
Like him whose *Type* he bears, his rights receives;
Strictly-requires his *Due*, yet freely *gives*.
Ev'en in his port, his habit, and his face;
The *Mild*, and *Great*, the *Priest* and *Prince* had place.
Here all their starry host the heavens display;
And, Lo, an heav'enly *Youth*, more fair then they,
Leads *Abram* forth; points upwards; such said he,
So bright and numberless thy *Seed* shall be.
Here he with God a new *Alliance* makes,
And in his flesh the marks of *Homage* takes;
Here he the three mysterious *persons* feasts;
Well gayd with joyful tidings by his *Guests*.
Here for the *wicked Town* he prays, and near
Scarce did the *wicked town* through *Flames* appear.
And all his *Fate*, and all his *Deeds* were wrought,

Gen. 14.

Gen. 14. 18.

Gen. 15.

Gen. 17.

Gen. 18. 2.
Ver. 10.
Gen. 18.
Gen. 19.

Since

Since he from * *Ur* to * *Ephrons* cave was
26 brought.
* *Gen.* 11. 31.
* *Gen.* 25. 9.
But none 'mongst all the forms drew then their
eyes
Like faithful *Abrams* righteous *Sacrifice*.
Gen 22. 27
The sad old man mounts slowly to the place,
Ver. 3. With *Natures* power triumphant in his face
O're the *Minds* courage; for in spight of all
Ver. 6, From his swoln eyes resistless waters fall.
28 The inno'cent *Boy* his cruel burthen bore.
With smiling looks, and sometimes walk'd be-
fore.
And sometimes turn'd to talk; above was made
Ver. 9, The *Altars* fatal *Pile*, and on it laid
29 The *Hope* of *Mankind*; patiently he lay,
And did his *Syre*, as he his *God*, obey.
Ver. 10, The mournful *Syre* lifts up at last the knife,
And on one moments string depends his *life*
In whose young *loyns* such broodings *wonders*-
ly.
A thousand *Spir'its* peep'd from th'affrighted
sky.
Amaz'ed at this strange *Scene*; and almost
fear'd.
For all those joyful *Propheſies* they'd hea'rd.
Ver. 11, Till *one* leapt nimbly forth by *Gods* command
Like *Lightning* from a *Cloud*, and stopt his hand.
The gentle *Spirit* smil'ed kindly as he spoke,
New beames of joy through *Abrams* wonder
broke.
Ver. 13, The *Angel* points to'a tuft of bushes near,
Where an entangled *Ram* does half appear;
And struggles vainly with that fatal net,
Which though but slightly *wrought*, was firmly
set.
For, lo, anon, to this sad glory doom'd,
The useful *Beast* on *Isaac's Pile* consum'ed;

Whilst

Whilſt on his *Horns* the ranſom'ed couple plaid ;
And the glad *Boy* danc'd to the tunes he made.
Near this *Halls* end a *Shittim Table* ſtood ;
Yet well-wrought plate ſtrove to conceal the wood,
For from the foot a golden vine did ſprout,
And caſt his fruitful riches all about.
Well might that beauteous *Ore* the *Grape* expreſs,
Which does weak Man intoxicate no leſs.
Of the ſame wood the guilded beds were made ;
And on them large embroidered *carpets* laid,
From *Egypt* the right ſhop of *Follies* brought,
30 But *Arts* of *Pride* all *Nations* ſoon are taught.
Behold ſev'en comely blooming *Youths* appear,
31 And in their hands ſev'en ſilver *waſhpots* bear,
Curl'd, and gay clad; the choiceſt Sons that be
Of *Gibeons* race, and *Slaves* of high degree.
Seven beauteous *Maids* marcht ſoftly in behind ;
Bright ſcarfs their cloathes, their hair freſh Garlands bind,
And whilſt the *Princes* waſh, they on them ſhed
32 Rich *Oyntments*, which their coſtly odours ſpread.
O're the whole room; from their ſmall *priſons* free
With ſuch glad haſte through the wide air they flee.
33 The *King* was plac'ed alone, and o're his head
cm. A well-wrought *Heav'en* of ſilk and gold was
25. ſpread.
Azure the ground, the *Sun* in gold ſhone bright,
But pierc'd the wandring *Clouds* with ſilver light.
The right hand bed the *Kings* three Sons did grace,
The third was *Abners*, *Adriels*, *Davids* place.

And

And twelve large Tables more were fill'd below
With the prime men *Sauli Court* and *Camp* coul
show;
The palace did with *mirth* and *musick* sound,
34 And the crown'd *goblets* nimbly mov'ed aroun
But though bright joy in every guest did shine,
The plenty, state, musick, and sprightful wine
Were lost on *Saul*; an angry care did dwell
In his dark breast, and all gay forms expell.
1 Sam. *Davids* unusual absence from the feast,
20. 26. To his sick Spir'it did jealous thoughts suggest.
27. Long lay he still; nor drank, nor eat, nor spoke
And thus at last his troubled silence broke.
Where can he be? said he; It must be so:
With that he paus'd awhile; Too well we kno
His boundless pride: he grieves and hates to se
The solemn *triumphs* of my *Court* and *Me*.
Believe me, friends, and trust what I can show
From thousand proofs, th'ambitious *David* no
Does those vast things in his proud soul design
That too much *business* give for *Mirth Wine*.
He's kindling now perhaps, rebellious fire
Among the *Tribes*, and does ev'n now conspire
Against *my Crown*, and all *our Lives*, whilst we
Are loth ev'en to *suspect*, what we might *See*.
35 By the *Great Name*, 't is true.
With that he strook the board, and no ma
there
1 Sam. But *Jonathan* durst undertake to clear
20 28. The blameless *Prince*; and scarce ten words h
19. spoke,
When thus his speech th'enraged *Tyrant* broke.
36 Disloyal *Wretch*! thy gentle *Mothers shame*
V. 30. Whose cold pale *Ghost* ev'en blushes at th
31. *name*!
Who fears lest her chast bed should doubted be
And her white fame stain'd by black deeds o
thee!

Can'l

Can'ſt thou be *Mine*? a *Crown* ſometimes does hire
Ev'en *Sons* againſt their *Parents* to conſpire,
But ne're did ſtory yet, or fable tell
Of one ſo wild, who meerly to *Rebel*
Quitted th'unqueſtion'ed *birthright* of a *Throne*,
And bought his *Fathers* ruine with his *own*:
Thou need'ſt not plead th'ambitious *youths* de-
fence;
Thy crime clears his, and makes that *Innocence*.
Nor can his foul *Ingratitude* appear,
Whilſt thy *unnatural guilt* is plac'ed ſo near.
Is this not noble *Friendſhip* you pretend?
Mine, thine own *Foe*, and thy worſt *En'emies*
Friend?
If thy low ſpirit can thy great *birthright* quit,
The thing's but juſt, ſo ill deſerv'eſt thou it.
I, and thy *Brethren* here have no ſuch mind;
Nor ſuch prodigious worth in *David* find,
That we to him ſhould our juſt rights reſign,
Or think *Gods choice* not made ſo well as *Thine*.
Shame of thy *Houſe* and *Tribe!* hence, from mine
Eye,
To thy falſe *Friend*, and ſervile *Maſter* fly;
He's ere this time in arms expecting thee;
Haſte, for thoſe arms are rais'ed to ruine *Mee*.
Thy ſin that way will *nobler* much appear,
Then to remain his *Spy* and *Agent* here.
When I think this, *Nature* by thee forſook;
Forſakes me too. With that his ſpear he took
Ver. 33. To ſtrike at him; the mirth and muſick ceaſe;
The gueſts all riſe this ſudden ſtorm t'appeaſe;
37 The *Prince* his *danger*, and his *duty* knew;
Ver 34. And low he bow'd, and ſilently withdrew.
To *David* ſtrait, who in a foreſt nigh
Ver. 35. Waits his advice, the royal *Friend* does fly.
The ſole advice, now like the danger clear,
Was in ſome foreign land this ſtorm t'outwear.

All

All marks of comely grief in both are seen;
And mournful kind discourses past between.
Ver. 42. Now generous tears their hasty tongues restrain,
Now they begin, and talk all o're again.
A reverent *Oath* of constant love they take,
And *Gods* high name their dreaded *witness* make;
Not that at all their *Faiths* could doubtful prove;
But 't was the tedious *zeal* of endless *Love.*
Thus e're they part, they the short time bestow
In all the pomp *Friendship* and *Grief* could show,
And *David* now with doubtful cares oppress,
Beneath a shade borrows some little rest;
When by command divine thick *mists* arise,
And stop the *Sense*, and close the conque'rec eyes.

38 There is a place which *Man* most high doth rear,
The *small Worlds Heav'n*, where *Reason* moves the *Sphære.*
Here in a robe which does all colours show,
(Th'envy of birds, and the clouds gawdy *bow*)
Phansie, wild *Dame*, with much lascivious pride
By twin *Camelions* drawn, does gaily ride.
Her coach there follows, and throngs round about
Of shapes and airy *Forms* an endless rout.
A Sea rowls on with harmless fury here;
Straight 't is a *field*, and trees and herbs appeare.
Here in a moment are vast *Armies* made,
And a quick *Scene* of war and blood displaid.
Here sparkling *wines*, and brighter *Maids* come in,
The *bawds* for *sense* and lying baits of *sin.*

Some

39 Some things arise of strange and quarr'elling kind,
The forepart *Lyon*, and a *Snake* behind;
Here golden *mountains* swell the cove'tous place,
40 And *Centaures* ride *Themselves* a painted race.
Of these slight wonders *Nature* sees the store,
And onely then accounts herself but *poore*.
Hither an *Angel* comes in *Davids* trance;
And finds them mingled in an antique dance;
Of all the numerous forms fit choice he takes,
And joyns them wisely, and this *Vision* makes.
First *David* there appears in Kingly state,
m. Whilst the twelve *Tribes* his dread commands
. await;
ron. 23. 6. Straight to the wars with his joyn'd strength he goes,
Settles new *friends*, and frights his ancient *Foes*.
To *Solima*, *Cana'ans* old head, they came,
(Since high in note, then not unknown to *Fame*)
41 im. The *Blind* and *Lame* th'unboubted wall defend,
And no *new* wounds or dangers apprehend.
The busie *image* of great *Joab* there
Disdains the mock, and teaches them to fear.
He climbs the *airy* walls, leaps raging down,
New-minted shapes of slaughter fill the town.
They curse the guards their mirth and bravely chose;
All of them now are slain, or made like *those*.
42 im. 5 18. Far through an inward *Scene* an *Army* lay,
Which with full banners a fair *Fish* display.
20. From *Sidon* plains to happy *Egypts* coast
22. They seem all met; a vast and warlike *Host*.
tren. 8. Thither hasts *Davids* to his destin'ed prey,
Honour, and noble *Danger* lead the way;

The

43 The conscious *Trees* shook with a reverent fear
Ver. 22. Their *unblown* tops? *God* walkt before him
23, 24. there.
1 *Chro.* Slaughter the wearied *Riphaims* bosom fills,
14. 14. Dead corps *imboss* the *vail* with little *hills.*

44 On th'other side *Sophenes* mighty King
2 *Sam.* Numberless troops of the blest *East* does bring:
8. 3. Twice are his men cut off, and chariots ta'ne;
1 *Chro.* *Damascus* and rich *Adad* help in vain.
18 3.

45 Here *Nabathæan* troops in battel stand,

46 With all the lusty youth of *Syrian* land;
Ver. 5. Undaunted *Joab* rushes on with speed,
2 *Sam.* Gallantly mounted on his fiery steed;
10. 6. He hews down all, and deals his deaths around;
1 *Chron.* 19. 6. & 19. 8. The *Syrians* leave, or possess dead the ground.
Ver. 10. On th'other wing does brave *Abishai* ride
Reeking in blood and dust; on every side
The perjur'd sons of *Ammon* quit the field,
Some basely dye, and some more basely *yield*,
Through a thick wood the wretched *Hanun* flies
And far more justly then fears *Hebrew Spies.*

47 *Moloch*, their bloody God, thrusts out his head,
2 *Sam.* Grinning through a black cloud; him they'd lon
10. 3. 4. fed
1 *Chro.* In his *sev'n Chambers*, and he still did eat
19. 3. New-roasted *babes*, his dear, delicious meat.

Ver. 15. Again they'arise, more ang'red than dismaid;
1 *Chron.* *Euphrates*, and *Swift Tigris* sends them aid:
19. 16.

48 In vain they send it, for again they're slain,

49 And feast the greedy birds on *Helay* plain.

50 Here *Rabba* with proud towers affronts the sky
2 *Sam.* And round about great *Joabs* trenches ly.
11. 1. They force the walls, and sack the helpless town

51 On *David's* head shines *Ammons* massy Crown.
1 *Chron.* Midst various torments the curst race expires,
20. *David* himself his severe wrath admires.
1 *Sam.* Next upon *Isra'els* throne does bravely sit
12. 30. A comely *Youth* endow'd with wondrous wit.
1 *Chro.* 20. 2.

52 Fa

Far from the *parched Line* a royal *Dame*,
To hear his tongue and boundless *wisdom* came.
She carried back in her triumphant *womb*
The glorious stock of thousand *Kings* to come.
Here brightest forms his pomp and wealth display,
Here they a *Temples* vast foundations lay.
A mighty work; and with fit glories fill'd.
For *God t'inhabit*, and that *King* to *build*.
Some from the quarries hew out massy stone,
Some draw it up with cranes, some breathe and grone
In order o're the anvile; some cut down
Tall *Cedars*, the proud *Mountains* ancient crown;
Some carve the Truncks, and *breathing shapes* bestow,
Giving the *Trees* more *life* then when they *grow*;
But, oh (alas) what sudden cloud is spread
About this glorious *Kings eclypsed* head?
It all his fame benights, and all his store,
Wrapping him round, and now he's seen no more.
When straight his *Son* appears at *Sichem* crown'd.
With young and heedless *Council* circled round;
Unseemly object! but a falling state
Has always its *own* errours joyn'd with *fate*.
Ten *Tribes* at once forsake the *Jessian* throne,
And bold *Adoram* at his Message stone;
Brethren of Israel! ——— more he fain would say,
But a flint stop his mouth, and speech i'th' way.
Here this fond Kings disasters but begin,
He's destin'ed to more shame by' his *Fathers* sin.
Susack comes up, and under his command
A dreadful *Army* from scorcht *Africks* sand
As *numberless* as *that*; all is his prey,
The *Temples* sacred wealth they bear away;

Adra-

55 *Adrazars* shields and goldens loss they take;
1 King. 12. 10. Ev'n *David* in his dream does sweat and shak
2 Chron. 10. 10. Thus fails this wrethed *Prince*; his *Loyns* appe
1 King. 15. 1. Of less *weight* now, then *Solomons Fingers* wei
Abijah next seeks *Isra'el* to regain,
2 Chron. 13. 1. And wash in seas of Blood his *Fathers* stain;
56 N'ere saw the aged *Sun* so cruel fight,
& 13. Scarce saw he *this*, but hid his bashful light.
3. *Nebats* curst son fled with not half his men,
2 Chron. 13. 17. Where were his *Gods* of *Dan* and *Bethel* then?
Yet could not this the fatal strife decide;
God *punisht one*, but *blest not* th'other side.
2 King. 15. 9. *Asan* a just and vertuous Prince succeeds;
57 High rais'd by fame for great and Godly deed
2 Chron. 14. 1. He cut the solemn groves where *Idols* stood,
ver. 13. And *Sacrific'ed* the *Gods* with their *own wood.*
2 Chron. 14. 3. He vanquisht thus the proud weak powers hell,
Before him next their doating servants fell.
58 So huge an Host of *Zerahs* men he slew,
2 Chron. 14. 9. As made ev'en that *Arabia Desert* too.
Why fear'd he then the perjur'd *Baasha's* sigh
59 Or bought the dangerous ayd of *Syrian's* migh
2 Chro. 16. 2. *Conquest* Heavens *gift*, cannot by man be sol
ver. 18. Alas, what *Weakness* trusts he? *Man* and *Gold.*
2 Chron. 16. 8. Next *Josaphat* possest the royal state;
2 King. 15. 25. An happy *Prince*, well worthy of his fate;
& 22. His oft Oblations on Gods Altar made,
43. With thousand flocks, and thousand herds
2 Chron. 17. paid,
2 Chro. 17. 11. *Arabian Tribute*! what mad troops are those,
2 Chro. 20. 17. Those *mighty Troops* that dare to be his foes?
He *Prays* them dead; with mutual wounds th
fall;
2 King. 22. 30. One fury brought, one fury slays them all.
2 Chro. 18. 19. Thus sits he still, and sees himself to win;
60 Never o'recome but by's Friend *Ahabs* sin;
On whose disguise fates then did onely look;

3. And had almoſt their *Gods* command *miſtook*.
8. Him from whoſe danger heav'n ſecurely brings,
And for his ſake two ripely wicked *Kings*.
1. Their Armies languiſh, burnt with thirſt at *Seers*,
3. *Sighs* all their *Cold*, *Tears* all their *Moiſture* there.
24. They fix their greedy eyes on th'empty ſky,
16. 5. And fanſie *clouds*, and ſo become *more dry*.
21 *Eliſha* calls for waters from afarre
2,1 To come; *Eliſha* calls, and here they are
1.1 In helmets they quaff round the welcome flood;
o. And the decreaſe repair with *Moabs blood*.
10. *Jehoram* next, and *Ochoziah* throng
62 For *Judahs* Scepter; both *ſhort-liv'd too long*.
53 A *Woman* too from *Murther Title* claims;
12. Both with her *Sins* and *Sex* the *Crown* ſhe ſhames.
24. Proud curſed *Woman!* but her fall at laſt
To doubting men *clears* heav'n for what was paſt.
Joas at firſt does bright and glorious ſhow;
iro. In lifes freſh morn his *fame* did early *crow*.
1. Fair was the promiſe of his dawning ray,
12. But *Prophets* angry blood o're caſt his day.
on. From thence his clouds, from thence his ſtorms
23. begin,
14. It cryes aloud, and twice let's *Aram* in.
1 25 So *Amaziah* lives, ſo ends his raign;
64 Both by their *Traitrous* ſervants *juſtly ſlain*.
65 *Edom* at firſt dreads his victorious hand,
14 7 Before him thouſand *Captives* trembling ſtand.
ron. Down a prec'ipice deep, down he caſts them all,
5 12 The *mimick ſhapes* in ſeveral poſtures fall.
ron. But then (mad fool!) he does thoſe *Gods* adore.
14. Which when pluckt down, had *worſhipt* him be-
66 fore.
.14 Thus all his life to come is leſs and ſhame;
iron. No help from *Gods* who themſelves helpt not, ca-
23. me.
15.1 All this *Uzziahs* ſtrength and wit repairs,
5.26. Leaving a well-built greatneſs to his *Heirs*.
15.5 Till leprous ſcurff o're his whole body caſt,
67 Takes him at firſt from *Men*, from *Earth* at laſt.
68
ron. 19.
K. 15.

69
2 Ch.27 As vertuous was his *Son*, an happier far;
2 Ch.27 *Buildings* his *Peace*, and *Trophies* grac'd his *War*.
4. But *Achaz* heaps up sins, as if he meant
2 Kin. To make his worst forefathers *innocent*.
16.1.

70
2Ch.28. He burns his Son at *Hinon*, whilst around
2K.16.3 The roaring child drums and loud Trumpets soun
2 Ch 28 This to the boy a *barb'arous mercy* grew,
3. And snatcht him from all miseries to ensue.
2 Kin. Here *Peca* comes, and hundred thousands fall,
16.5. Here *Rezin* marches up, and sweeps up all:

71
2 Chr. Till like a Sea the *Great Belochus Son*
28.6. Breaks upon both, and both does over-run.
2 K.16. The last of *Adads* ancient stock is slain,
7 *Isra'el* captiv'ed, and rich *Damascus* ta'ne.
2 K. 16. All this wild rage to revenge *Jud'as* wrong;
9.& 15
27. But wo to Kingdoms that have Friends too strong

72
Thus *Hezechiah* the torn Empire took,
2. Chro. And *Assurs King* with his worse *Gods* forsook,
28.20.
2 K. 18. Who to poor *Iuda* worlds of Nations brings;
2 Ch.29 There rages; utters *vain* and *Mighty* things,
2 K. 18. Some dream of triumphs, and exalted names,
7.
2 K.18. Some of dear gold, and some of beauteous dames
17. Whilst in the midst of their huge *sleepy boast*,
2 Ch.32 An *Angel* scatters death through all the hoast.

73
Th'affrighted *Tyrant* back to *Babel* hies,

74
There meets an end far worse then that he flies.
Isa. 36. Here *Hezekiahs* life is almost done!
2 K.19 So good, and yet, alas! so short'tis spunne.
35.
2Chron. Th'end of the *Line* was ravell'd, weak and old;
32. 21. *Time* must go back, and afford better hold
2. K. 19 To tye a new thread to'it, of fifteen years;
37.
2 Ch. 32 'Tis done; Th' *almighty power* of *prayer* and *tears*!
21. Backward the *Sun*, an unknown motion, went;

75
The *Stars* gaz'ed on, and wondred what he meant:

76
Manasses next (forgetful man!) begins;
2 K.20. Enslav'ed, and sold to *Ashur* by his sins.
2 Ch.32
24. Till by the rod of *learned mis'ery* taught,
2 K. 20. Home to his *God* and *Countrey* both he's brought.
11
2 Ch.32 It taught not *Ammon*, nor his hardness brake;
2.K.21. He's made th' *Example* he refus'd to *take*.
2 Ch 33

Yet

..21. Yet from this root a goodly *Cyon* springs;
h.33 *Iosiah* best of *Men*, as well as *Kings*.
Down went the *Calves* with all their gold and cost;
77 The *Priests* then *truly* griev'ed, *Osyris* lost,
c. 22
c. 23. These mad *Egyptian* rites till now remain'd;
c. 23. Fools! they their worser thraldome still retain'd!
..lb.v. In his *own Fives Moloch* to ashes fell,
78 And no more *flames* must have besides his *Hell*.
79 Like end *Astartes horned Image* found,
80 And *Baals spired stone* to dust was ground.
81 No more were *Men* in *female* habit seen,
Or *They* in *Mens* by the lewd *Syrian Queen*.
82 No lustful *Maids* at *Benos Temple* sit,
And with their bodies *shame* their marriage get.
83 The *double Dagon* neither nature saves,
Nor flies *She* back to th' *Erythæan* waves.
84 The trav'elling *Sun* sees gladly from on high
King. 3. 11. His *Chariots* burn, and *Nergal* quenched ly.
The Kings impartial Anger lights on all,
85 From *fly-blown Acca'ron* to the *thundring Baal*.
Here *David's* joy unruly grows and bold;
Nor could *Sleeps* silken chain its violen'ce hold;
Had not the *Angel* to seal fast his eyes
The humors stirr'd, and bad more mists arise:
When straight a *Chariot* hurries swift away,
And in it hood *Iosiah* bleeding lay.
One hand's held up, one stops the wound; in vain
They both are us'd; alas; *he's slain*, *he's slain*.
King. 3. 31. *Ieboias* and *Ieboikim* next appear;
b.v.26 Both *urge* that vengeance which before was *near*.
86 He in *Egyptian* fetters captive dies,
87 Thus by more *courteous* anger murther'd lies.
Chr. His Son and Brother next do bonds sustain,
36. 1. *Isra'els* now solemn and *imperial Chain*.
& 5. Her'es the last *Scene* of this proud Cities state;
K.23. 34 All ills are met ty'ed in one *knot* of *Fate*.
88 Their endless slavery in this tryal lay;
2 Chro. Great God had heapt up *Ages* in one *Day*:
36. 4. Strong works around the wall the *Caldees* build,
Jer. 36. 30. The *Town* with grief and dreadful busines fill'd.

2 *King.* 25. 1. *Jer.* 52. 4. To their carv'ed *Gods* the frantick women pray,
Gods which as near their *ruine* were as *they*.
At last in ruſhes the prevailing foe,
Does all the miſchief of proud *conqueſt* ſhow.
The wondring babes from mothers breaſts are rent
2 *Ch.* 36. 17. And ſuffer ills they neither *fear'd* nor *meant*.
No ſilver rev'erence guards the ſtooping age,
No rule or method ties their boundleſs rage
The glorious *Temple* ſhines in *flame* all o're,
2 *Chron.* 36. 19. Yet not ſo bright as in its *Gold* before.
2 *King.* 25. 9. Nothing but fire or ſlaughter meets the eyes.
Nothing the *ear* but groans and diſmal cryes.
The walls and towers are levi'ed with the ground,
And ſcarce ought now of that vaſt *City's* found
But ſhards and rubbiſh which weak ſings might kee
Of forepaſt glory, and bid *Trav'ellers* weep.
Thus did triumphant *Aſſur* homewards paſs,
And thus *Ieruſalem* left, *Jeruſalem that was.*
Thus *Zedechiah* ſaw, and this not all;
2 *King.* 25. 7. *Jer.* 52. 10. Before his face his *Friends* and *Children* fall,
The ſport of ins'olent *victors*; this he viewes,
A *King* and *Father* once; ill fate could uſe
His *eyes* no more to do their maſter ſpight;
All *to be ſeen* ſhe took, and next his *Sight.*
89 Thus a *long death* in priſon he outwears;
Bereft of griefs *laſt ſolace*, ev'en his *Tears.*
Mat. 1. 12. *Luk.* 3. Then *Jeconiahs* ſon did foremoſt home;
And he who brought the captiv'ed nation home;
A row of *Worthies* in long order paſt
O're the ſhort ſtage; of all old *Joſeph* laſt.
Fair *Angels* paſt by next in ſeemly bands,
All gilt, with gilded baſquets in their hands.
Some as they went the blew ey'd *violets* ſtrew,
Some ſpotleſs *Lilies* in looſe order threw.
Some did the way with full-blown *roſes* ſpread;
Their ſmell divine and colour ſtrangely red;
Not ſuch as our dull gardens proudly wear,
Whom *weathers* taint, and winds *rude kiſſes* tear.
Such, I believe, was the firſt *Roſes* hew,
Which at *Gods* word in beauteous *Eden* grew.

Queen

Queen of the *Flowers*, which made that *Orchard* gay;
The morning blushes of the *Springs new Day*.
With sober place an heav'enly *Maid* walks in,
Her looks all fair; no *sign* of *Native sin*
Through her whole body writ; *Immod'erate Grace*
Spoke things far more then humane in her face.
It casts a dusky gloom o're all the flow'rs
91 And with *full beams* their *mingled Light* devours.
An *Angel* straight broke from a shining clowd,
And prest his wings, and with much reve'rēce bow'd
Again he bow'd, and grave approach he made,
And thus his sacred Message sweetly said:
Luk. 1 28 Hail, full of *Grace*, thee the whole world shall call
Above all *blest*; *thee*, who shalt bless them all.
Thy *Virgin womb* in wondrous sort shall shrowd
Jesus the God; (and then again he *bow'd*)
Conception the great *Spirit* shall breathe on thee;
92 Hail thou, who must *Gods Wife*, *Gods Mother* be!
With that, his seeming form to heav'n he rear'd;
She low obeisance made, and disappear'd.
Lo a new *Star* three eastern *Sages* see;
Mat. 2 1 (For why should onely *Earth* a *Gainer* be?)
They saw this *Phosphors* infant-light, and knew
It bravely usher'd in a *Sun* as New.
They hasted all this rising *Sun* t'adore;
93 With them rich myrrh, and early spices bore.
Wise men: no fitter gift your zeal could bring;
You'll in a noisome *stable* find your *King*.
Anon a thousand *Dev'ils* run roaring in;
Some with a dreadful smile deform'edly grin.
Some stamp their cloven paws, some frown and tear
The gaping Snakes from their black-knotted hair.
As if all grief, and all the rage of hell
Were *doubled* now, or that just *now* they *fell*.
But when the dreaded *Maid* they entring saw,
All fled with trembling fear and silent aw.
In her chast arms th'*Eternal Infant* lies,
Th'*Almighty voyce* chang'd into feeble cryes.
Heav'n contain'd *Virgins* oft, and will do more;
Never did *Virgin contain Heav'n* before.

Angels peep round to view this myſtick thing,
And *Hallelujah* round, all *Hallelujah* ſing
No longer could good *David* quiet bear,
The *unwieldy pleaſure* which ore-flow'd him here.
It broke the fetters, and burſt ope his ey.
Away the tim'erous *Forms* together fly.
Fixt with amaze he ſtood; and time muſt take,
To learn if yet he were at laſt awake.
Sometimes he thinks that heav'en this *Viſion* ſent,
And order'ed all the *Pageants* as they went.
Sometimes, that onely 'twas wild *Phancies* play,
The looſe and ſcatter'd *reliques* of the *Day*.
When *Gabriel* (no bleſt *Spirit* more kind or fair)
Bodies and cloathes himſelf with thickned ayr.
All like a comely *youth* in lifes freſh bloom;
Rare workmanſhip, and wrought by heavenly loom
He took for ſkin a cloud moſt ſoft and bright,
That e're the midday Sun pierc'ed through with light
Upon his cheeks a lively bluſh he ſpred;
Waſht from the morning beauties deepeſt red.
An harmleſs flaming *Meteor* ſhone for haire,
And fell adown his ſhoulders with looſe care.
He cuts out a ſilk *Mantle* from the ſkies,
Where the moſt ſprightly azure pleas'd the eyes;
This he with ſtarry vapours ſpangles all,
Took in their prime e're they grow *ripe* and *fall*.
Of a new *Rainbow* e're it *fret* or *fade*,
The choiceſt piece took out, a *Scarf* is made.
Small ſtreaming clouds he does for wings diſplay,
Not Vertuous Lovers ſighes more ſoft then They.
Theſe he gilds o're with the Suns richeſt rays,
Caught gliding o're pure ſtreams on which he plays.
Thus dreſt the joyful *Gabriel* poſts away,
And carries with him his *own* glorious day
Through the thick woods; the gloomy ſhades awhile
Put on freſh looks, and wonder why they ſmile.
The trembling *Serpents* cloſe and ſilent ly,
The *birds obſcene* far from his paſſage fly.
A ſudden ſpring waits on him as he goes,
Sudden as that which by *Creation* roſe.

Thus

Thus he appears to *David*, at first sight
All earth-bred fears and sorrows take their flight.
In rushes joy divine, and hope, and rest;
A Sacred calm shines through his peaceful breast.
Hail, *Man* belov'ed! from highest heav'n (said he)
My mighty *Master* sends thee *health* by me.
The things thou saw'est are full of *truth* and *light*,
97 Shap'd in the *glass* of the divine *Foresight*.
Ev'n now old *Time* is harnessing the years
To go in order thus; hence empty fears;
Thy Fate's all *white*; from thy blest seed shall spring
The promis'd *Shilo*, the great *Mystick King*.
Round the whole earth his dreaded name shall sound,
And reach to *Worlds*, that must not yet be *found*.
The *Southern Clime* him her sole *Lord* shall stile,
98 Him all the *North*, ev'en *Albions stubborn Isle*.
99 My *Fellow Servant*, credit what I tell.
100 Straight into shapeless air unseen he fell.

NOTES UPON THE SECOND BOOK.

1 *Honours*, that is, *Beauties*, which make things *Honoured*; in which sense *Virgil* often uses the word, and delights in it:

Et lætos oculis afflaret Honores.

And in the 2 *Georg.* (as in this place) for *Leaves*.

Frigidus & silvis Aquilo decussit honorem.

2 *Josephus* calls *David*, Πᾶις ξανθὸς. The *yellow*; that is *yellow-haired Boy*, or rather, *Youth*. *Cedrenus* says, that *Valentinian* the *Emperor* was like *David*, because he had beautiful Eyes, a ruddy complexion, and red, or rather *yellow* hair.

3 *Power*, *Love*, and *Wisdom*, that is, the whole *Trinity* (The *Father*, *Power*; the *Son*, *Love*; the *Holy Ghost*, *Wisdom*) concurred in the *Creation* of the world: And it is not only preserved by these *Three*, the *Power*, *Love*, and *Wisdom* of *God*, but by the emanations and beams of them derived to, and impresst in the *Creatures*. Which could not subsist without *Power* to *Act*, *Wisdom* to *direct* those *Actions* to *Ends* convenient for their Natures, and *Love* or *Concord*, by which they receive mutual necessary assistances and benefits from one another. Which *Love* is well termed by *Cicero Cognatio Naturæ*, The *Kindred*, or *Consanguinity of Nature*. And to *Love* the *Creation* of the world, was attributed even by many of the ancient Heathens, the Verse of *Orph.*

Καὶ Μῆτις πρῶτος γενέτωρ καὶ Ἔρως πολυτέρπης.

Wisdom and *Love* were Parents of the world: And therefore *Hesiod* in his mad confused *Poem* of the *Generation* of

of the *Gods*, after *Chaos*, the *Earth*, and *Hell*, brings in *Love*, as the first of all the *Gods*,

Ἠ δ' Ἔρος ὃς κάλλιστος ἐν ἀθανάτοισι θεῆσι.

Pherecides said excellently, that *God transformed* himself into *Love*, when he began to make the world,

Εἰς Ἔρωτα μεταβολὴν τὸν
Δία μέλλοντα δημιουργεῖν.

4 As *Humane Nature* is elevated by *Grace*, so other *Agents* are by *Love* to *Operations* that are *above*, and seem *contrary* to their *Nature*, as the ascension of heavy bodies, and the like.

5 *Garlands* of Ivy were anciently the ornaments of *Poets*, and other learned men, as *Laurel* of *Conquerors*, of *Peacemakers*, and the like. *Horace.*

Me doctarum Hederæ præmia frontium
Dis miscent superis ——

Me Ivy the reward of learned brows does mingle with the Gods. *Virg.*

—— *Atque hanc sine tempora circum*
Inter victrices hederam tibi serpere lauros.

And let this humble Ivy creep around thy temples with Triumphant *Laurel* bound. Because Ivy is always *green*, and requires the support of some stronger *Tree*, as *Learning* does of *Princes* and great men.

5 The *Object* of the *sensitive Appetite* is not that which is *truly good*, but that which *Appears* to be *Good*. There is great caution to be used in English in the placing of *Adjectives* (as here) after their *Substantives*. I think when they constitute specifical *differences* of the *Substantives*; they *follow* best; for then they are to it like *Cognomina*, or *Surnames* to *Names*, and we must not say, the *Great Pompey*, or the *Happy Sylla*, but *Pompey the Great*, and *Sylla the Happy*; sometimes even in other cases the *Epithete* is put last very gracefully, of which a good *ear* must be the *Iudge* for ought I know without any *Rule*. I chuse rather to say *Light Divine*, and *Command Divine*, than *Divine Light*, and *Divine Command*.

7 These are the *Effects* of *Love*, according to *Th. Aquinas in Prima Sec. Quæst.* 28. the 1, 2, 3, and 4. *Artic.* to whom I refer for the proof and explanation of them, *Amor est affectus quo cum re amatâ aut unimur, aut perpetuamus unionem.* Scal. de Subt.

8 1 Sam. 5. *And David said unto Jonathan, behold to morrow is the new-Moon, and I should not fail to sit with the King at meat, but let me go,* &c. Ecce Calendæ sunt crastino, & ego ex more sedere soleo juxtà regem ad vescendum, &c. The first day of every month was a Festival among the *Jews*: for the *Firstfruits* of all things, even all distinctions of *Times* were *Sacred* to *God*; In it they neither bought nor sold, *Amos* 8. 4. *When will the new-Moon be gone, that we may sell Corn*? the Vulg. *Quando transibit mensis* (that is, *primus dies*, or *Festum Mensis*) *& venundabimus merces*? They went to the Prophets to hear the word as upon Sabbaths, 2 Kings 4. 23. *Wherefore wilt thou go to him to day? it is neither New-moon nor Sabbath*; which was likewise a *Custom* among the *Romans*: for the day of the *Calends* the *High Priests* called together the people (from whence the name of *Calends à Calando Plebem*) to instruct them in the divin dutys which they were to perform that month, *Macr.* 1. *Saturn.* And lastly, there were greater Sacrifices on that, than upon other ordinary days, *Num.* 28. 11. But of all *New-moons*, that of the *seventh month* was the most solemn, it being also the *Feast of Trumpets* It is not evident that this was the *New-Moon* spoken of in this story of *David*; but that it was so, may probably be conjectured, in that the *Text* seems to imply a greater Solemnity than that of ordinary *Calends*, and that the Feast lasted above one day, 1 *Sam.* 20. 27. *And it came to pass, that on the morrow, which was the second day of the month, Davids place was empty.* Now the reason of this greater observation of the Calends of the *Seventh Month* (called *Tisri*, and answering to our *September*) was, because according to the *Civil Computation* (for the Jews had two accounts of the beginning of the year; one *Civil*, the other *Religious*; this latter being instituted in memory of their passage out of *Egypt* in the month *Abib*, that is, about our *March*) this was the begin-

ning

ning of the year; from hence contracts, and the account of *Sabbatical years* and *Jubilees* bare date. It is called by some *Sabbathum Sabbatborum*, because it is the *Sabbath* of *Months*; for as the seventh day, and the seventh year, so the seventh month too was consecrated to God. Of this *New Moon* it is that *David* speaks, *Psal.* 81. 3. *Blow the Trumpet in the New-Moon, in the time appointed on our solemn Feast-day. In insigni die solennitatis vestræ.* And the Psalm is inscribed, *Pro Torcularibus*; which concurs just with this seventh Moon; which *Philo* in *Decal.* terms, *τὴν ἱερομηνίαν ἣν σάλπιγξιν ἐπισημαίνεσι.* And S. *August.* reads, *In initio Mensis Tubæ.* See the Institution of this Festival, *Levit* 23. 24. and *Numb.* 29. 1.

9 The *Priests* were wont to blow the *Trumpets* upon all *Festivals*, the year of *Jubilee* was proclaimed by them with the sound of Trumpets through the whole Land; nay the *Sabbath* it self was begun with it, as *Josephus* testifies, *l.* 5. *Bel. Jud. c.* 9. But why the *Trumpets* were sounded more extraordinarily on this day, is hard to find out; for which it is named *Dies Clangoris*. Some will have it to be only as a Solemn Promulgation of the *New-year*; which opinion is likewise adorned with an allusion to the beginning or as it were (*New years-Day*) of *Eternity*; which is to be proclaimed by *Angels* in that manner with a great sound of a *Trumpet*, Matt. 24. 31.

0 This was Saint *Basils* opinion, but is not much followed, because when *Festivals* are instituted in memory of any past Blessing, they used to be observed on the same day that the blessing was conferred.

1 This third is the common opinion of the Jews; who therefore call this Festival *Festum Cornu*, and say, that they sounded only upon Rams *Horns*: but that, methinks, if this be the true reason of it, is not necessary.

2 *The Third hour*; 1. Nine a clok in the morning: For the day began at six a clock, and contained *twelve Little*, or *Four Great Hours*, or *Quarters*. The first *Quarter* from Six to Nine, was called the *Third Hour*; because that closed up the *Quarter*.

3 *Gay*, because the Beasts to be Sacrificed, used to be

Crowned with Garlands, and sometimes had their *Horns gilt*, as I say afterwards.

14 For on the ordinary *New-Moons* there was offered up two *Bullocks*, one *Ram*, and seven *Lambs* of the first year without spot, *Numb.* 28. 11. and a *Kid* of the *Goats*, v. 15. and there was added on this *New-Moon*, one young Bullock, one Ram, seven Lambs of the first year without blemish, and one *Kid*, Numb. 29. which joined, make up my number. *Bulloks* of *Free-neck*; that is, which had never been yoked, implyed in the *Epithete Young. Intactâ cervice Juvenci.*

15 The outmost Court of the Tabernacle.

16 The custom of having Stories wrought in *Hangings*, *Coverlits*, may even wearing Garments, is made to be very ancient by the Poets. Such is the history of *Theseus* and *Ariadne* in the Coverlit of *Thetis Pulvinar*, or *Marriage Bed.* Catull. Argonaut.

Talibus amplificè vestis variata figuris
Pulvinar complexa suo velabat amictu.

So *Æneas* in 5. *Æn.* gives a Coat to *Cloanthus* in which was wrought the rape of *Ganymede.*

Intextusque puer frondosâ regius Idâ.

And many authorities of this kind might be alleaged if it were necessary.

17 *You might see.* That is, *It might be seen*, or, *Any one might see.* This manner of speaking, which puts the second person Indefinitely, is very frequent among the Poets; as *Homer*,

φαίης κεν ζάκρης πυκ' ἐμμεναι.

Virg. 4. *Æn.*

Migrantes cernas:

Upon which *Servius* says, *Honesta figura si: rem tertiæ personæ in secundam transferas. Magire videbis*, that is, *Videbit aut poterit videre aliquis.* So 8. *Æn.*

Credas innare revulsas Cycladas; that is. *Credat quis.*

18 *God* is said to have spoken with *Abraham* Nine times; that is, so many times *Angels* brought him Messages from *God.* An *Angel* is called by *Josephus* Πρόσωπον θεῦ.

19 Some make *Sara* to be the *Daughter* of *Haran*, *Abrams*

Bro-

Brother; others of *Therah* by another Wife, which marriages were then lawful, but the Scripture *Gen.* 11. calls her *Terahs Daughter in Law*, not *Daughter*; others think she was only *Abrams Kinswoman*; all which the Hebrews called *Sisters*. Ἀδελφιδὴ non Ἀδελφή. *Grot.* *Beauteous* were a strange *Epithete* for her at the Age she then had; which was above threescore years, but that the Scripture calls her so, and she proved her self to be so, by striking two Kings in love, *Pharaoh* and *Abimelech*. It is to believed that people in those days bore their age better than now, and her barrenness might naturally contribute somewhat to it; but the chief reason I suppose to be a *Blessing* of *God* as particular, as that of her *child-bearing* after the natural season

10 The Scripture does not say particularly, that *Abram* surprised this Army in, or after a debauch, but it is probable enough for my turn, that this was the case. Of these *Confused marks of death and luxury*, there is an excellent description in the 9. Æneid, where *Nisus* and *Eurialus* fall upon the quarter of the Enemy.

——— *Somno vinoque sepultam.*
Purpuream vomit ille animam, & cum sanguine mista
Vina refert moriens, &c.

But I had no leisure to expatiate in this place.

11 St. *Hierom* says this *Salem* was a Town near *Scythopolis*, called *Salem* even to his *Time*; and that there were then remaining some ruines of the Palace of *Melchisedec*, which is not very probable. I rather believe him to have been King of *Jerusalem*; for being a *Type* of *Christ*, that seat was most proper for him, especially since we are sure that *Jerusalem* was once named *Salem*, Psal. *In Salem is his Tabernacle, & his habitation in Sion!* And the addition of *Jeru* to it, was from *Jebu*, the Jebusites; that is, *Salem of the Iebusites*. *Adric.* The situation of *Jerusalem* agrees very well with this story. For *Abram* coming to *Hebron* from the parts about *Damascus* passes very near *Jerusalem*, nay nearer than to the other *Salem*. But concerning this King of *Salem*, *Melchisedec*, the difficulties are more important. Some make him to be no *man*,

but *God* himself, or the *Holy Ghost*, as the ancient *Melchisedecians & Hieracites*; others to be *Christ* himself; others, an *Angel*, as *Origen*; others to be *Sem* the son of *Noah*; which is little more probable than the former extravagant fancies. That which is most reasonable, and most received too, is, that he was a King of a little Territory among the *Canaanites*, and a *Priest* for the *true God*, wich makes him so remarkable among those Idolatrous Nations; for which cause he is termed, ἀγενεαλόγητος, because he was not of any of the *Genealogies* of the Scripture; and therefore the better typified or represented *Christ*, as being both a *King* and a *Priest*, without being of the Tribe of *Levi*: But this and the other controversies about him, are too copious to be handled in a Comment of this Nature.

22 Ver. 18. *And Melchisedec King of Salem brought forth bread & wine, &c.* The Romanists maintain, that this was only a *Type* of the *Eucharist*, as *Melchisedec* himself was of *Christ*; others that it was only a *Present* for the relief of *Abrams* men Why may we not say that it was both? and that before the men were refresht by bread and wine, there was an offering or prelibation of them to *God*, by the *Priest* of the most *High God*, as he is denominated? for even this oblation of bread and wine (used also among the *Hebrews*) it called θυσία, *Levit.* 2. and *Philo* says of *Melchisedec* upon this occasion, ἐπινίκιε ἔθυε. I therefore name them *Sacred Presents*. *Like him whose Type he bears*; that is, *Christ*. And the *Dues* he received were *Tenths*, whether of all *Abrams* substance, or of the *present Spoils* (ἀκροθίνια) is a great controversie.

23 Gen. 15. 5. and Gen. 22. 17. *I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heaven, & as the sand upon the sea shore.* An ordinary Proverb. in all languages, for great numbers. Catull. *Aut quot sidera multa cum tacet nox*: and in another place he joyns the sand of the sea too as this Text does. *Ille pulveris Erythræi Siderûmq; micantium subducat numerum.* It does no hurt, I think, to add *Bright* as well as *Number* less to the similitude.

24 *Gen.* 17. It is called a *Covenant*; and circumcision may well be termed a *Mark* of *Homage*, because it was a renouncing of the flesh, and peculiar dedication of *Abram* and

and his seed to the service of the true *God.*

The received opinion is, that *two* of these persons were *Angels*, and the *Third*, *God* himself; for after the *two Angels* were gone towards *Sodom*, it is said, *Gen.* 18. 22. But *Abraham* stood yet before the *Lord.* So *Sulpit. Sever. Dominus qui cum duobus Angelis ad eum venerat. Lyra* and *Tostatus* report, that the Jews have a Tradition, that these *Three* were *Michael, Gabriel,* and *Raphael.* The first of which represented *God*, and remained with *Abraham*, the second destroyed *Sodom*, and the third brought *Lot* out of it. It was a very ancient opinion that these were the *Three persons* of the *Trinity*; from whence arose that notorious saying, *Tres vidit & unum adoravit.* This appearing of *Gods* in the manner of *strangers* to punish and reward men as a common tradition too among the Heathens, *Hom. ρ Odyss.*

Καί τε θεοὶ ξείνοισιν ἐοικότες ἀλλοπαδοῖσι
Ἠαντοῖοι τελέθοντες ἐπιστρωφῶσι πολῆας
Ἀνθρώπων ὕβριν τε καὶ εὐνομίην ἐφορῶντες.

The Gods in the habits of strangers went about to several Towns to be eye-witnesses of the justice and injustice of men. So *Homer* makes the Gods to go once a year to feast,

——— μετ' ἀμύμονας Αἰθιοπῆας.

With the *unblameable Ethiopians* And we find these peregrinations frequent in the *Metamorphosis*,

——— *Summo delabor Olympo*
Et Deus humanâ lustro sub imagine terras. 1. Metam.

; From *Ur*, the place of his *Birth* to *Ephrons Cave*, the place of his *Burial. Ur of the Chaldees*, Gen. 11. 31. Some of the Jews take *Ur* here for *Fire*, and tell a ridiculous fable, that *Abraham* and *Haran* his brother were cast by the *Chaldeans* into a burning furnace for opposing their *Idolatry*, in which *Haran* was consumed, but *Abraham* was preserved. *Josephus* and *Eusebius*, *lib.* 9. *Præpar. Euang.* say *Ur* was the name of a *City*, which *Josephus* calls οὐρή. and *Plin. l.* 5. *c.* 24. makes mention of *Ura*, a place *Usq; quem fertur Euphrates.* It was perhaps denominated from the worship of *Fire* in that Country. The name continued till *Ammianus* his time. *Ammian. lib.* 25.

Mounts.

27 *Mounts*. For the place was the *Hill Moriah*, which the *Vulgar* translates *Montem Visionis*. A quila τὸ γῆ τῆς καταφαῆς, which I conceive to be, not as some render it, *In terram lucidam*, but *terram apparentem*, the place which appears a great way off, as being a *Mountain*. *Symmachus* for the same reason has Ὀπτασίας, which is the same with the Latine *Visionis*; and the Septuag. call it ὑψηλὴν, the *High Country*; others interpret it, *The Country of Worship*, by *Anticipation*. And it was not perhaps without relation to this Sacrifice of *Abrahams*, that this was chosen afterwards to be the seat af *Solomons Temple*.

28 *The Boy* Our English Translation, *Lad*, which is not a word for verse, the Latin *Puer*, *Boy*. *Aben Ezra* is cited to make him at that time but ten or twelve years old. But that is an age unfit for the carrying of such a Burden as he does here. *Rivet* for that reason conceives that he was about 16 years of age, *Josephus* 25. Others 33. because at that age our *Saviour* (whose *Type* he was) was sacrificed. Some of the *Jews* 36. none of which are contrary to the *Hebrew* use of the word *Boy*; for so all young men are termed, as *Benjamin*, Gen. 43. 8. and *Joseph*, *Joshua*, and *David* when he fought with *Goliah*. The *Painters* commonly make him very young, and my description agrees most with that opinion, for it is more poetical and pathetical than the others.

29 Because the *Covenant* and *Promises* were made in *Isaac*, Gen. 17. 21. *Heb.* 11. 17, 18.

30 The ancients (both *Hebrews* and other Nations) never omitted the *washing* at least of their *hands* and *feet* before they sat or lay down to *Table*. *Judg.* 19. 21. it is said of the *Levite* and his Concubine, *They washt their feet and did eat and drink*. So *Abraham* says to the three *Angels*, Gen. 18. 4. *Let a litle water*, I *pray you be fetcht, and wash your feet, and rest your selves under the* Tree, *and* I *will fetch a morsel of Bread*, &c. So like wise *Iosephs Steward* treats his Masters brethren. So *David* to *Vriah*, 2 Sam. 11. 8. *Go down to thy house, and wash thy feet*, &c. *and there followed him mess of meat from the King*. It is in vain to adde more authorities of a thing so notorious And this custom was then very necessary, for their *Legs* and *Thighs* being

bare,

bare, they could not but contract much dirt, and were (of which this custom is some argument) to lie down upon *Beds*, which without washing they would have spoiled. *Homer* makes the *Wives* and *Daughters* even of *Princes* to wash the feet of their guests,

— ἀρχαῖον γὰρ τοῦτο ἔθος — Athen L. 1. c. 8.

For this (says he) was the ancient custom; and so the daughters of *Cocalus* washt *Minos* at his arrival in *Sicile*. But the more ordinary, was to have young and beautiful servants for this and the like ministeries. Besides this; it was accounted necessary to have *wash pots* standing by at the *Iewish* feasts, to purifie themselves, if they should happen to touch any thing unclean. And for these reasons six *Waterpots* stood ready at the wedding feast of *Cana* in *Galilee*.

Eccles. 2. 8. *I got me men-singers, and women-singers, the delights of the sons of men*, οἰνοχόους καὶ οἰνοχόας. He and the servants to fill wine, says the Septuagint: Though I know the Vulgar, and our English Edition translate it otherwise; both differently: And it is incredible, how curious the ancients were in the choice of Servants to wait at *Table*. *Mart.*

Stant pueri, Dominos quos precer esse meos.

After *washing* they always *anointed* themselves with precious oyl. So *Iudith.* 10. 2. So *Naomi* to *Ruth*, *Wash thy self therefore, and anoint thy self.* So *David* after the death of his child, *Rose up and washt, and anointed himself, &c.* So *Hom. Od.* 6. of *Nausicaa* and her maids,

Αἱ δ' λοεσάμεναι καὶ χριεσάμεναι λίπ' ἔλαίῳ
Δεῖπνον ἔπειθ' ἕλονλο παρ' ὄχθησιν ποταμοῖο.

But this too is as notorious as the other fashion of *washing. Small Prisons. Boxes* of Oyntments, such as the woman poured upon the head of our *Saviour*, Mat. 26. 7. ἀλάβαστρον μύρε, that is, as we say, an *Inckhorn*, though it be not made of *Horn*, but any other matter; for this was not of *Alabaster*, S. *Mark* affirming that it was *broken*. Horace,

Nardi parvus Onyx.

Claudian. *Gemmatis alii per totum balsama tectum.*
Effudere cadis. ——

The

33 The *Roman* custom was, to have *three Beds* to each *Table* (from whence the word *Triclinium*) and *three persons* to each bed (though sometimes they exceeded in both;) and it is likely they took this from the *Asiatique*, as well as the very fashion of *discubition*, for conveniently there could be no more. To *Saul* for state I gave a whole *Bed*; and the other two, to his own Sons, *Jonathan*, *Ishui* and *Melchisua*, 1 Sam. 14.49. to *Abner* his Cosin German and Captain of his Hosts, and to his two Sons in Law *Adriel* and *David*. Neither does it convince me, that *Lying down* was not in use, because it is said here, 1 *Sam* 20. 25. *And* Saul *sate upon his seat as at other times; even upon a seat by the wall*: because the words of *Session* and *Accubation* are often confounded, both being in practice at several times, and in several Nations.

34 At the feasts of the ancients, not only the rooms were strewed with *flowers*, but the *Guests* and the *Waiters*, and the very drinking *Bowls* were *crowned* with them. *Virg.*

Crateras magnos statuunt & vina coronant; and
Tum Pater Anchises magnum cratera coronâ
Induit, implevitq; mero——

Which cannot be interpreted as some do *Homers*.

Κρατῆρας ἐπιστέψαντο ποτοῖο

Which they say are said to be *Crowned*, when they are filled so full, that the liquor standing higher then the brim of the Bowl, look, like a *Crown* upon it, *Athen l.* 1. *c.* 1 But why may we not construe *Homer*, *They Crowned* κρατῆρας ποτοῖο, *Bowls of drink*, as well as *They Crown Bowls with drink*?

35 The name of God, the *Tetragrammaton*, that was not to be pronounced.

36 1 Sam. 20. 30. *Thou Son of the perverse rebellious woman, &c.* The Vulg. *Fili mulieris virum ultrò rapient* that is as much as to say, *Thou Son of a Whore*. Upon which place *Grotius*. Sons use to be like their Parents, and therefore *Saul* who would not accuse himself, casts the fault of his stubbornness and ill nature upon his *Mother*. which I cannot abide to be of his opinion; the words so ungracious from the mouth of a *Prince*: I rather think that they import this, thou who art so stubborn and ill natur

natural, that thou mayest seem to be not my son of a whore or rebellious woman; and that which follows in the same verse confirms this to me. *Thou hast chosen the Son of Jesse to thine own confusion and to the confusion of thy Mothers nackednes*: that is, to her shame, who will be thought to have had thee of some other man, & not of *me*.

7 1 Sam. 20. 34. *And* Jonathan *arose from the Table in fierce anger*, In irâ furoris. But his passion (it seems) did not overcome his duty or discretion; for he arose without saying any thing.

I omit here *Jonathans* shooting arrows, and sending his Page for them, from the 35 to the 40 verse; By *Horace* his rule,

——*Et quæ*
Desperes tractata nitescere posse, relinquas.

And what art or industry could make that story *shine*? besides it was a subtlety that I cannot comprehend; for since he went to *David*, and talked to him himself, what needed all that politique trouble of the shooting?

The *Head*, which is the seat of *Fansie*.

These are called by the *Schoolmen*, *Entia Rationis*, but are rather *Entia Imaginationis*, or *Phantastique Creatures*.

Inter se quorum discordia membra videmus, Lucr. L. 5. And afterwards,

Prima Leo, postrema Draco, media ipsa Chimæra,

which is out *Homer*,

Πρόσθε λεὼν ὄπιθε δράκων.

When the Countrey people in *Thessaly* saw men first that came on horseback, and drove away their Cattel, they imagined the *Horse* and *Men* to be all one, and called them *Centaures* from driving away of *Oxen*; according to which fancy, they are truly said to ride upon themselves.

Unless thou take away the *Lame and the Blind*, thou shalt not come in hither, thinking *David* cannot come in hither, 2 *Sam.* 5. 6. There are some other interpretations of the place, than that which I here give; as that the *Idols* of the *Iebusites* were meant by the *Lame* and the *Blind*. But this carries no probability. Thinking *David* cannot

cannot come hither; is a plain proof that they did it in scorn of *David*, and confidence of extraordinary strength of the place; which without question was very great, or else it could not have held out so many hundred years since the entrance of the *Israelites* into the land, in the very midst of them.

42 *Fish*, *Dagon* the Deity most worshipt by the *Philistims*.

42 The English says *Mulberry* trees; the Latine, *Pear* trees the safest is to leave it *indefinite*. The sound of a going in the Tops of the Mulberry trees, *v.* 24. Some interpret The noise of the dropping of the dew like *Tears* from the Trees. From whence the *Greek* δακρυῶν.

44 *Hadad-Esar*, King of *Zobah*, which is called by *Josephus Sophene*, a part of *Cœlosyria*, confining upon the *Half Tribe* of *Manasses*. This Kingdom is first mentioned, 1 *Sam.* 14. 47. at what time (it seems) it was under several Princes, and against the *Kings* of *Zoba*.

45 *Adad* was at that time King of *Damascus*, according to *Josephus*, and the family of the *Adads* reigned there long after in great lustre.

46 The Children of *Ammon*.

47 *Moloch* is called peculiarly the *God* of the *Ammonites* 1 *King.* 11. 5. & 7. *Fonseca* takes it to be *Priapus*; confounding it with *Belphegor* of the *Moabits*; *Arias Montanus* will have it to be *Mercury*, deriving it from *Malach*, *Nutricius*. Others more probably, *Saturn*, because the like Worship and like Sacrifices were used to him. *Macrob.* 1. *Saturn. Curt. Lib.* 4. *Diodor. Lib.* 20, &c. I rather believe the *Sun* was worshipped under that name by the *Ammonites*, as the *King of Heaven*; for the word signifies *King*; and it is the same Deity with *Baal*, or *Bel* of the *Assyrians* and *Sidonians*, signifying *Lord*. Some think that children were not *burnt* or sacrificed to him but only *consecrated* and initiated by passing between two fires; which perhaps might be a custom too. But it is evident by several places of Scripture, that this was not all. And the *Jews* say, that *passing through the Fire*, is but a Phrase for *Burning*. He had *seven Chappels* from the nun

number of the *Planets*, of which the *Sun* is *King*; for which reason the *Persians* likewise made *seven Gates* to him. In the first *Chappel* was offered to him a *Cake* of fine flower, in the second a *Turtle*, in the third a *Sheep*, the fourth a *Ram*, the fifth an *Heifer*, the sixth an *Ox*, and the seventh a *Man*, or *Child*, commonly a young *child*. The *Image* was of *Brass*, of wonderful greatness, with his hand spread, and set on fire within, perhaps to represent the heat of the Sun, and not as some think, to burn the Children in his Arms. He had likewise the face of a *Bullock*, in which figure too *Osyris* among the Egyptians represented the *Sun*, and *Mithra* among the *Persians*.

Stat. *Indignata sequi torquentem cornua Mithram.*

But though they intended the worship of the *Sun*, under this name of *Moloh*, it was indeed the Devil that they worshipped; which makes me say, *Grinning through a black Cloud, &c.*

Swift Tygris. Curt. L. 4. No River in the East runs so violently as *Tygris*, from which swiftness it takes the name; for *Tygris* in the *Persian language* signifies an *Arrow*.

Helam, or *Chelam*, which *Ptolomy* calls *Alamatha*, a Plain near the Foords of *Euphrates*.

The Metropolis of *Ammom*, since *Philadelphia*.

And he took their *Kings Crown* from off his head (the weight whereof was a Talent of Gold, with the precious stones) and it was set on *Davids* head, 2 *Sam.* 12. 30. and the like, 1 *Chro.* 20. 2 *Tulit diadema regis eorum de capite ejus, &c.* But the Seventy have, καὶ ἔλαβε τὸν στέφανον Μολχὸμ ἀπὸ τῆς κεφαλῆς αὐτοῦ, &c. He took the *Crown* of *Molchom their King* from off his head. That is, The crown upon the head of their *Idol Moloch*, or *Melchom*; which makes some of the Greek Fathers say, That *Melchoms Image* had a bright precious stone in form of the *Morning-Star*, placed on the top of his forehead. I rather follow the English Translation

Some would have *Solomon* to have begun his reign at *eleven* years old, which is very unreasonable. Sir *W. Raughley*, methinks, convinces that it was in the 19. year of his age;

at

at which time it might truly be said by *David* to *Solomon*, *Thou art a wise man*; and by *Solomon* to *God*, *I am but young child.*

53 I am not ignorant that I go contrary to most learned men in this point, who make *Saba*, of which she was *Queen*, a part of *Arabia Fœlix*,

Virg. *Solis est thurea virga Sabæis.*

And Frankincense was one of her presents to *Solomon*. Psalm. 72. *The Kings of Arabia and Saba.* The City where she lived that day was called *Marab*; by *Strabo*, *Mariab* and her, some name, *Nicanna*; others, *Makeda*; the *Arabians Balkis.* This consists well enough with her title of the *Queen of Ethiopia*; for there were two *Ethiopia's*, the one in *Asia*, the other in *Africk*. Nevertheless, I make her here *Queen* of this latter *Ethiopia* for two reason first because she is called in the *New Testament Queen* the *South*, which seems to me to be too great a *Title* for the Queen of a small Territory in *Arabia*, lying full East and but a little *Southward of Iudæa*; and therefore the *Wisemen* that came to worship Christ from those parts are termed *Eastern*; and not *Southern Sages.* Secondly all the Histories of the *Abyssines* or *African Ethiopia* affirm, that she was *Queen* of their Country, and derive the Race of their Kings from *her* and *Solomon*, which the ordinary names of them seem to confirm, and the custom of Circumcision used even to this day, though they be *Christians.* In fine, what ever the truth be, this opinion makes a better found in *Poetry.*

54 This *Egyptian* Kings name is very variously written *Shishac* the English, *Sesac* Latine, *Susakim* Septuagint *Susac Iosephus*, *Susesin Cedrenus*, also *Sasuges*, *Sosonchis*, *Sacbis*, and by *Eusebius Smendes*, *Iosephus*, *l.* 8. prove that *Herodot.* falsely ascribes the acts of this *Susac* to *Sostris*, and particularly his setting up of pillars in *Palestine*, with the figures of womens privy parts graven upon them, to reproach the effeminateness of those Nations. The Scripture says, his Army was without number; composed of *Luhims*, i. *Lybians*, the Countreys west of *Egypt. Sukkyms*, from *Succoth Tents*, Lat. *Troglodita* people bordering upon the *Red sea*; by others, *Arabes Eg*

f

ii, or *Ichthyophagi*; & *Ethiopians*, *Cusitæ*, Joseph. which is more probable, then to make them, as some do, the people of *Arabia Deserta* and *Petræa*. From this time the *Egyptians* claimed the Soveraignty of *Iudæa*, 2 Chron. 12. 8.

Adadesar, 1 Chron. 11. 7. I mention rather the golden shields taken by *David*, than those made by *Solomon*, because *David* might be more concerned in them.

The story of this great battel between *Abijah* and *Jeroboam* is one of the strangest and humanely most hard to believe, almost in the whole Old Testament, that out of a Kingdom, not half so big as *England*, five hundred thousand chosen and valiant men should be slain in one battel; and of this not so much as any notice taken in *Abijahs* or *Jeroboams* lives in the first of *Kings*. It adds much to the wonder, that is defeat should draw no other consequence after it but *Abijahs* recovery of two or three towns; no more than all the mighty troubles and changes in *Israel*, that hapned afterwards in *Asa's* time, who had besides, the advantage of being a virtuous & victorious Prince. Sir *W. Raughley* makes a good discourse to prove the reason of this to have been, because the successors of *Solomon* still kept up that severity and arbitrariness of Government, which first caused the separation, but that all the *Kings* of *Israel* allowed those liberties to the people, upon the score of which *Ieroboam* possest himself of the Crown; which the people chose rather to enjoy, though with great wars and disturbances, than to return to the quiet which they enjoyed with servitude under *Solomon*. There may be something of this perhaps in the case; but even though this be true, it is so strange that the *Kings* of *Iudah* should never (among so many changes) find a party in *Israel* to call them in again, that we must fly to the absolute determination of *Gods* will for a cause of it, who being offended with the sins of both, made both his instruments of vengeance against one another, and gave victories and other advantages to *Judah*, not for blessings to that, but for Curses and scourges to *Israel*. *God punisht one, but blest not the other.*

This

57 This Superstition of consecrating *Groves* to *Idols* grew so frequent, that there was scarse any fair green Tree that was not dedicated to some Idol,

——— *Lucique vetustâ*
Religione truces & robora Numinis instar.

The word it self *Lucus* is conceived by some to come of *Lucendo*, from the constant *Light* of Sacrifices burnt there to the Gods, or rather perhaps from Tapers continually burning there in honour of them. At last the very Trees grew to be the *Idols*:

——— *Quercus, oracula prima.* Ovid.

The *Druidæ* had their name from worshipping an Oak; and among the *Celtæ* an Oak was the Image of *Jupiter*, the *Holm Tree* had no less honour with the *Hetrurians*. *Tacitus* says the ancient *Germans* called *Trees* by the names of the *Gods*, 2 Kings 23. *Josiah* is said to bring out the *Groves* from the house of the Lord; where it seems, the *Idols* themselves are called *Groves*; either having gotten that name from standing commonly in *Groves*, or perhaps because they were the *Figures of Trees* adored by them: or of *Idols* with Trees represented too about them; as *Act.* 19. 24. the silver similitudes of *Diana's Temple* made by *Demetrius*, are termed *Temples of Diana*.

58 The number of the Armies is here likewise more than wonderful, *Asa's* consisting of five hundred and eight thousand, and *Zerahs* of ten hundred thousand men, called *Ethiopians*, *Cusitæ*: Now though I took the *Cusites Susacs* Army to be the *Ethiopians*, of *Africk*, for it is very likely he might bring up those as well as *Lybians*, into *Palestine*; yet it is improbable that *Zerah* should march with such an Army through all *Egypt*, out of that *Ethiopia*, besides, *Gerar* and the Cities there about are spoiled by *Asa* as belonging to *Zera*, but that is in *Arabia Petræa*, which I suppose to be his Kingdom, though perhaps with other Country's thereabouts; and with the help of his neighbour Princes: for otherwise it is hard to believe, that his Army could be so great. It is clear that the *Arabians* were called *Ethiopians* as well as the *Abyssines*, both descending from *Chus*.

He lost so many of his Subjects of *Arabia Petræa*, as might make that like *Arabia Deserta*.

It is strange, that after his being able to bring such an army into the field, after his great success against *Zirah*, and his Fathers but a little before against *Jeroboam*, he should be so larmed with the War of *Baasha* (a murtherer, and an unsetled Usurper; for which cause I call him *Perjured*) as to give his own and the Temples Treasures for the assistance of *Benhadad*: But it was not so much out of fear of *Baasha* alone, as of *Benhadad* too at the same time, who would have joined with *Baasha*, if he had not been brought off to join with *Asa*. The Family of the *Adads* then reigned in *Damascus*, were crown mighty Princes, and so continued long after. But the Assistance was very dangerous; for the *Syrians* having by this occasion found the weakness of both Kingdoms, of *Israel* and *Iudæa*, and enriched themselves at once upon both, never ceased afterwards to molest and attaque them.

The Fates; that is, according to the *Christian Poetical* manner of speaking, the *Angels*, tho whom the *Government* of this *world* is committed. The meaning is, that having a command to kill the *King*, and seeing *Iehoshaphat* in Kingly Robes, and looking only upon the outward disguise of *Ahab* (without staying to consider who the person was) they had like to have caused the *King* of *Iudah* to be slain instead of the *King* of *Israel*. He had like to have dyed as *Virgil* says, *Alieno vulnere*.

Seir, A little countrey lying between *Edom* and *Moab*.

Jehoram is said to have reigned eight years in *Jerusalem*. 2 Kings 8. 17. 2 Chron. 21. 20. but it is apparent by most evident collection out of the Text, that either seven of those eight years (as some will have it) or at least four, are to be reckoned in the life of his Father *Jehoshaphat*. Which makes me wonder at *Sulpit. Severus* his mistake, who says, *Joram filius regnum tenuit* (*Josaphat rege defuncto*) *annos duodeviginti*: Reigned *eighteen* years. I rather think it should be *annos duos*, and that *deviginti* is crept in since. *Ochosia* or *Ahazia* reigned scarce one year.

63 *Athalia*, by some *Gotholia*. Her murder of all that r mained (as she thought) of the Family of *David*, ma her only pretence to the Government, which was th *Vacua Possessio*, and belonged to the *first Possessor*. S had been in effect in possession of it all the time of h Husband *Iehoram*, and Son *Ochosia*, Ἐσπούδασε μηδὲ τῶν ἐκ τοῦ Δαβίδου καταλιπεῖν οἴκου, σὰν δ' ἐξαφανίσαι τὸ γένος Joseph. And after these Murders here was a double *Usurpation* of *Athaliah*, first as she was not of the *House* *David*. And secondly, as she was a *Woman*. For the Crow of *David* did not, as the *French* say, Fall to the *Distaff*, *Tomber en quenoüille*, *Deut.* 17. 15. Yet she reigned peaceab almost seven years; which was very much to be wondr at, not only in regard of her murders, usurpation, t ranny and Idolatry at home, but because *Iehu* then Ki of *Israel*, was a sworn enemy of the House of *Aha* and had vowed to root it all out, which likewise effected, except in the person of this wicked woman, w nevertheless perished at last as she deserved, *Absolvit Deum*.

64 2 *Kings* mentions but one Invasion of *Hazaels* Ki of *Aram* or *Syria*, which was compounded by *Joas* a great sum of money. The 2. of *Chronicles* mention likewise but one, which ended in the loss of a battel *Joas*, and the slaughter of most of the Princes of *Iud* Some think that both those places signifie but one wa and that the composition followed the victory. Tl they were several Invasions appears to me more prob ble, and that mentioned in the *Chronicles* to be the fo mer of the two, though it be generally otherw thought; for it is more likely, that *Joas* should be d ven to accept of that costly and shameful compositio after the loss of a battel, and of the greatest part of his N bility, against a small number, than before he had ev tryed his fortune in the field against the *Aramites*. N ther is it so probable that the *Syrians* having made th agreement for a vast treasure, should again break and invade them with a small company, as that ha ing at first with a party only defeated the *Jude* Army, they should afterwards enter with greater Forc

o prosecute the Victory, and therewith force them to ccept of so hard and dishonourable conditions. But it nay be objected, that it is said, 2 Chron. 24. 25. *When hey* (the *Syrians*) *departed from him* (for they left him n great diseases) *his own servants conspired against him, nd slew him*; as if this followed immediately after the batel. But he that observes the manner of writing used in he *Kings* and *Chronicles*, and indeed all other Historical parts of the *Scripture*, shall find the relation very mperfect and confused (especially in circumstances of *Time*) reciting often the latter things first, by *Anticiation*. So that *When they departed*, &c. may relate not to this defeat which in the Text it immediately follows, but to the other composition afterwards; which may be here omitted, because that second invasion was but a consequence; and almost *Continuance* of the former: In which respect one Relation (2 *Chronicles*) mentioning the first part, which was he battel only; and the other (2 *Kings*) the second, which was the sending in of new Forces, and the conditions of agreement both have fulfilled the duty of *Epitonies*.

That is, In the same manner as his Father *Ioas*; both being virtuous and happy at first, wicked and unfortunate at the last; with the same resemblance in their defeats, the one by the *Syrians*, the other by the *Israelites*; and in the consequences of them, which were the oss of all their treasures, and those of the Temple, a dishonourable peace; and their murders, by their own ervants.

This punishment, I suppose, was inflicted on them a *Rebels*, not as *enemies*.

Uzziah, so he is called in our Translation of the *Chronicles*, the Septuagint Ὀζίας, and so *Iosephus*; but in *Kings* he is named *Azarias*, which was the *High Priests* name in his time.

At first from men, 2 Chron. 26. 21. *Dwelt in a house apart, being a Leper.* So likewise 2 *Kings* 15. 5. according to the Law concerning *Lepers*, *Levit.* 13. 46. *From earth at last*: For *Josephus* reports, that the

grief caused his death χρόνον μὲν τινὰ διῆγεν ἔξω τῆς πόλε ἰδιώτην ἀποζῶν Βίον -- ἔπειτα ὑπὸ λύπης καὶ ἀθυμίας ἀπέθαν

69 *Josephus* gives *Jothan* an high Elogy. That he want no kind of vertue, but was religious towards God, just men, and wise in Government.

70 To the Idol *Moloch*, of which before. When they bur the Child in Sacrifice, it was the custom to make great noise with Drums, Trumpets, Cymbals, a other Instruments, to the end that his cryes might n be heard. *Hinnon*, a valley full of Trees close by J *rusalem*, where *Moloch* was worshipped in this ex crable manner, called *Gehinnon*, from whence t word *Gehenna* comes for *Hell*; it was called likewise *Toph* Some think (as *Theodor. Salia. &c.*) that *Achaz* on made his Son pass between two fires for a *Lustrati* and Consecration of him to *Moloch*, because it said, 2 *Kings* 16. 2. He made his Son to pass throu the fire. But 2 *Chon.* 28. 3. Explains it, He burnt his Chi dren in the fire. And *Josephus*, εἰδώλοις ἴδιον ὁλοκαύτω παῖδα.

71 *Tiglat-pilleser*, or *Tiglat phul-asar*. The Son of *Phu* called by *Annius Phul Belochus*, by others *Belosus*, l *Diodor*, *Beleses*, the Associate of *Arbaces* in destroyi *Sardanapalus*, and the *Assyrian Empire*. After whicl the Government of *Babylon* and *Assyria* was left to hi by *Arbaces*, which he soon turned into an absolute Sov raignty, and made other great additions to it by co quest.

72 For after the spoil of *Syria* and *Israel*, which he d stroyed upon *Achas* quarrel, he possest himself also o great part of *Judæa*, which he came to succour, bo away the chief riches of the Countrey, and made *Ach* his *Tributary* and servant.

73 The *Rabbies*, and out of them *Abulensis* and *Cajet* say the *Angel* of God destroyed them by *fire* from Heave *Josephus* says by a *Pestilence*, λοιμικῇ νόσῳ.

74 He was slain in the Temple of *Nesroth*, Septuagint Νεσερὰ, *Josephus*, τῷ ναῷ Ἀράσκη λεγομένῳ, by his two elde Sons *Adramelec* and *Sarasar*, some say, because in his di stress at *Pelusium* (of which see *Herodot.*) he had boun him

himself by vow to sacrifice them to his Gods. Other more probably, because he had declared *Asarhaddon*, their younger brother by another *Mother*, his *Successor*. *Herod.* reports that this *Sennacheribs* Statue was in Temple of *Vulcan* in *Egypt*, with this Inscription,

Εις εμε τις ορων ευσεβης εσω.

Let him who looks upon me learn to fear God.

It is not plain by the Scripture that the *Sun* went backward, but that the *shadow* only, upon that particular *Dial*, which *Vatablus*, *Montanus*, and divers others believe. However this opinion hath the authority of all the *Greek* and *Latin Fathers*.

Forgetful Man, which is the signification of his name.

The *Egyptians* worshipped *Two Calves*, *Apis* and *Mnevis*, the one dedicated to the *Sun*, and the other to the *Moon*; or rather the one being and *Idol* or *Symbol* of the *Sun*, and the other of the *Moon*, that is in their Sacred *Language*, of *Osiris* and *Isis*. From the *Egyptians* the *Israelites* took this Idolatry, but applying to it the name of the *True God*, whom they thought fit to worship under the same figure; as they had seen *Osiris* worshipped in *Egypt*. Such was *Arons Calf*, or *Oxe*, and *Jeroboams two Calves* erected in *Dan* and *Bethel* (which Religion he learnt at the time of his banishment in *Egypt*) which I do not believe to have been two different Idols, in imitation of *Apis* and *Mnevis*, but that both were made to represent the same *true God*, which he thought might as well be adored under that *Figure*, as the *Osyris* was, or *Sun* of the *Egyptians*.

Of *Osyris*, see before the Note upon the *Ode* called, *The Plagues of Egypt*, ib.

See Note 47. where I say that his *Image* was of *Brass*; how then could it fall to *Ashes* in his own *Fires*? that is, it was first melted, and then beaten to duft, as the graven Image of the *Groves* which *Manasses* set up, and which *Josiah* burnt, as then stampt to powder; which stamping was not necessary if it had been of wood, for then it would have burnt to ashes. 2 *King.* 23. 6.

The *Sydonians* had two Principal *Idols*, *Baal* and *Astarte*, or *Ashtaroth*, i. The *Sun* and the *Moon*; which *Astarte*

is perhaps the ἡ Βαὰλ, mentioned often in the Septuagint. *Tob.* 1. 5. ἔθυον τῇ Βαὰλ τῇ Δαμάλει. They sacrificed *She-Baal* the *Cow*. Both the *Sun* and *Moon* were represented anciently under that *Figure*, *Luc. de Dea Syr.* Ἀστάρτη δ' ἐγὼ δοκέω σελήναίην ἔμμεναι, her *Image* was the *Statue* of a *Woman*, having on her head the head of a *Bull*.

Syderum Regina bicornis. Hor.

80 *Herodian* testifies, that *Heliogabilus* (that is, the *Baal* of the *Tyrians*) was worshipped in a *Great Stone*, round at bottom, and ending in a spire; to signifie the nature of *Fire*. In the like Figure *Tacitus* reports that *Venus Paphia* was worshipped, that is, I suppose, the *Moon*; *Astarte* (for the *Cyprian* superstition is likely to have come from the *Tyrians*) the Wife of *Baal*. I find also *Lapis* to have been a surname of *Jupiter*; *Jupiter Lapis*.

81 *Dea Syria*, which is thought to be *Venus Urania*, that is, the *Moon*, *men* sacrificed to her in the habit of *women* and they in that of *men*; because the *Moon* was esteemed ἀρρενόθηλυς, both *male* and *Female*, Macrob. Satur. 3. 8 from whence it was called *Lunus* as well as *Luna*, and *Venus* too, *Deus Venus*, Jul. Firm. says of the Priests, *Virilem sexum ornatu muliebri decorant*; which is the occasion of the *Law*, Deut. 22: 5.

82 2 Kings 17. 30. *And the men of Babylon made Succoth Benoth*; that is, built a *Temple* or *Tabernacle* (for *Succoth* is a *Tabernacle*) to *Benoth*, or *Benos*, or *Binos*; for *Suid.* has Βίνω, νόμα θεᾶς, (i.) *Melita*, the *Babylonian Venus*. Of whose worship *Herodot.* L. 1. reports, That *Virgins* crowned with Garlands sate in order in her Temple, separated from one another by little cords, and never stirred from thence till some stranger came in, and giving them a piece of money took them out to lie with them; and till then they could not be married.

83 Some make *Dagon* to be the same with *Jupiter Aratrius*, Σιτὼν, deriving it from *Dagon*, *Corn*; but this is generally exploded, and as generally believed, that it comes from *Dag*, *a Fish*; and was an *Idol*, the upper part

Man,

Man, and the lower *Fish*. *Desinet in Piscem mulier formosa supernè*. I make it rather *Female* than *Male*, because I take it to be the *Syrian Atergatis* (*Adder dagan* the mighty *Fish*) and *Derceto*, whose *Image* was such, and her Temple at *Ascalon*, which is the place where *Dagon* was worshipped. *Diodor.* says of the Image, *L.* 3. τὸ μὲν πρόσωπον ἔχει γυναικὸς, τὸ δὲ ἄλλο σῶμα πᾶν ἰχθύος. And *Lucian*, Ἡμισέη μὲν γυνὴ τὸ, δὲ ὁπόσον ἐκμηρῶν εἰς ἄκρους πόδας ἰχθυος ἀποτείνεται. There is an ancient Fable, that ὠάννης, a Creature *Half-Man* and *Half-Fish*, arose out of the *Red-Sea*, and came to *Babylon*, and there taught men several Arts, and then returned again to the Sea. *Apollodor.* reports, that four such *Oannes* in several ages had arose out of the *Red sea*, and that the name of one was ὠδάκων. From whence our learned *Selden* fetches *Dagon*, whom see at large upon this matter. *De D. Syris. Syntag. c.* 2. 3.

4 2 *Kings* 23. 11. *Chariots* and *Horses* were dedicated to the *Sun*, in regard of the swiftness of his motion. See *Zen. l.*8. *de Cyro.* 11. Ἀναβάς. *Pausan. in Lacon. Heliodor. Æth.* 10. *Justin.* 1. *Herod.* 1. They were *Living white Horses* to represent the *Light*. *Nergal*, 2 Kings 17. 30. *And the men of Cuth made Nergal*, which signifies *Fire*; to wit, the *sacred Fire* that was kept always burning in honour of the *Sun*, as that of *Vesta* among the Romans. The ancient *Persians* worshipt it, and had no other Idol of the *Sun*. From thence the *Cuthites* brought it, when they were removed into *Samaria*, who came from the borders of *Cuthus*, a River in *Persia*. *Strabo* says of the *Persians*, θεῷ πρώτῳ τῷ Πυρὶ εὔχονται, which was the reason they abhorred the *burning* of dead bodies, as a prophanation of their *Deity*.

5 *Belzebub*. The God of *Ekron* or *Accaron*. The *God of Flies*. See the Note on the eighth Stanza of the *Ode* called, *The Plagues of Egypt*, and Note 18. upon the first Book.

Thundring Baal. The *Iupiter* and *Sun* of the *Sidonians*, and other neighbouring Countrys. See the Note 45. L 3.

6 Neither the Book of *Kings* nor *Chronicles* make particular mention of the *slaughter* of *Iehoiakim* by the *Assyrians*.

rians. Nay the second of *Chron.* 36. 6. seems at first sight to imply the contrary. Against him came up *Nebuchadnezar*, and bound him in Fetters to carry him to Babylon. That is, he first bound him with an intent to carry him away captive, but after caused him to be slain there, to fulfil the *Propheſies* of *Ieremiah*, Jer. 36 30 and *Iosephus* says expresly, that *Nebuchadnezar* commanded him to be slain, and his body to be casts over the walls.

87 *Jehoiachin*, the Son of *Jehoiakim*, a *Child*, and who was taken away captive after three months and ten days, *Zedechia* being set up in his place, the younger brother of *Iehoias* and *Iehoiakim*; The fourth *King* of the Jews successively, that was made a *Bond slave*. *Israels now solemn and imperial Chain*: for it was the custom of the great Eastern Monarchs, as afterwards of the Romans too, *Ut haberent instrumenta servitutis & reges.* Tacit.

88 For though they were restored again to their Country, yet they never recovered their ancient Liberty, but continued under the yoke of the *Persians*, *Macedonians*, and *Romans* till their final destruction.

98 In this manner *Oedipus* speaks, after he had put out his own eyes. In *Theb.*

Quid hic manes meos detineo?

Why do I keep my *Ghost* alive here so long? And to *Antigone*,

Funus extendis meum,
Longa sq; vivi ducis exequias patris.

And Oed. Act. 5.

Mors eligatur longa, quaeratur via
Quâ nec sepultis miſtus & vivis tamen
Exemptus errem. --- *Seneca* the Philisoph.

(But as a *Poet*, not a *Philosopher*) calls *Banishment* it self (the least of *Zedechia*'s affliction) a *Death*, nay a *Burial*,

Parce religatis, hoc est, jam parce sepultis.
Vivorum cineri sit tua terra Levis.

But *Seneca* the *Father* in the 19. *Controverſ.* has raised an objection against the next verse, *Bereft of griefs*, &c. *Cestius* (says he) spoke a most false sense, into which many fall.

fall. *She was the more to be lamented, because she could not weep herself.* And again, *So much cause, and no more power to weep. As if* (says he) *Blind people could not weep.* Truly, Philosophically speaking, The moysture that falls through the place of the Eyes, if provoked by grief, is as much weeping, as if the Eyes were there; yet (sure) weeping seems to depend so much upon the Eyes, as to make the expression *Poetical true*, though not *Literally*. And therefore the *Tragœdian* was not frighted with his *Criticism*; for *Oedip.* says in *Theb.*

Cuncta sors mihi infesta abstulit.
Lacrymæ supererant, has quoq; eripui mihi.

I confess indeed in a *Declamation* I like not those kinds of *Flowers* so well.

10 I do not mean, that She was without *Original Sin*, as her *Roman Adorers* hold very *temeariously*; but that neither *Disease* nor *Imperfection*, which are the effects and footsteps. as it were, of *Sin*, were to be seen in her body.

11 Their *mingled Light*; i. Their *Colours*; which are nothing, but the several mixtures of *Light* with *Darkness* in the superficies of opacous bodies; as for example, *Yellow* is the mixture of *Light* with a little *Darkness*; *Green*, with a little more; *Red* with more yet. So that *Colours* are nothing but *Light* diversly reflected and shadowed. *Plato* calls them, φλόγα τ̃ σωμάτων ἐκάστων ἀπορρέουσαν. *Flames*, that is, *Light* continually flowing from Bodies and *Pindar Od 6.* elegantly attributes to Flowers, Πάμπορφύρους ἀκτῖνας. *Purple Beams.*

12 *Gods Wife.* Though the word seem bold, I know no hurt in the figure. And *Spouse* is not an *Heroical word.* The *Church* is called *Christs Spouse*, because whilst it is *Militant*, it is only as it were *Contracted*, not *Married*; till it becomes *Triumphant*, but here is not the same reason.

13 *Early*; i. *Eastern Spices.* From *Arabia* which is *Eastward* of *Judea.* Therefore the Scripture says, that these *Arabian* wise men came ἀπ' ἀνατολῶν. We have seen his Star. ἐν τῇ ἀνατολῇ. Virg.

Ecce Dionæi processit Cæsaris astrum.

And the Presents which these wise men brought, shew that they came from *Arabia.*

94 *Gabriel*; the name signifies, The *Power of God.* I have seen in some *Magical* Books, where they give barbarous names to the *Guardian Angels* of great persons, as that of *Mathattron* to the *Angel* of *Moses*, that they assign one *Cerviel* to *David*, And this *Gabriel* to *Joseph*, *Josua* and *Daniel.* But I rather use this than that *Diabolical Name* (for ought I know of an *Angel*, which the Scripture makes no mention of. Especially because *Gabriel* is employed particularly in things that belong to the manifestation of *Christ* as to the *Prophet Daniel*, to *Zacharia*, and to *Mary.* The *Rabbies* account *Michael* the Minister of *Gods Justice*, and *Gabriel* of his *Mercies*, and they call the former *Fire*, and the latter *Water*.

95 *Tho. Aquinas*, upon the second of the Senten. *Distinct.* 9. *Art.* 2. It is necessary that the Air should be *thickned*, till it come near to the propriety of earth; that is, to be capable of *Figuration*, which cannot be but in solid body, &c. And this way of *Spirits* appearing in bodies of condensed air (for want of a better way, they taking it for granted that they do frequently appear) is approved off by all the *Schoolmen*, and the *Inquisitors* about Witches. But they are beholding for this Invention to the ancient *Poets.* Virg.

Tum Dea nube cavâ tenuem sine viribus umbram,
In faciem Æn. &c.

Which is the reason (perhaps) that *Apollo*, as the drawer up, and best Artificer of *Vapours*, is employed to make the *Phantasm* of *Æneas.* 5. *Iliad.*

Αὐταρ δ' εἴδωλον τεῦξ ἀργυρότοξος Ἀπόλλων
Αὐτῷ τ' Ἀνείᾳ ἴκελον καὶ τεύχεσι τοῖον.

96 *Obscene* was a word in use among the *Augures*; signifying that which portented *ill-Fortune.* And it is most frequently applyed to *Birds* of *ill Omen.* Virg. 3. Æn.

Sive Deæ, ceu sint Diræ; obscænæq; volucres.
Æn. 12. —— *Nec me terrete timentem*
—— *Obscænæ volucres.* ——
Ovid. —— *Obscænæ quo prohibentur aves.*

And *Servius* interprets *Virgiis Obscænam famem*, to be;

The

The hunger that drives men to *Obscene*, that is, unclean or shameful thing, or because it was foretold by an *Obscene* i. *unluckie Bird.*

7 It is rightly termed a *Glass* or *Mirror*, for God foresees all things by looking only on himself, in whom all things always are.

8 *Albion* is the ancienst name of this *Island*, yet I think not so ancient as *Davids* time. But we must content our selves with the best we have. It is found in *Arist. de Mundo*, in *Plin. Ptolem.* and *Strabo*; by which appears the vanity of those who derive it from a *Latin* word, *Ab Albis Rupibus.*

9 So the Angel to *S. John.* Revel. 19. 10. and 22. 9. calls himself, His *Fellow servant.*

00 Virg. —— *Cum ei cumfusa repentè*
Scindit se nubes & in aera purgat apertum; and again,
Tenues fugit ceu Fumus in auras.
Hom. Σκιὴ ἴκελον ἢ καὶ ὀνείρῳ Ἔπτατο.

THE CONTENTS.

DAvids *flight to* Nob, *and entertainment there by the* High Priest; *from thence to* Gath *in disguise, where he is discovered and brought to* Achis; *He counterfeits himself* Mad, *and escapes to* Adullam. *A short enumeration of the forces which come thither to him. A description of the Kingdom of* Moab, *whether* David *flies; His entertainment at* Moabs *Court, a Digression of the* History *of* Lot, *Father of the* Moabites, *represented in* Picture. Melchors *Song at the Feast;* Moab *desires* Joab *to relate the story of* David. *Which he does; His Extraction, his excellency in* Poesie, *and the effects of it in curing* Sauls *malady. The* Philistims *Army encamped at* Dammin, *the Description of* Goliah *and his Arms, his Challenge to the* Israelites, Davids *coming to the Camp, his speech to* Saul *to desire leave to fight with* Goliah; *several speeches upon that occasion, the combat and slaughter of* Goliah, *with the defeat of the* Philistims Army. Sauls *envy to* David. *The Characters of* Merab *and* Michol. *The* Love *between* David *and* Michol; *his* Song *at her window, his expedition against the* Philistims, *and the* Dowry *of two hundred foreskins for* Michol, *with whom he is married. The solemnities of the Wedding;* Sauls *relapse, and the causes of* Davids *flight into the Kingdom of* Moab.

Davideis.

DAVIDEIS.

The Third Book.

1 RAis'd with the news he from high Heav'en receives, 1 Sam. 21. 1.
Straight to this *diligent God* just thanks he gives.
To *divine Nobe* directs then his flight,
2 A small *Town* great in *Fame* by *Levy's* right, v. 4, 5, 6. Mat. 12. 4.
Is there with sprightly wines, and hallowed bread,
(But what's to *Hunger hallowed*?) largely fed.
3 The good old *Priest* welcomes his *fatal Guest*,
And with long talk prolongs the hasty feast.
4 He lends him *vain Goliahs Sacred* Sword, Ver. 9.
(The fittest help *just Fortune* could afford)
A *Sword* whose *weight* without a *blow* might slay,
Able *unblunted* to cut *Hosts* away,
A *Sword* so great, that it was only fit
To take off his *great Head* who came with it.
Thus he arms *David*; I your own restore,
Take it (said he) and use it as before.
I saw you then, and 'twas the bravest sight 1 Sam. 17.
That e're these Eyes ow'ed the discov'ering light.
When you stept forth, how did the *Monster* rage,
In scorn of your soft looks, and tender age!
Some your *high Spirit* did *mad Presumption* call,
Some pitied that such *Youth* should idly fall.
Th'uncircumcis'ed smil'ed grimly with disdain;
I knew the day was yours: I saw it plain.
Much more the Reverend *Sire* prepar'ed to say,
Rapt with his joy; how the two *Armies* lay;
Which way th'amazed Foe did wildly flee,
All that his *Hearer* better knew than *He*.
But *Davids* haste denies all needless stay;
To *Gath* an Enemies Land, he hastes away.
Not there secure, but were one *Danger's near*, 1 Sam. 21. 10.
The more *remote* though *greater* disappear.
So from the *Hawk*, *Birds* to *Mans* succour flee,

So from *fir*'ed *Ship*s *Man* leaps into the *Sea*.
There in disguise he hopes unknown t'abide!
Alas! in vain! what can such greatness hide?
Stones of small worth may lye unseen by *Day*,
But *Night* it self does the rich *Gem* betray.

5 *Tagal* first spi'ed him, a *Philistian* Knight,
Who erst from *Davids* wrath by shameful flight
Had sav'd the sordid remnant of his age;
Hence the deep sore of *Envy* mixt with *Rage*.
Straight with a band of Souldiers tall and rough,
Trembling, for scarce he tought that band enough;
On him he seises whom they and all had fear'd,
Had the bold *Youth* in his *own shape* appear'd.
And now this wisht for, but yet dreadful prey
To *Achis* Court they led in hast away,
With all unmanly rudeness which does wait
Upon th' *Immod'erate Vulgars Joy* and *Hate*.
His valour now and Strength must useless ly,
And he himself must arts unusu'al try;
Sometimes he rends his garments; nor does spare
1 *Sam.* 21. 13. The goodly curles of his rich yellow haire.
Sometimes a violent laughter serv'd his face,
And sometimes ready tears dropt down apace.
Sometimes he fixt his staring eyes on ground,
And sometimes in wild manner hurl'd them round.
More full revenge *Philistians* could not wish,
6 But call't the *Justice* of their *mighty Fish*.
They now in height of anger, let him *Live*;
Vers 15. And *Freedom* too, t'encrease his *scorn*, they give.
He by *wise Madness* freed does homeward flee,
1 *Sam.* 22. 1. And *Hage* makes them all that *He seem'd* to be.

7 Near to *Adullam* in an aged Wood,
An *Hill* part earth, part rockly stone there stood,
Hollow and vast within, which *Nature* wrought
As if by 'her *Scholar Art* she had been *taught*.
Hither young *David* with his *Kindred* came,
1 *Sam.* 22. 1. *Servants*, and *Friends*; many his spreading fame;
Many their wants or discontents did call;
Great men in war, and almost *Armies* all!

8 Hither came wise and valiant *Joab* down,

One to whom *Davids* self most owe his *Crown*,
A mighty man, had not some cunning *Sin*,
Amidst so many *Vertues* crowded in
With him *Abishai* came by whom there fell 1 *Chr.* 11. 20.
At once three hundred; with him *Asahel*:
Asahel, swifter than the *Northern wind*; 1 *Chr.* 11. 26.
Scarce could the nimble *Motions* of his *Mind*
Out go his *Feet*; so strangely would he runne, 2 *Sam.* 2. 18.
That *Time it self* perceiv'ed not what was done.
Oft o're the Lawns and meadows would he pass,
His weight *unknown*, and harmless to the grass;
Oft o're the sands and hollow dust would trace,
Yet no one *Atome* trouble or displace.
Unhappy *Youth*, whose end so near I see!
There's nought by thy *Ill Fate* so swift as *Thee*. 2 *Sam.* 2. 23.
Hither *besides* wrongs *Banaiah* drew,
He, who the vast *exceeding Monster* slew. 1 *Chr.* 11. 22.
Th' *Egyptian* like an *Hill* himself did rear,
Like some tall *Tree* upon it seem'd his *Spear*.
But by *Benaiahs stiff* he fell orethrown, *Ver.* 23.
The *Earth*, as if worst stroak, did loudest groan.
Such was *Benaiah*; in a narrow pit.
He saw a Lyon, and leapt down to it.
As easily there the *Royal Beast* he tore. *Ver.* 23
As that it self did *Kids* or *Lambs* before.
Him *Ira* follow'ed, a young lovely boy, 1 *Chr.* 11. 28.
But full of *Spirit* and *Arms* was all his joy.
Oft when a *child* he in his dream would fight
With the vain air, and his wak'ed *Mother* fright.
Oft would he shoot young *birds*, and as they fall.
Would laugh, and fansie them *Philistians* all.
And now at home no longer would he stay,
Though yet the face did scarce his *Sex* betray.
Dodos great Son came next, whose dreadful hand 1 *Chr.* 11. 12.
Snatcht *ripened Glories* from a conqu'ering band;
Who knows not *Dammin*, and that barley field,
Which did a strange and bloodly *War* yet yield?
Many besides did this new Troop encrease;
Adan whose wants made him unfit for peace. 1 *Chr.* 11. 46.
Eliel, whose full quiv'er did always beare

As

As many *Deaths* as in it *Arrows* were.
None from his hand did vain or inn'ocent flee,
1 *Chro.* 12 16. Scarce *Love* or *Fate* could aim so well as *Hee*.
Many of *Judah* took wrong'ed *David's* side,
1 *Chro.* 12. 8. And many of old *Jacobs* youngest *Tribe*;
But his chief strength the *Gathite* Souldiers are,
Each *single man* able t'orecome a *Warre*!
Swift as the *Darts* they fling trough yielding air,
And hardly all as the strong *Steel* they bare,
A *Lyons* noble rage sits in their face;
Terrible comely, arm'ed with *dreadful grace*!
1 *Chro.* 12. 8. Th'undaunted *Prince*, though thus well guarded here,
Yet his stout Soul *durst* for his *Parents fear*;
He seeks for them a safe and quite seat,
Nor trusts hit *Fortune* with a *Pledge* so great.
So when in hostile fire rich *Asias* pride
For ten years siege had fully satisfi'ed,
Æneas stole an act of higher Fame,
Virg. 2. *Æn.* And bore *Anchises* through the *wondring flame*,
A nobler *Burden*. and a richer *Prey*,
Than all the *Græcian* forces bore away.
Go pious *Prince*, in peace, in triumph go;
Enjoy the *Conquest* of thine *Overthrow*;
To have sav'd thy *Troy* would far less glorious be
By this thou *Overcom'est* their *Victorie*.
11 *Moab*, next *Judah*, an old Kingdom, lies:
12 *Jordan* their touch, and his *curst Sea* denies.
13 They see *North-stars* from o're *Amoreus* ground
14 *Edom* and *Petra* their South part does bound.
15 Eastwards she Lands of *Cush* and *Ammon* ly,
The mornings happy beams they first espy.
The region with fat soil and plenty's blest,
A soil too good to be of old possest
16 By monstrous *Emins*; but *Lots* off-spring came
And conquer'ed both the *People* and the *Name*.
Num. 21. 26. 17 Till *Seon* drave them beyond *Arnons* flood,
And their sad *bounds* mark't deep in their own *blood*.
18 In *Hesbon*, his triumphant *Court* he placed,
Hesbon by *Men* and *Nature* strangely grac'ed.

A glorious Town, and fille'd with all delight
Which Peace could yield, though well prepared for *fight*.
But this proud *City* and her prouder *Lord* *Num.* 21 24. 25.
Felt the keen rage of *Israels Sacred Sword*,
Whilst *Moab* triumpht in her torn estate,
To see *her own* become her *Conquer'ers* fate.
Yet that small remnant of *Lots* parted Crown
Did arm'ed with *Israels* sins pluck Israel down,
Full thrice six years they felt fierce *Eglons* yoke; *Judg.* 3. 14.
Till *Ehuds* sword *Gods* vengeful Message spoke; *Ib. v.* 21
Since then their *Kings* in quiet held their owne,
Quiet the good of a not envy'd *Throne*.
And now a wife old *Prince* the Scepter sway'd,
Well by his *Subjects* and *Himself* obey'd.
Onely before his *Fathers Gods* he fell;
Poor wretched Man, almost *to good* for *Hell*!
Hither does *David* his blest *Parents* bring,
With humble greatness begs of *Moabs* King,
A safe and fair abode, where they might live. *1 Sam.* 22. 3.
Free from those storms with which himself must strive.
The King with chearful grace his suit approv'd,
By hate to *Saul*, and love to *Virtue* mov'd.
Welcome great *Knight*, and your fair *Troop* (said he)
Your *Name* found *welcome* long before with me.
That to rich *Ophirs* rising *Morn* is knowne,
And stretcht out far to the burnt swarthy *Zone*.
Swift *Fame*, when her round journey she does make
Scornes not sometimes *Us* in her way to take.
Are you the man, did that huge *Gyant* kill?
Great *Baal* of *Phegor*! and how young he's still!
From *Ruth* we heard you came; *Ruth* was born here, *Ru.* 1. 4.
In *Judah* sejourn'd, and (they say) matcht there *Ru.* 4. 10.
To one of *Bethlem*; which I hope is true;
Howe're your *Virtues* here entitle you.
Those have the best *alliance* always bin,
To *Gods* as well as *Men* they make us *Kin*.

He

He ſpoke, and ſtraight led in his thankfu
Gueſts,
To'a ſtately Room prepar'ed for *Shows* and *Feaſts*
The Room with golden *Tap'eſtry* gliſter'ed bright
At once to *pleaſe* and to *confound* the ſight,
23 Th'excellent work of *Babylonian* hands;
24 In midſt a Table of rich Iv'ory ſtands,
By three fierce *Tygers*, and three *Lyons* born,
Which green, and *fearfully* the place *adorn*.
Widely they gape, and to the *eye* they roare,
As if they hunger'd for the food they bore.
25 About it Beds of *Lybian Citron* ſtood,
26 With coverings dy'ed in *Tyrian Fiſhes* blood,
They ſay, th'*Herculean* art; but moſt delight
27 Some pictures gave to *Davids* learned ſight.
Gen.13. Here ſeveral ways *Lot* and great *Abram* go,
6. Their too much wealth, vaſt, and *unkind* doe
grow.
Thus each extream to equal danger tends,
Plenty as well as *Want* can ſeparate *Friends*;
Here *Sodoms* Towers raiſe their proud tops o
high;
The *Towers* as well as *Men* outbrave the ſky.
By it the waves of rev'erend *Jordan* run.
Here green with *Trees*, there gilded with the *Sun*.
Hither *Lots* Houſhold comes, a numerous train;
13.9.10 And all with various buſineſs fill the plain.
Some drive the crowding ſheep with rural hook:
They lift up their mild heads, and bleat in *looks*.
Some drive the *Herds*; here a fierce Bulloc
ſcorns
Th'appointed way, and runs with threatnin
horns;
In vain the *Herdman* calls him back again;
The *Dogs* ſtand off afar, and bark in vain.
Some lead the groaning waggons, loaded high,
With ſtuff, on top of which the *Maidens* ly.
Upon tall *Camels* the fair *Siſters* ride,
And *Lot* talks with them both on either ſide.
Another *Picture* to curſt *Sodom* brings

Flam

3 *Flams* proud *Lord*, with his three *servant Kings*: *Gen.*14 11, 12.
They sack the Town, and bear *Lot* bound away; *Ib.v.*10
Whilst in a Pit the vanquisht *Bera* lay,
Buried almost alive for fear of *Death*.
) But heav'ens just vengeance sav'ed as yet his breath.
Abraham pursues, and slays the Victors *Boast*, *Gen.*14.
Scarce had their *Conquest* leisure for a *boast*. 13.
Next this was drawn the reckless *Cities* flame, *Gen.*19.
) When a strange *Hell* pour'd down from *Heaven* 24.
there came.
Here the two *Angels* from *Lots* window look
With *smiling anger*; the lewd wretches, strook *Ib.v.*11
With sudden blindness, seek in vain the dore,
Their *Eyes*, first cause of *Lust*, first *Veng'eance* bore.
Through liquid Air, heav'ns busie Souldiers fly.
And drive on *Clouds* where seeds of Thunder ly.
Here the sad sky gloes red with dismal streaks,
Here *Lightning* from it with short trębling breaks.
Here the blew flames of scalding brimstone fall,
Involving swiftly in one ruine all.
The fire of *Trees* and *Houses* mounts on high,
And meets half way new *fires* that showre from sky
Some in their arms snatch their dear babes away;
At once drop down the *Fathers arms*, and *They*.
Some into waters leap with kindled hair,
And more to *vex* their fate, are *burnt ev'en* there.
Men thought so much a *Flame* by Art was shown,
The *Pictures* self would fall in ashes down.
Afar old *Lot* to'ward little *Zoar* hyes,
And dares not move good man) his weeping eyes. *Gen* 19.
Behind his *Wife* stood ever fixt alone; 17
No more a *Woman*, nor yet quite a *Stone*. *Ib.v.*26
A lasting *Death* seiz'd on her turning head;
One cheek was tough and white, the other red,
And yet a *Cheek*; in vain to speak she strove;
Her lips, though stone, a little seem'd to move.
One eye was clos'ed, surpris'ed by sudden night,
The other trembled still with parting light:
The wind admir'ed which her hair loosely bore,

Why

Why it grew ſtiff, and now would play no more.
To heav'en ſhe lifted up her freezing hands,
And to his day a *Suppliant Pillar* ſtands.
She try'ed her heavy foot from ground to rear,
And rais'd the *Heel*, but her *Toe's* rooted there:
Ah fooliſh woman! who muſt always be,
A ſight more *ſtrange* than that ſhe turn'd to ſee!
Whilſt *David* fed with theſe his curious eye,
The Feaſt is now ſerv'ed in, and down they lye.
Moab a goblet takes of maſſy gold,
33 Which *Zippor*, and from *Zippor* all of old
Quaft to their *Gods* and *Friends*; an *Health* goes round
In the brisk grape of *Arnons* richeſt ground.
34 Whilſt *Melchor* to his harp with wondrous skill
35 (For ſuch were *Poets* then, and ſhould be ſtill)
His noble verſe through *Natures* ſecrets lead;
His noble verſe through the whole *Maſs* is *ſpread*:
Ev'ery where *All*; how *Heavens Gods* Law approve,
And think it *Reſt* eternally to *Move*.
How the kind *Sun* uſefully comes and goes,
Wants it himſelf, yet gives to Man repoſe.
How his *round Journey* does for ever laſt,
36 And how he baits at every Sea in haſte.
He ſung how *Earth* blots the *Moons* gilded Wane
37 Whilſt fooliſh men beat ſounding braſs in vain,
Why the *Great Waters* her ſlight *Horns* obey,
Her changing *Horns*, not conſtanter than *They*;
38 He ſung how griſly *Comets* hang in ayr,
Why *Sword* and *Plagues* attend their fatal *hair*.
Gods Beacons for the world, drawn up ſo far,
To publiſh ills, and raiſe all earth to war.
39 Why *Contraries* feed *Thunder* in the cloud,
What *Motions* vex it, till it roar ſo loud.
40 How *Lambent Fires* become ſo wondrous tame
And beat ſuch *ſhining Winter* in their *Flame*.
41 What radiant *Pencil* draws the *Watry Bow*:
What *tyes* up *Hail*, and *picks* the *fleecy Snow*.
What *Palſie* of the *Earth* here ſhakes fixt *Hills*,

Fron

From off her brows, and here whole *Rivers* spills.
Thus did this *Heathen Natures Secrets* tell,
And sometimes mist the *Cause*, but sought it *Well*.
Such was the sawce of *Moabs* noble feast,
Till night far spent invites them to their rest.
Only the good old Prince stays *Ioab* there,
And much he tells, and much desires to hear.
He tells deeds *antique*, and the *new* desires;
Of *David* much, and much of *Saul* enquires.
Nay gentle *Guests* (said he since now you're in,
The story of your gallant friend begin.
His birth, his rising tell, and various fate,
And how he slew that man of *Gath* of late,
What was he call'd that huge and monstrous mā?
With that he stopt, and *Ioab* thus began:
His birth, great Sir, so much to mine is ty'd, 1 *Chro.* 2. 16.
That praise of that might look from me like *pride*.
Yet without boast, his veins contain a flood
Of th'old *Iudæan Lyons* richest blood
From *Judah Pharez*, from him *Efrom* came *Gen.* 49. 9.
Ram, *Naasson*, *Salmon*, *Names* spoke loud by Fame. 1 *Chr.* 2 *Mat.* 1.
A *Name* no less ought *Boaz* to appear,
By whose blest match we come no *strangers* here.
From him and your fair *Ruth* good *Obed* sprung,
From *Obed Jesse*, *Jesse* whom fames kindest tongue,
Counting his birth, and high *nobil'ity*, shall
Not *Jesse* of *Obed*, but of *David* call,
David born to him sev'enth; the six births past 1 *Chr.* 2. 15.
Brave *Tryals* of a work more great at last. 1 *Sam.* 16.
Bless me! how swift and growing was his wit?
The wings of *Time* flag'd dully after it.
Scarce past a *Child*, all wonders would he sing
Of *Natures Law*, and *Pow'er* of *Natures King*.
His *sheep* would scorn their food to hear his lay,
And savage *Beasts* stand by as *tame* as they.
The fighting *Winds* would stop there, and admire;
Learning *Consent* and *Concord* from his Lyre.
Rivers, whose waves roll'd down aloud before;
Mute, as their *Fish*, would listen to'wards the *shore*.

'Twas

1 Sam. 16. 14. 'T was now the time whē first *Saul* *Good* for fool
God Saul, the room in's heart wild *Passions* took
Sometimes as a Tyrant-Frenſie revell'd there,
Sometimes black ſadneſs, and deep, deep deſpair.
No help from herbs or learned drugs he finds,
They cure but ſometime *Bodies*, never *Minds*.
1 Sam. 16. 23. *Muſick* alone thoſe ſtorms of *Soul* could lay;
Not more *Saul* them, than *Muſick* they obey.
David's now ſent for, and his Harp muſt bring;
His Harp that *Magick* bore in ev'ery ſtring.
When *Sauls* rude paſſions did moſt tumult keep
With his ſoft notes they all dropt down aſleep.
When his dull *Spir'its* lay drown'd in *Death* an
Night;
He with quick ſtrains rais'd them to *Life* and *Ligh*
Thus cheat'd he *Saul*, thus did his fury ſwage,
Till *wars* began, and times more fit for *rage*.
To *Helah* plain *Philiſtian Troops* are come;
1 Sam. 17. And Wars loud noiſe ſtrikes peaceful Muſick dūl
Back to his rural Care young *David* goes,
For this rough work *Saul* his ſtout *Brethren* choſe
He knew not what his hand in War could do,
Nor thought his *Sword* could cure mens *Madneſs* t
Now *Dammin's* deſtin'ed for this *Scene* of *Blood*,
On two near *Hills* the two proud *Armies* ſtood;
Between a fatal Valley ſtretcht out wide,
And *Death* ſeem'd ready now on either ſide,
When (Lo!) their Hoſt rais'd all a joyfull ſhout,
1 Sam. 17. 4. 43 And from the midſt an huge & monſtrous ma
ſtept out.
A loud they ſhouted at each ſtep he took;
We and the *Earth* it ſelf beneath him *ſhook*,
Vaſt as the *Hill*, down which marcht, he'appear'd
Amaz'ed all Eyes, nor was their *Army* fear'd
A young tall *Squire* (though then he *ſeem'd* not ſo
Did from the Camp *at firſt* before him go;
At firſt he did, but ſcarce could follow ſtrait.
Sweating beneath a *Shields* unruly weight,
44 On which was wrought the *Gods*, and *Gyants* fight,
Rare work! all fill'd with *terrour* and *delight*.

Here

Here a vast *Hill*, 'gainst thundring *Baal* was thrown,
Trees and *Beasts* on't fell burnt with *Lightning* down
One flings a *Mountain*, and its *River* too
Torn up with't; that *rains back* on him that threw.
Some from the *Main* to pluck whole *Islands* try;
The *Sea* boils round with flames shot thick from sky
This he *believ'd*, and on his *shield* he bore,
And prais'd *their* strength, but thought his *own* was more.
The *Valley* now this *Monster* seem'd to *fill*;
And we methoughts) *look up* to him from our *Hill*
All arm'd in *Brass*, the richest dress of *War*
(A dismal glorious sight) he shone afar.
The *Sun* himself started with sudden fright,
To see his beams return so dismal bright. 1 Sam. 17 7, &c
Brass was his *Helmet*, his *Boots brass*; and o're
His breast a thick plate of strong *brass* he wore,
His *Spear* the *Trunck* was of a lofty *Tree*.
Which *Nature* meat some tall *ships Mast* should be,
The huge Iron head six hundred shekels weigh'd,
And of *whole bodies* but *one wound* it made,
Able *Deaths* worst command to overdo,
Destroying *Life* at once and *Carcase* too;
Thus arm'd he stood; all *direful*, and all *gay*,
And round him flung a scornful look away.
So when a *Scythian Tyger* gazing round,
An Herd of Kine in some fair Plain has found
Lowing secure, he swells with angry pride,
And calls forth all his *spots* on every side.
Then stops, and hurls his haughty eyes at all,
In choise of some strong neck on which to fall.
Almost he scorns, so weak, so cheap a prey,
And grieves to see them trembling hast away.
Ye men of *fury*, he cries, if *Men* you be, 1b. v. 8.
And such dare prove your selves to *Fame* and *Me*,
Chuse out 'mongst all your Troops the boldest *Knight*,
To try his *strength* and *fate* with me in fight.
The chance of War let us two bear for all, 1b v. 9.
And they the *Conquer'ror serve* whose *Knight* shall fall. 10.

At

At this he paws'd a while; straight, I defie
Your *God* and *You*; dares none come down a-
dy?
Go back for shame, and *Egypts* slav'ery bear,
Or yield to *us*, and serve more nobly here.
Alas ye'have no more *Wonders* to be done;
Jos. 6. 20. Your *Sorcerer Moses* now and *Josua's* gone,
Your *Magick Trumpets* then could *Cities* take,
And sounds of *Triumph* did your *Battels* make.
Spears in your hands and manly *Swords* are vain
Get you your *Spells*, and *Conjuring Rods* again.
Jud. 16. 17. Is there no *Sampson* here? Oh that there were!
In his full strength, and long *Enchanted Hair*.
This *Sword* I should be in the weak *Razors* stead
It should not cut his *Hair* off, but his *Head*.
Thus he blasphem'd aloud; the *Valleys* round
Flatte'ring his voice *restor'd* the dreadful sound.
We turn'd us trembling at the noise, a-
fear'd
We had behind some new *Goliah* heard.
1 Sam. 17. 11. 'Twas Heav'en, Heav'en sure (which *Davids* glo-
meant
Through this whole *Act*) such sacred terrour s
To all our *Host*, for there was *Saul* in place,
1 Sam. 14. Who ne're saw *fear* but in his *Enemies face*,
His god like *Son* there in bright Armour shone
Who scorn'd to conquer *Armies* not *Alone*.
Fate her own *Book* mistrusted at the sight;
On that side *War*, an this a *Single Fight*.
There stood *Benaiah*, and there trembled too,
He who th' *Egyptian*, proud *Goliah* slew.
In his pale fright; rage through his eyes shot fi-
1 Ch. 11. me,
He saw his *staff*, and blusht with *generous sh-*
me.
Thousands beside stood mute and heartless the
Men valiant all; nor was *I* us'ed to *Fear*.
Thus forty days he marcht down arm'd
fight,
Once every morn he marcht, and once at night.
Slo

low rose the Sun, but gallopt down apace,
With more than *Evening blushes* in his face.
When *Jessey* to the Camp young *David* sent; 1 Sam 17
His purpose *low*, but *high* was *Fates* intent. 12. &c.
For when the *Monsters* pride he saw and heard,
Sound him he look'd, and wonder'd why they
fear'd.
Anger and brave disdain his heart possest,
Thoughts more than *manly* swell'd his *youthful*
breast.
Such the rewards propos'd his spirit enflame, 1 Sam.
Sauls Daughter much, and much the voice of *Fa-* 17. 25,
me.
These to their just intentions strongly move,
At chiefly *God*, and his dear *Countrys Love*,
Resolv'd for combat to *Sauls* Tent he's brought,
Where thus he spoke, as *boldly* as he fought:
Henceforth no more, great *Prince*, your sacred *Ib.v.32*
breast
With that huge talking wretch of *Gath* molest.
His hand alone shall end his cursed breath;
Fear not, the wretch *blasphemes* himself to death,
And cheated with false weight of his own might,
As challeng'd *Heaven*, not *Us*, to single fight.
Forbid it *God* that where *thy* right is try'd,
The strength of *mã* should find just cause for *pride*!
Arm like some *Rock*, and vast he seems to stand,
At *Rocks* we know were op'ed at thy command. *Exod.*
That *Soul* which now does such large members *17. 6.*
sway,
Though one *small wound* will creep in haste away.
And he who now dares boldly *Heav'en* defie,
To every *bird* of *Heav'en* a prey shall lie.
For 'tis not humane force we ought to fear;
And that, alas, plant our *Forefathers* here?
Twice fifteen *Kings* did they by that subdue? *Jos. 12.*
Or that whole *Nations* of *Goliahs* slew?
The *wonder* they perform'd may still be done;
Moses and *Josua* is, but *God's* not gone.
We have lost their *Rod* and *Trumpets*; not their
skill;

Pray'rs and *Belief* are as strong *Witchcraft* still.
These are *more tall*, more *Gyants* far than *He*,
Can reach to *Heav'en*, and thence pluck *Victorie*.
Count this; and then, Sir, mine th'advantage is;
He's stronger far than *I*, my *God* than *His*.
Amazement seiz'd on all, and shame to see,
Their own fears scorn'd by one so young as He.
1 Sam. 17.33. Brave Youth (replies the *King*) whose darin mind
Ere come to *Manhood*, leaves it quite *behind*;
Reserve thy valour for more equal fight;
And let thy *Body* grow up to thy *Spright*.
Thou'rt yet too tender for so rude a foe,
Whose *touch* would wound thee more then his thy *blow*.
Nature his Limbs onely for *war* made fit,
In thine as yet nought beside *Love* (he'has writ.
With some less Foe thy unflesht valour try;
This *Monster* can be no *first Victory*.
The *Lyons* royal whelp does not at first
For blood of *Basan Bulls* or *Tygers* thirst.
In timorous *Deer* he hansels his young paws,
And leaves the rugged *Bear* for firmer claws.
So vast thy hopes, so unproportion'd bee,
Fortune would be ashamed to *second Thee*.
He said, and we all murmur'd an assent;
But nought moves *David* from his high intent.
It brave to him, and om'inous does appear,
To be oppos'ed at first, and *conquer here*,
Which he resolves; Scorn not (said he) mis age,
1 Sam. 17.33. For *Vict'ory* comes not like an *Heritage*,
At *set-years*; when my Fathers flock I fed,
A *Bear* and *Lyon* by fierce hunger led,
Broke from the wood, and snatcht my *Lamb* away;
From their grim *mouth* I forc'ed the panting prey
Both *Bear* and *Lyon* ev'en this hand did kill,
On our greath *Oak* the *Bones* and *Jaws* hang still

My *God*'s the same, which then he was, to day,
And his wild wretch almost the same as *They*.
Who from such danger sav'ed *my Flock*, will he
Of *Isr'ael*, his *own Flock* less careful be?
Be't so then (*Saul* bursts forth:) and thou on high
Who oft in *weakness* do'st most *strenght* descry,
At whose dread beck *Conquest* expecting stands,
And casts no look dow on the *Fighters* hands,
Assist what *Thou* inspir'est; and let all see,
As *Boys* to *Gyants*, *Gyants*, are to *Thee*.
Thus; and with trembling hopes of strange
success,
In his own arms he the bold *Youth* does dress.
On's head and *helm* of well wrought brass is pla- 1 Sam. 17. 34.
c'ed,
The top with warlike Plume *severely grac'ed*
His breast a plate cut with rare Figures bore,
A *Sword* much practis'ed in *Deaths* art he wore.
Yet *David* us'ed so long to no defence,
But those *light Arms* of *Spirit* and *Innocence*,
No good in fight of that gay *burden* knows,
But fears his *own arms* weight more than his *Foes*.
He lost himself in that *disguise of warre*,
And guarded seems as men by *Prisons* are.
He therefore to *exalt* the wondrous sight,
Prepares now, and *disarms* himself for fight.
'Gainst Shield, Helm, Breast-plate, and instead of 1 Sam. 17. 40.
those
Five sharp smooth stones from the next brook he
chose,
And fits them to his sling; then marches down;
For *Sword*, his *Enemies* he esteem'd his *Own*.
We all with various passion strangely gaz'ed
Some sad, some sham'ed, some angry, all a-
ma'zed.
Now in the Valley he stands; trough't youth-
ful face
Wrath checks the *Beauty*, and sheds manly
grace.
Both in his looks so joyn'd, that they might move

Fear ev'n in *Friends*, and from an *En'emy Love*.
Hot as ripe *Noon*; sweet as the *blooming Day*,
Ib.v.45 Like *July* furious, but more fair then *May*.
Th'accurst *Philistian* stands on th'other side,
Grumbling aloud, and smiles 'twixt rage a
pride.
The *Plagues* of *Dagon*! a smooth *Boy*, said he,
A cursed *beardless foe* oppos'd to *Me*!
Hell! with what arms (hence thou fond *Ch*
he's come!
Some Friend his Mother call to drive him hom
Not gone yet? if one minute more thou stay,
The birds of heav'en shall bear thee *dead* away.
Gods! a curst *Boy*! the rest then murmuring ou
He walks, and casts a deadly grin about.
David with chearful anger in his Eyes,
Ib.v.45 Advances boldly on, and thus replies,
Thou com'est, vain Man, all arm'd into t
field,
And trusted those *War toys*, thy *Sword*, and *Shi*
Thy *Prides* my *Spear*, thy *Blasphemies* t
Sword;
My *Shield*, they *Maker*, Fool; the mighty *Lord*
Of *Thee* and *Battels*; who hath sent forth me
Unarm'd thus, not to *Fight*, but *Conquer* thee.
53 In vain shall *Dagon* thy false *Hope* withstand;
In vain thy *other God*, thine own *right hand*.
Thy fall to man shall heavens strong justice shew
Wretch! 't is the only *Good* which thou canst do
He said; our Hoast stood dully silent by;
And durst not trust their *Ears* against the *Eye*.
As much their *Champions* threats to him th
fear'd,
As when the *Monsters* threats to them th
heard,
His flaming Sword th'enrag'd *Philistian* sh
kee,
And hast to' his ruine with loud *Curses* makes.
Backward the Winds his *fierce Curses* blew,
Ib.v. 49 54 And fatally round his own head they flew.

F

For now from *David's* sling the stone is fled,
And strikes with joyfull noise the *Monsters* head.
It strook his forehead, and pierc'ed deeply there;
As swiftly as it pierc'ed before the *Ayre*.
Down, down he falls, and bites in vain the ground;
Blood, Brain, Soul, and crowd mingled through the *Wound*.
So a strong *Oak*, which many years had stood
With fair an flourishing boughs, *it self a Wood*;
Though it might long the *Axes* violence bear,
And play'd with *Winds* which other *Trees* did tear;
Yet by the *Thunders* stroke from th'root is rent;
So sure the blows that from high heav'en are sent.
What tongue in joy and wonder can express,
Which did that moment our whole Host possess?
Their jocond shouts th'air like a storm did tear,
Th'amazed *Clouds* fled swift away with *Fear*.
But far more swift th'accurs'd *Philistians* fly, 1 *Sam.* 17. 52.
And their ill fate to perfect, *base ty dye*.
With thousand corps the ways around are strown,
Till they, by the days flight secure their own.
Now through the Camp founds nought but *David's* name;
All joys of several stamp and colours came
From several passions; some his Valour praise,
Some his free Speech, some the fair popular rayes
Of Youth, and Beauty, and his *modest Guise*;
Gifts that mov'd all, but charm'ed the Female Eyes.
Some wonder, some they thought t'would be so swear;
And some saw *Angels* flying through the air.
The basest spi'rits cast black a crooked glance
On this great act, and fain would give't to *Chance*. 1 *Sam.* 18. 6. *Ib.* v. 8.
Women our Host with *Songs* and *Dances* meet,
With much joy *Saul, David* with more they greet.

Hence the Kings politique rage and envy flows,
Which first he hides, and seeks his life t'expose
To *gen'erous dangers* that his hate might clear,
And *Fate* or *Chance* the blame, nay *David* bear.
So vain are mans designs! for *Fate* and *Chance*
2 *Sam.* And *Earth*, and *Heav'en* conspired to his advance
8. 16. His Beauty, Youth, Courage and Wondrous Wit,
In all Mankind but *Saul* did Love begit.
Not *Sauls* own house, nor his own neerest blood
The noble causes sacred force withstood.
You'have met no doubt, and kindly us'ed the fame.
Of God-like *Jonathans* illustrious *Name*;
A *Name* which ev'ery wind to heav'en would bear.
Which *Men* to speak, and *Angels* joy to hear.
55 No *Angel*'re bore to his *Brother-Mind*
A kind'ness more exalted and refin'd,
Than his to *David*, which look'd nobly down,
And scorn'd the false *Alarums* of a *Crown*.
1 *Sam.* At *Dammin* field he stood; and from his place
18. 1. Leapt forth, the *wondrous Conqu'eror* to embrace;
ib. v. 4. 56 On him his Mantle, Girdle, Sword, and Bow,
On him his *Heart* and *Soul* he did bestow.
Nor all that *Saul* could threaten or perswade,
In this close knot the smallest looseness made.
Oft his wise care did the Kings rage suspend.
1 *Sam.* His own lifes danger (helter'd oft his *Friend*.
20. 31. Which he expos'd a Sacrifice to fall
By th'*undiscerning rage* of furious *Saul*.
Nor was young *Davids* active vertue grown
Strong and triumphant one *Sex* alone.
Imperious Beauty too it durst invade,
1 *Sam.* 18 And deeper Prints in the *soft breast* it made,
20. 28. For there t'*esteem* and *Friendships* graver name,
Passion was pour'd like *Oyl* into the *Flame*.
Like two bright *Eyes* in a fair *Body* plac'ed,

Sauls

Sauls Royal house two beauteous *Daughters* gra-
c'ed.
Merab the first, *Michol* the younger nam'ed,
Both equally for different glories fam'ed.
Merab with spacious beauty fill'ed the sight,
But too much *awe* chastis'ed the bold delight.
Like a calm Sea, which th'enlarged view,
Gives *pleasure* but gives *fear* and *rev'erence* too.
Michols sweet looks clear and free joys did move,
And no less *strong*, though much more *gentle Love.*
Like virtuous *Kings* whom men rejoyce t'obey,
Tyrants themselves less absolute than *They.*
Merab appear'd like some some fair Princely *Tow-*
er,
Michol some *Virgin Queens* delicious *Bower.*
All *Beauties* stores in *Little* and in *Great*;
But the *contracted Beams* shut fiercest heat.
A clean and lively *Brown* was *Merabs* dy,
Such as the *Prouder* colours might envy.
Michols pure skin shone with such taintless *White*;
As scatter'd the weak rays of humane sight.
Her lips and cheeks a nobler red did shew,
Then e're on fruits or flowers Heav'ens Pencil
drew.
From *Merabs* eyes fierce and quick *Lightnings* ca-
me,
From *Michols* the *Suns mild*, yet active flame;
Merabs long hair was glossy chestnut brown,
Tresses of palest gold did *Michol* crown.
Such was their outward form, and one might
find
A difference not unlike it in the *Mind.*
Merab with comely *Majesty* and *state*
Bore high th'advantage of her *Worth* and *Fate.*
Such humble sweetness did soft *Michol* show,
That none who *reach so high* e're *stoopt so low.*
Merab rejoyc'd in her wrackt *Lovers* pain,
And fortifi'd her *vertue* with *Disdain.*
The griefs she caus'd gave gentle *Michol* grief,

She wisht her *Beauties* less for their relief,
Ev'en to her *Captives civil*; yet th'excess
Of *naked Virtue* guarded her no less.
Busines and *Power Merabs* large thoughts did ve:
Her *wit* disdain'd the Fetters of her *Sex*.
Michol no less disdain'd affairs and noise,
Yet did it not from *Ignorance*, but *Choise*.
In brief, both *Copies* were more sweetly drawn;
Merab of *Saul*, *Michol* of *Ionathan*.
The day that *David* great *Goliah* slew,
Not great *Goliahs Sword* was more his due,
Than *Merab*; by *Sauls* publick promise she
Was sold then and betroth'd to *Victory*.
But haughty *she* did this just match despise,
Her *Pride* debaucht her *Iudgment* and her *Eyes*.
An unknown *Youth*, ne're seen at *Court* before,
Who *Shepherds-staff*, and *Shepherds* habit bore
The seventh-born Son of no rich house, wer
ſtill
Th'unplaisant forms which her high thoughts di
fill.
And much aversion in her stubborn mind
Was bred by being *promis'd* and *design'd*.
Long had the patient *Adriel* humbly born
The roughest shoks of her imperious scorn,
Adriel the *Rich*, but riches were in vain,
And could not set him *free*, nor her *enchain*
Long liv'ed they thus; but as the hunted *Dear*
Closely pursu'ed quits all her wonted fear,
And takes the neareſt waves, which from the shore
1 Sam. She oft with horrour had beheld before.
18. 19. So whilst the *violent Maid* from *David* fled,
She leapt to *Adriels* long avoided bed.
The match was nam'd, agreed, and finisht strait;
So soon comply'd with *Sauls Envy* with her *Hate*.
But *Michol* in whose breast all virtues move
That hatch the *pregnant seeds* of sacred *Love*,
With juster eyes the noble *Object* meets,
And turns all *Merabs Poyson* into *Sweets*.
She saw and wondred how a *Youth* unknown,

Should

Should make all *Fame to come* so soon his own:
She saw, and wondred how a *Shepherds Crook*
Despis'd that *Sword* at which the *Scepter* shook.
Though he seventh-born, & though his House but poor,
She knew it *noble* was, and *would* be more.
Oft had she heard and *sanfied* of the fight,
With wat a *generous calm* he marcht to fight.
In the great danger how exempt from *Fear*,
And after it from *Pride* he did appear.
Greatness, and *Goodness*, and an *Ayr divine*,
She saw through all his *words* and *actions* shine.
She heard his eloquent *Tongue*, and charming *Lyre*,
Whose artful sounds did violent *Love* inspire,
Though us'd all other *Passions* to relieve;
She weigh'd all this, and well we may conceive,
When those strong thoughts attaqu'd her doubtful breast,
His *Beauty* no less active than the rest.
The fire thus kindled soon grew fierce and great;
When *Davids* breast reflected back its heat.
Soon she perceiv'd (scarce can *Love* hidden ly
From any sight, much less the *Loving Eye*)
She *Conqu'eror* was as well as *Overcome*,
And gain'd no less *Abroad* than lost at *Home*.
Ev'en the first hour they met (for such a pair,
Who in all mankind else so matchless were,
Yet their own *Equals*, *Natures* self does wed)
A mutual warmth through both their bosos spred.
Fate gave the *Signal*; both at once began
The gentle *Race*, and with just pace they ran;
Ev'en so (methinks) when two Fair *Tapers* come,
From several Doors entring at once the Room,
With a swift flight that leaves the Eye behind;
Their *amorous Lights* into *one Light* are join'd.
Nature herself, were she to judge the case,
Knew not which first *began* the kind embrace.
Michol her modest flames sought to conceal,
But *Love* ev'en th' *Art* to hide it does *reveal*.
Her soft unpractis'd *Eyes* betray'd the *Theft*,

Love past through them, and there such *foot steps* left.
She blusht when he approacht, and when he spoke,
And suddenly her wandring answers broke,
At his names sound, and when she heard him prais'd,
With concern'd haste her thoughtful looks she rais'd,
Uncall'd for sighs oft from her bosome flew,
And *Adriels active* friend she'*abruptly* grew.
Oft when the *Courts* gay youth stood waiting by,
She strove to act a cold *Indifferency*;
In vain she acted so constrain'd apart,
For thousand *Nameless things* disclos'd her Heart.
On th' other side *David* with silent pain
Did in respectful bounds his Fires contain.
His humble fear t'offend, and trembling aw,
Impos'd on him a no less rigorous *Law*.
Then *Modesty* on her, and though he strove
To make her see't, he durst not tell his *Love*.
To Tell it first the timorous youth made choice
Of *Musicks* bolder and more active voice.
And thus beneath her Window, did he touch
His faithfull Lyre; the words and numbers such,
As did well worth my Memory appear,
And may perhaps deserve your princely Ear.

1.

Awake, awake my *Lyre*,
And tell thy *silent Masters* humble tale,
In sounds that may prevail;
Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire,
Though so *Exalted* she
And I so *Lowly* be,
Tell her such *different Notes* make all thy *Harmonie*.

2.

Hark, how the Strings awake,
And though the *Moving Hand* approach not near,
Themselves with awful fear,

A kind of num'erous *Trembling* make.
Now all thy Forces try,
Now all thy charms apply,
Revenge upon her *Ear* the *Conquests* of her *Eye*.

3.

Weak *Lyre*! thy vertue sure
Is useless here, since thou art only found
To *Cure*, but not to *Wound*,
And she to *Wound*, but not to *Cure*.
Too weak too wilt thou prove
My *Passion* to remove,
Physick to other *Ills*, thou'rt *Nourishment* to *Love*.

4.

Sleep, *sleep* again, my *Lyre*;
For thou can'st never tell my humble tale,
In sounds that will prevail,
Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire;
All thy vain mirth lay by,
Bid thy strings silently,
Sleep, *sleep* again, my *Lyre*, and let thy *Master* dye.

She heard all this, and the prevailing sound
Toucht with delightful pain her tender wound.
Yet though she joy'd th'*authentique news* to hear,
Of what she guest before with jealous *fear*,
She checkt her forward joy, and blusht for shame,
And did his boldness with forc'ed anger blame.
The senseless rules, which first *False Honour* taught,
And into *Laws* the *Tyrant Custom* brought,
Which Womens *Pride* and *Folly* did invent,
Their *Lovers* and *Themselves* too to torment,
Made her next day a grave displeasure fain,
And all her *words*, and all her *looks* constrain
Before the trembling youth; who when he saw
His *vital Light* her wonted beams withdraw,
He curst his voice, his fingers, and his Lyre,

He curst his *to bold Tongue*, and *bold Desire.*
In vain he curst the last, for that still grew;
From all things *Food* its *strong Complexion* drew:
His *Joy* and *Hope* their chearful motions ceast,
His *Life* decay'd, but still his *Love* encreast.
Whilst she whose Heart approv'd not her *Disdain*,
Saw and endu'rd his *pains* with greater *pain*.
But *Jonathan*, to whom both hearts were known
Whith a concernment equal to their own.
Joyful that Heav'en with his sworn love comply'd
To draw that knot more fast which he had ty'd.
With well-tim'd zeal, and with an artful care,
Restor'd, and better'd soon the *nice affair*.
With ease a Brothers lawful power o'recame
The *formal decencies* of virgin-shame.
She first with all her heart forgave the past,
Heard *David* tell his flames, and *told her own* at last
Lo here the happy point of prosperous *Love*!
Which ev'en *Enjoyment* seldom can improve!
Themselves agreed, which scarce could fail alone,
All *Israels* wish concurrent with their own.
A *Brothers* powerfull ayd firm to the side,
By solemn vow the *King* and *Father* tyde:
All jealous fears, all nice disguites past,
All that in *less-ripe Love* offends the *Taste*,
In eithers Breast their *Souls* both meet and wed,
Their *Heart* the *Nuptial-Temple* and the *Bed*.
And though the grosser cates were yet not drest,
By which the *Bodies* must supply this *Feast*;
Bold *Hopes* prevent slow *Pleasures* lingring birth,
As *Saints* assur'd of *Heav'en* enjoy't on *Earth*.
All this the *King* observ'd, and well he saw
What scandal, and what danger it might draw
T'oppose this just and popular match, but meant
T'out-*malice* all *Refusals* by *Consent*.
He meant the *poi'onous grant* should mortal prove;
He meant t'ensnare his *Virtue* by his *Love*.

1 Sam. 18. 21.

And

And thus he to him spoke, with more of art
And fraud, than well became the *Kingly part.*
Your valour, *David*, and high worth (said he)
To *praise*, is all mens duty, mine to *see*
Rewarded; and we shall t'our utmost powers
Do with like care that part, as you did yours.
Forbid it *God*, we like those *Kings* should prove,
Who *Fear* the *Virtues* which they're bound to *Love.*
Your *Piety* does that tender point secure,
Nor will my *Acts* such *humble thoughts* endure.
Your neerness to't rather *supports* the *Crown*,
And th'*honours* giv'en to you encrease *our own.*
All that we can we'll give; 't is our intent
Both as a *Guard*, and as an *Ornament*
To place thee next our selves; Heav'en does approve,
And my *Sons Friendship*, and my *Daughters Love*:
Guide *fatally*, methinks, my willing choice;
I see, methinks, *Hea'ven* in 't, and I rejoice.
Blush not, my Son, that *Michols* Love I name,
Nor need *She* blush to hear it; 't is to *shame*
Nor *secret* now; *Fame* does it loudly tell,
And all men but thy *Rivals* like it well.
If *Merabs* choice could have comply'd with mine,
Merab, my elder comfort, had been thine.
And hers at last should have with mine comply'd,
Had I not *Thine* and *Michols* heart descry'd.
Take whom thou lov'est, and who loves thee; the last.
And *dearest Present* made me by the chast
Abinoam; and unless she me deceive,
When I to *Ionathan* my *Crown* shall leave,
'Twill be a smaller *Gift*.
If I thy generous thoughts may undertake
To guess, they are what *Jointure* thou shalt make,
Fitting her *Birth* and *fortune*: and since so
Custom ordains, we mean t'exact it too.

T 7 The

The *Joynture* we exact, is that shall be
No less advantage to thy *Fame* than *She*,
Go where *Philistian* Troops infest the Land;
Renew the terrours of thy conquering hand.
When thine own hand, which needs must conquer prove,
In this joint cause of *Honour* and of *Love*.
An hundred of the faithless Foe shall slay,
1 Sam. 18. 25. 59 And for a *Dowre* their hundred foreskins pay,
Be *Michol* thy Reward; did we not know
Thy mighty *Fate*, and *Worth* that makes it so,
We should not cheaply the dear blood expose
Which we to mingle with our own had chose.
But thou'rt secure; and since this match thine
We to the publick benefit design,
A publick good shall its beginning grace,
And give *triumphant Omens* of thy race.
Thus spoke the King: the *happy Youth* bow low;
Modest and graceful his great joy did show,
The noble task well pleas'd his generous mind;
And nought t'except against it could he find,
But that his *Mistress* price too *cheap* appear'd,
No *Danger*, but her *Scorn* of it he fear'd.
She with much different sense the news receiv'd,
At her high rate she trembled, blusht, and griev'd.
'T was a less work the conquest of his Foes,
Than to obtain her leave his life t'expose.
Their kind debate on this soft point would prove
Tedious, and needless to repeat: If *Love*
(As sure it has) e're toucht your princely breast,
'Twill to your gentle thoughts at full suggest
All that was done, or said; the grief, hope fears;
His *troubled joys*, and her *obliging Tears*.
In all the pomp of Passions reign, they part;

An

And bright prophetique forms enlarge his heart;
Victory and *Fame*; and that more *quick delight*
Of the rich prize for which he was to fight.
Tow'ard *Gath* he went; and in one month (so soon
A *fatal*, and a *willing* work is done)
A double *Dowre*, two hundred foreskins brought
Of choice *Philistian* Knights with whom he fought,
Men that in birth and valour did excel,
Fit for the *Cause* and *Hand* by which they fell:
Now was *Saul* caught; nor longer could delay
The two *restlesse Lovers* happy day.
Though this days *coming* long had seem'd and slow,
Yet seem'd its *stay* as long and tedious now.
For now the violent *weight* of eager *Love*,
Did with more haste so near its *Centre* move,
He curst the stops of form and state, which lay
In this last *stage* like *Scandals* in his way.
On a large gentle *Hill*, crown'd with tall wood,
Neer where the *regal Gabaah* proudly stood,
A *Tent* was pitcht, of green wrought Damask made,
And seem'd but the fresh Forrests nat'ural shade,
Various, and vast within, on pillars born
Of *Shittim* Wood, that *usefully adorn*.
Hither to grace the Nuptial-Feast does *Saul*
Of the *Twelve Tribes* th'*Elders* and *Captains* call,
And all around the *idle*, *busie* crowd,
With shouts and Blessings tell their joy aloud.
Lo, the press breaks, and from their several homes
In decent pride the *Bride* and *Bridegroom* comes.
Before the *Bride*, in a long double row
With solemn pace thirty choice *Virgins* go,
And make a *Moving Galaxy* on earth;

All

All heav'enly *Beauties*, all of highest *Birth*;
64 All clad in liveliest colours, fresh and fair,
65 As the bright flowers that crown'd their bright *Hair*,
All in that new-blown age, which does inspire *Warmth* in *Themselves*, in their *Beholders Fire*.
But all this, and all else the *Sun* did ere,
Or *Fancy* see, in her less bounded *Sphere*,
The *Bride* her self out-shone; and one would say
They made but the faint *Dawn* to her full *Day*.
Behind a numerous train of *Ladies* went,
Who on their dress much fruitless care had spent
Vain Gems, and unregarded cost they bore,
For all mens eyes were ty'd to those before.
The *Bridegrooms* flourishing Troop fill'd next the place,
66 With thirty comly youths of noblest race,
That marcht before; and Heav'en around his head,
The graceful beams of *Joy* and *Beauty* spread.
67 So the glad *Star* which *Men* and *Angels* love,
Prince of the glorious *Host* that shines above,
No *Light* of *Heav'en* so chearful or so gay,
Lifts up his sacred *Lamp*, and opens *Day*.
The *King* himself, at the Tents crowned gate
In all his robes of ceremony' and state
Sate to receive the train; on either hand
Did the *High Priest*, and the *Great Prophet* stand.
Adriel behind *Jonathan*; *Abner*, *Jesse*,
And all the Chiefs in their due order presse.
First *Saul* declar'd his choice, and the just cause,
Avow'd by'a gene'ral murmur of applause,
68 Then sign'd her *Dow're*, and in few words he pray'd,
And blest, and gave; he joyful trembling *Maid*
T'her *Lovers* hands, who with a chearful look
And humble gesture the *vast Present* took.
69 The *Nuptial-Hymn* strait sounds, and *Musicks* play,
70 And *Feasts* and *Balls* shorten the *thoughtless day*.

To

To all but to the *wedded*, till at last
The long wisht night did her kind shadow cast;
At last th'*inestimable hour* was come
To lead his *Conquering prey* in *triumph* home,
To'a *Palace* near, dreſt for the Nuptial-bed
Part of her Dowre) he his fair *Princeſs* led,
Saul, the *High-Prieſt*, and *Samuel* here they leave,
Who as they part, their *weighty bleſſings* give.
Her *Vail* is now put on; and at the gate
The thirty *Youths*, and thirty *Virgins* wait
With golden *Lamps*, bright as the flames they bore,
To light the *Nuptial-pomp*, and march before.
The reſt bring home in ſtate the happy Pair,
To that laſt *Scene* of *Bliſs*, and leave them there
All thoſe free joys inſatiably to prove
With which rich *Beauty* feaſts the *Glutton Love*.
But ſcarce, alas, the ſev'en days were paſt,
In which the publick *Nuptial Triumphs* laſt,
When *Saul* this new *Alliance* did repent,
Such ſubtle cares his jealous thoughts torment,
He envy'ed the good work himſelf had done;
Fear'd *David* leſs his *Servant* than his *Son*.
No longer his wild wrath could he command;
He ſeeks to ſtain his own imperial hand
In his *Sons* blood; and that twice cheated too,
With *Troops* and *Armies* does *one life* purſue.
Said I but *One*? his thirſty rage extends
To th'Lives of all his *kindred*, and his *friends*;
Ev'en *Jonathan* had dyed for being ſo;
Had not juſt *God* put by th'unnat'ural blow.
You ſee, Sir, the true cauſe which brings us here;
No ſullen diſcontent, or groundleſs fear,
No guilty *Act* or *End* calls us from home.
Only to breath in peace a while we come,
Ready to *Serve*, and in mean ſpace to *Pray*
For *You* who us receive, and *Him* who drives away.

NOTES

NOTES UPON THE THIRD BOOK

1 A Town not far from *Jerusalem*, according t
S. *Hieron.* in his *Commentary* upon *Isaiah*, b
which it seems it was re-edified, after th
destruction of it by *Saul*; he says that *Jeru*
salem might be seen from it. *Adricomi*
knows not whether he should place it in the *Tribe* of *Ben*
jamin or *Ephraim*. *Abulensis* sure is in an errour, placin
it in the *Half Tribe* of *Manasses* beyond *Iordan*. I call
Nobe according to the *Latin Translation*; for (methinks
Nob is too unheroical a name.

2 *Panes Propositionis*, in the *Septuagint*, ἄρτοι ἐνώπιο
from the *Hebrew*, in which it signifies *Panes Facierum*
because they were always standing before the *Face* of th
Lord; which is meant too by the *English* word *Shew*
bread. The Law concerning them, *Levit.* 23. com
mands not only that they should be eaten by the *Priest*
alone, but also eaten in the *holy Place*. *For it is most hol*
unto him, of the offerings made unto the Lord by fire, by
a perpetual statute, Verse 9. In the *Holy place*, that is a
the door of the *Tabernacle*, as appears, *Lev.* 8. 31
and that which remained was to be burnt, lest it should
be eaten by any but the Priests. How comes it then to
pass, not only that *Abimelech* gave of his bread to *Da*
vid and his company, but that *David* says to him,
1 *Sam.* 21. 5. *The bread is in a manner common*? The
Latine differently, *Porro via hac polluta est, sed & ipsa*
hodie sanctificabitur in vasis. The words are somewhat
obscure; the meaning sure must be, that seeing here
are new Breads to be set upon the Table, the publique
occa-

occasion (for that he pretended) and present necessity makes these as it were *common*. So, what more sacred than the *Sabboth*? yet the *Maccabees* ordained, that it should be lawful to fight against their enemies on that day. *Seneca* says very well, *Necessitas magnum humanæ imbecillitatis patrocinium, quicquid cogit excusat.* And we see this act of *Davids* approved of in the Evangelists.

Fatal, in regard his coming was the cause of *Abimelechs* murder and the destruction of the Town.

Sacred: made so by *Davids* placing it in the *Tabernacle* as a *Trophee* of his *Victory*, ἀνάθημα. Thus *Iudith* dedicated all the stuff of *Holophernes* his Tent as a *Gift* unto the *Lord*, Jud. 16, 19. ἀνάθημα τῷ κυρίῳ ἔδωκε where the Latin commonly adds *Obliviosus*; in *anathema oblivionis*, which should be left out. *Iosephus* of this word, τὸ ῥομφαίαν ἀνέθηκε τῷ Θεῷ. And Sulpit. Sever. *Gladium posteà in Templum posuit*; i. *In Tabernaculum Nobæ*: where, methinks, *In Templum* signifies more than if he had said *in Templo*. The reason of this custom is, to acknowledge that *God* is the giver of *Victory*. And I think all Nations have concurred in this duty after successes, and called (as *Virgil* says)

In prædam partemque Iovem.----

So the *Philistims* hung up the Armes of *Saul* in the Temple of *Astharoth*, and carried the *Ark* into the Temple of *Dagon*. *Nicol. de Lyra* believes that this Sword of *Goliah* was not consecrated to *God*: for then *Abimelech* in giving, and *David* in taking it had sinned; for it is said, *Levit.* 27. 28. *Whatsoever is devoted is most holy unto the Lord*; but that it was only laid up as a *Monument* of a famous victory, in a publick place. There is no need of this evasion; for not every thing consecrated to *God* is unalienable (at least for a time) in case of necessity since we see the very *vessels* of the Temple were often given to *Invaders* by the Kings of *Judah*, to make peace with them. *Pro Rep. plerumque Templa nudantur.* Sen. in Controvers.

This

into the Land of the *Philistims* (which seems more probable than that he should go immediately and avowedly to *Achis Court* so soon after the defeat of *Goliah*) is added to the History by a *Poetical Licence*, which I take to be very harmless, and which therefore I make bold to use upon several occasions.

6 Their *Goddess Dagon*, a kind of *Mermaid Deity*. See on the second Book.

7 *Adullam*, An Ancient Town in the *Tribe* of *Iudah* even in *Judah's* time, *Gen.* 38. in *Iosua's* it had a *King*, Josh. 12. 15. the *Cave* still remains; and was used by the *Christians* for their refuge upon several irruptions of the *Turks*, in the same manner as it served *David* now.

8 In this *Enumeration* of the chief *Persons* who came to assist *David*, I choose to name but a few. The *Greek* and *Latin Poets* being in my opinion too large upon this kind of subject, especially *Homer*, in enumerating the *Grecian* Fleet and Army; where he makes a long list of *Names* and *Numbers*, just as they would stand in the *Roll of a Muster-Master*, without any delightful and various descriptions of the persons; or at least very few such. Which *Lucan* (methinks) avoids viciously by an excess the other way.

9 2 Sam. 2. *And Asael was as swift of foot as a wild Roe* Joseph says of him, that he would out-run ἵππον κατὰ στάσιν εἰς ἅμιλλαν, which is no such great matter. The *Poets* are all bolder in their expression upon the swiftness of some persons. *Virgil* upon *Nisus Æn.*

Emicat & ventis, & fulminis ocyor alis.

But that is *Modest* with them. Hear him of *Camilla Æn.* 7.

Illa vel intactæ segetis per summa volaret
Gramina, nec teneras cursu læsisset aristas.
Vel mare per medium fluctu suspensa tumenti
Ferret iter, celeres nec tingeret æquore plantas.

From whence I have the hint of my description, *Oft over the Lawns*, &c. but I durst not in a Sacred Story be quite so bold as he. The walking over the waters is too much yet he took it from *Homer. 20. Iliad.*

A

> Αἱ δ' ὅτε μὲν σκιρτῷεν ἐπὶ ζείδωρον ἄρουραν
> Ἄκρον ἐπ' Ἀνθερίκων καρπὸν θέον οὐδὲ κατέκλων.
> Ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ σκιρτῷεν, ἐπ' εὐρέα νῶτα θαλάσσης
> Ἄκρον ἐπὶ ῥηγμῖνος ἁλὸς πολιοῖο θέεσκον.

They ran upon the top of flowers without breaking them, and upon the back of the Sea, &c where the *Hyperbole* (one would think) might have ſatisfied any moderate man; yet *Scal.* 5 *de Poet.* prefers *Virgils* from the encreaſe of the *miracle*, by making *Camilla*'s flight over a tenderer thing than *Antherici*, and by the exaggerations of *Intactæ*, *Gramina*, *Volaret*, *Suſpenſa*, *Nec tingeret*. *Appollon.* 1. *Argonaut.* has the like *Hyperbole*, and of *Polypbemus* too, a Monſter, that one would believe ſhould rather ſink the *Earth* at every tread, than run over the *Sea* with dry feet,

> Κεῖνος ἀνὴρ καὶ πόντου ἐπὶ γλαυκοῖο θέεσκεν
> Οἴδματος, οὐδὲ θοοὺς βάπτεν πόδας, ἀλλ' ὅσον ἄκροις
> Ἴχνεσι τεγγόμενος διερῇ πεφέρητο κελεύθῳ.

And *Solinus* reports hiſtorical of *Ladas* (the man ſo much celebrated by the *Poets*) *cap.* 6. That he ran ſo lightly over the duſt (*ſuprà cavum pulverem*) that he never left a mark in it. So that a *Greek Epigram* calls his

Δαιμόνιον τὸ τάχος.
The ſwiftnes s of a *God*.

All which, I hope, will ſerve to excuſe me in this place.

Ieſſides, the Son of *Ieſſe*; a *Patronymique* after the *Greek* form.

Moab, that part of the Kingdom of *Moab* that was poſſeſt by *Ruben*, lying upon the *Dead-Sea*, which divides it from the Tribe of *Judah*; but *Jordan* divides it from the Tribes of *Benjamin* and *Ephraim*, ſo *Judah* is not here taken in a preciſe ſenſe for that Tribe only.

His: becauſe *Jordan* runs into it, and is there loſt. It is called promiſcuouſly a *Sea*, or, *Lake*, and is more properly a *Lake*.

Amoreus was the fourth Son of *Canaan*; the Country of his Sons extended Eaſt and Weſt between *Arnon* and *Iordã*, North ãd South betweẽ *Iaboc* ãd the Kĩgdõ of *Moab*. They were totally deſtroyed by the *Iſraelites*, ãd their Lãd

given

given to the Tribe of *Gad*, *Gen.* 10. 14. *Numb.* 21. 3 *Deut.* 3. *Josh.* 13. *Jud.* 12.

14 *Edom*: called by the *Greeks Idumæa*: denominated fro *Esau*. *Josephus* makes two *Idumæa's*, the *Upper* ar the *Lower*; the upper was possest by the Tribe of *Juda* and the Lower by *Simeon*; but still the *Edomites* posse the Southern part of the Country, from the Sea of *Sodo* towards the *Red*, *or*, *Idumæan Sea*. The great Map *Adricomius* places another *Edom & Montes Seir*, a litt North of *Bubba* of the *Ammonites*, which I conceive be a mistake. The *Greeks* under the name of *Idume* it clude sometimes all *Palestine* and Arabia.

Petra. The *Metropolis* of *Arabia Petræa*. Adric. 77.

> *Petræa autem dicta à vetustissimo oppido Petræ deserti ipsius Metropoli suprà mare mortuum sitâ.*

It is hard to set the bounds of his country (and indee of all the little ancient Kingdoms in those parts;) for s metimes it includes *Moab*, *Elam*, *Amalec*, *Cedar Madian*, and all the Land Southward to *Egypt*, or th *Red-Sea*: but here it is taken in a more contracted sign fication, for that part of *Arabia* which lies near the *M tropolis Petra*, and denominates the *whole*. I doul much, whether *Petra Deserti*, which *Adric.* makes t be the same, were not another City of the same nam *Adric.* is very confused in the description of the Cour tries bordering upon the Jews, nor could well be othe wise, the matter is so intricate, aud to make amen not much important.

15 *Cush. Arabia Sabæa*, so called from *Saba* the Son *Cush*, and Grand-child of *Cham*. All the Inhabitants *Arabia*, down to the *Red-sea* (for *Jethro's* daughte of *Midian* was a *Cusite*, though taken by *Josephus* to b an *African Ethiop*) are called sometimes in Scripture *Cu sites*, and translated *Ethiopians*; and I believe the othe *Ethiopians* beyond *Egypt* descended from these, and ar the *Cusitæ* at other times mentioned in the Scripture.

Ammon is by some accounted a part of *Arabia Fœlix* and the Country called since *Philadelphia*, from th *Metropolis* of that name, conceived by *Adricom.* to b th

e ſame with *Rabba* of *Ammon*, the Son of *Lot*. Accounted of the race of the *Giants*, that is, a big, ong, and warlike ſort of people; as *Amos* ſays Poeti- ly of the *Amorites*, As tall as *Cedars*, and ſtrong as ks. Theſe *Emins* were beaten by *Chederlaom*, Gen. 14. l extirpated afterwards by the *Moabites*, who called it Countrey *Moab*, from their Anceſtor the Son of t.

Seon King of the *Amorites*, who conquered the great t of the Kingdom of *Moab* all weſtward of *Arnon*, l poſſeſt it himſelf till the *Iſraelites* ſlew him, and de- oyed his people. *Arnon*, a River that diſcharges it ſelf o the *Dead-ſea*, and riſes in an high Rock in the ountry of the *Amorites*, called *Arnon*, which gives name to the *River*, and that to the *City Arnon*, or ear ſeated upon it. Or,

Eſebon. A famous and ſtrong City ſeated upon an hill, l encompaſſed with brick-walls, with many Villages, l Towns depending on it. It was twenty miles di- ut from *Jordan*. Adric.

For *Saul* had made war upon the *Moabites*, and done m much hurt, 1 *Sam.* 14. 49.

I take it for an infallible certainty, that *Ophir* was not ome imagine in the *Weſt-Indies*; for in *Solomons* time, here it is firſt mentioned, thoſe Countrys neither re nor could be known, according to their manner of vigation. And beſides, if all that were granted, *Solo- n* would have ſet out his Fleet for that voyage from ne Port of the *Mediterranean*, and not the *Red-ſea*. I refore without any ſcruple ſay, *Ophirs riſing Morn*, l make it a Country in the *Eaſt Indies*, called by *Fo- bas* and S. *Hieron*, *The Golden Country*. *Grotius* doubts ether *Ophir* were not a Town ſeated in the *Arabian* , which *Arrian* calls *Alphar*, *Pliny Saphar*, *Ptolomy ophara*, *Stephanus Sapharma*, whither the *Indians* ought their Merchandizes, to be fetcht from thence the Merchants of the more Weſtern Countrys. But t ſmall ſimilitude of the name is not worth the change a received opinion.

Like this is that of *Dido* to *Æneas*,

Non

Non obtusa adeò gestamus pectora Pœni,
Nec tam aversus equos Tyriâ Sol jungit ab urbe.

And in *Stat.* of *Adrastus* to *Polynices*;

Nec tam aversum fama
Mycenis Volvit iter.

22 *Phegor*, or *Phogor*, or *Peor*, was an high Mount upon the Top of which *Balaam* was desired by *Ba* to curse, but did bless *Israel*. This place was cho perhaps by *Balac*, because upon it stood the Temple his *Baal*. Which was, I believe the *Sun*, the Lord *Heaven*, the same with *Moloch* of the *Ammonites* a the *Moabites Chemos*; only denominated *Baal Pheho* from that particular place of his worship, as *Iupi Capitolinus*. Some think that particular place of his w ship, as *Iupiter Capitolinus*. Some think that *Baal P* was the same with *Priapus* the *obscene Idol*, so famous ancient Authors; it may be the *Image* might be made ter that fashion, to signifie that the *Sun* is the *Baal*; *Lord of Generation*.

33 The making of *Hangings* with *Figures* came first fro *Babylon*, from whence they were called *Babylonic* Plin. l. 8. c. 48. *Colores diversos picturæ intertexere Bal lon maximè Celebravit, & nomen imposuit*, Plaut. Sticho.

Tum Babylonica peristromata consummata consutaq; tapet
Advexit minimum bonæ rei.

He calls the like Hangings in Pseud.

Alexandria belluata conchiliata peristromata.

Mart. l. 8. *Non ego prætulerim Babylonica picta superbe*
Texta Semiramicâ quæ variantur acu.

And long before, *Lucret. l.* 4.

Babylonica magnifico splendore.

24 These kind of Ivory Tables born up with the Imag of Beasts, were much in esteem among the An cients. The Romans had them, as also all other instru ments of *Luxury*, from the *Asiatiques*,

—— *Pa*

——— *Putere videntur*
Unguenta atq; rosæ latos nisi sustinet orbes
Grande ebur, & magno sublimis Pardus hiatu,
Dentibus ex illis quos mittit parta Sienes
Et Mauri celeres. Juven. 11.
Mart. *Et Mauri Lybicis centum stent dentibus orbes.*

Citron: It is not here taken for the *Lemon Tree* (though at be in Latine called *Citrus* too, and in French *Citron-er*) but for a Tree something resembling a wild *Cy-ess*, and growing chiefly in *Africk*: it is very famous nong the Roman Authors, and was most used for banetting *Beds* and *Tables*. *Martial* says it was more pre-ous than Gold.

Accipe fælices, Atlantica munera, mensas,
Aurea qui dederit dona, minora dabit.

e *Plin. l.* 13. *c.* 15. The spots and crispness of the ood, was the great commendation of it: From when-they were called, *Tygrinæ* and *Pantherinæ Mensæ*. irg. Ciris.

Nec Lybis Assyrio sternetur Lectulus ostro.

here *Lybis Lectulus* may signifie either an Ivory, or a itron Bed.

Purple Coverlets were most in use among great per-ns. *Hom. Il.* 9.

Ἔισεν δ' ἐν κλισμοῖσι πώπησι τε πορφυρέοισι,

Virg. *Sarrano dormiat ostro.*
hat is, *Tyrian purple*. Stat. Theb. 1.

——— *Pars ostro tenues aurog; sonantes*
Emunire toros. ———

hey lye (says *Plato* the *Comedian* in *Athen.* 2.) ἐν κλίνεσι ἐλεφαντόποσι τοῖς στρώμασι πορφυροβάπτοις &c.

The *Purple* of the Ancients was taken out of a kind *Shellfish* called *Purpura*; where it was found in a hite vein running through the middle of the mouth, hich was cut out and boyled; and the blood used afterwards in Dying, produced the colour *Nigrantis rosublucentem*, which *Pliny* witnesses to be the *true* Pur-e, though there were other sorts too of it, as the

colour of *Violet Hyacinth*, &c. Of this Invention t
totally loſt, ſee *Plin.* l. 9. c. 38. and *Pancirollus.*
greateſt Fiſhing for theſe *Purples* was at *Tyre*, and th
was the greateſt manufacture and Trade of *Purple*;
re likewiſe was the invention of it, which is attribu
to *Hercules Tyrius*, who walking upon the ſhore,
his Dog bite one of thoſe Fiſhes, and found his mo
all ſtained with that excellent colour, which gave
the firſt hint of teaching the *Tyrians* how to Dye
it: From whence this colour is called in Greek Ἁλικῆρ
Ariſtot. quaſi ἁλὸς ἔργον, the work of the Sea; and
in *Tim.* defines Ἁλικρῆν to be Red mingled with W
and Black.

27 So *Æneas* in the 1. *Æn.* finds the ſtory of all the *Tr*
War painted upon the walls of *Iuno's Temple* at *Carth*
I chuſe here the hiſtory of *Lot*, becauſe the *Moabites*
cended from him.

28 *Chedor-laomer*, who according to the general opin
was King of *Perſia*, but to me it ſeems altogether
probable that the King of *Perſia* ſhould come ſo far,
joyn with ſo many Princes to make a war upon thoſe
little Kings, whoſe whole Territories were ſcarce ſo
as the leaſt ſhire in *England*, and whoſe very names
unlikely to have been heard of then, ſo far as *Perſia*.
ſides *Perſia* was not then the chief *Eaſtern* Monarchy,
Aſſyria under *Ninias* or *Zamæis*, who ſucceeded *S*
ramis, which makes me likewiſe not doubt but
they are miſtaken too, who take *Amraphel* King
Shinaar, which is interpreted *Babylonia*, for the ſ
with *Ninias*, ſince *Chedor-laomer* commanded over
a fouler error in theirs, who make *Arioch* King of *E*
ſar to be the King of *Pontus*, as *Aquila* and S. *Hier*
tranſlate it; or as *Toſtatus*, who would have it to be
Helleſpont. Stephan. de Urb. places *Ellis* in *Cœloſy*
others on the borders of *Arabia*, and that this was
ſame with *Ellaſar* has much more appearance. But
my part, I am confident that *Elam*, *Shinaar*, *Ell*
and *Tidal*, were the names of ſome Cities not far diſt
from *Sodom* and *Gomorra*, and their Kings ſuch as
thirty three that *Ioſhua* drove out of *Canaan*; others

how could *Abraham* have defeated them (abating miracles) with his own family onely? perhaps they were called of *Elam* that is *Persia*, of *Shinaar*, that is *Babylonia*, of *Hasar*, that is *Pontus*, or rather the other *Ellas*, because they were *Colonies* brought from those Countreys; which the fourth Kings title, of *Tidal*, seems to confirm; that is, of *Nations*; Latine, *Gentium*; Symmach. Παμφυλίας. To wit, of a City compounded of the conflux of people from several *Nations*. The Hebrew is *Goijm* which *Vatablus*, not without probability, takes for the proper name of a *Town*.

That he might be consumed presently after with his whole people and Kingdom, by fire from Heaven.

For *Fire* and *Brimstone* is named in Scripture, as the Torment of *Hell*; for which cause the Apostle *Iude*, v.7. says that *Sodom* and *Gomorra* are set forth for an example, πυρὸς αἰωνίου δίκην ὑπέχουσαι, suffering the vengeance of eternal fire; So our English; the Latine, *Ignis æterni pœnam sustinentes*. But I wonder none have thought of interpreting Δίκην *adverbially*; for, *Instar habentes ignis æterni*, Suffering the similitude of eternal, that is, *Hell* Fire. So Δίκην is used *Arist. de Mund.* καὶ ῥέουσι πολλάκις ποταμῶν δίκην, nay even Δίκη, the subst, is taken sometimes in that sense, as *Homer Ulyss.* ξ.

Ἡ γὰρ δμώων δίκη ἐστί.

For this is the *Manner* or fashion of *Suitors*. It is not improbable, that this Raining of Fire and Brimstone was nothing but extraordinary *Thunders* and *Lightnings*; for Thunder hath sulphur in it, which (*Grotius* says) is therefore called Θεῖον, as it were, *Divine*, because it comes from above. Several prophane Authors make mention of this destruction of *Sodom*; as *Tacitus*, *L.* 5. *Histor. Fulminum ictu arsisse*, &c. and by and by, *Igne cœlesti flagrasse*, &c.

The *blindness* with which these wretches were stroken, was not a total *Blindness* or *Privation* of their *sight*, but either such a sudden darkness in the ayr as made them grope for the door, or a sudden failing of the sight, as

when men are ready to fall into a Trance; *Eblouisseme* or that which the Greeks term ἀορασία, when men other things, but not the thing they look for. For s S. *Augustine*, *De Civit. Dei Lib.* 22. *c.* 19. If they h been quite blind; they would not have sought for t Door to go into *Lots* House, but for Guides to cond them back again to their own.

32 I describe her not after she was changed, but in t very act or moment of her changing, *Gen.* 19. 26. C English says, she became a *Pillar* of *Salt*, followi the Greek στήλη ἁλός. The Latine is, *Statua Salis*. So call it *Cumulum*; others, *Columnam*. Sulpit. Sev *Reflexit oculos, statimq; in molem conversa traditur*. I pity *Josephus*, who says he saw the *Statue* himself, om ted the description of it. Likely it is, that it retained h form. So *Cyprian* in better verse than is usual among t *Christian Poets*,

——— *Stetit ipsa Sepulchrum*,
Ipsaq; Imago sibi, formam sine corpore servans.

Some with much subtlety, and some probability, u derstand a *Pillar* of *Salt*, to signifie only an *Everlasti Pillar*, of what matter soever, as *Numb.* 18. 19. *Covenant* of *Salt*. But we may very well too understa it *Literally*, for there is a *Mineral kind* of *Salt* whi never melts, and serves for building as well as stone; whick *Pliny* speaks, *l.* 31. *c.* 7. besides, the conversi into *Salt* is very proper there, where there is such abu dance, mixt with *Sulphur*, and which place God ha as it were, *sowed with salt*, in token of eternal barre ness, of which this *Statue* was set up for a *Monume* The *Targum* of *Jerusalem* is cited; to give this reas why she looked back; it says, she was a woman of S *dom*, and that made her impatient to see what becar of her friends and *Country*. The moral of it is very pe spicuous, but well exprest by S. *August. Vxor Loth Salem conversa magno admonuit Sacramento neminem viâ liberationis suæ præterita desiderare debere.*

33 *Zippor* the Father of *Balac*, and first King of Mo mentioned in Scripture. Some Authors, I know, nan one *Vaheb* before him, but *Zippor* is the more known

mo

more authentical, and better sounding *Name*. Among the Ancients there was always some *hereditary Bowl* with which they made their *Libations* to the *Gods*, and entertained *Strangers*. Virg.

Hic Regina gravem gemmis auroq; popoſcit
Impleviq; mero pateram, quâ Belus & omnes
A Belo ſoliti ——

And presently she begins to the *Gods*. So Stat. *l.* 1. *Theb.*

Signis perfectam gemmis auroq; nitentem
Iaſides pateram ſamulos ex more popoſcit,
Quâ Danaus libare Deis, ſeniorq; Phoromeus
Aſſueti ——

And then he addes the Stories engraven on the Bowl; which would not have been so proper for me in this place, because of the *Pictures* before. *Sen. Thyeſt.* Po.ulum *infuſo cape Gentile Baccho.* This *Libation* to the Gods at the beginning of all Feasts came from the natural custom of paying the *First Fruits* of all things to the *Divinity* by whose bounty they enjoyed them.

This too was an ancient custom that never failed at solemn Feasts, to have *Musick* there (and sometimes *dancing* too) which *Homer* calls,

Ἀναθήματα δαιτός

The *Appendixes*; or as *Heisich* interpretes, κοσμήματα, the *Ornaments* of a *Feast*. And as for wise and honorable persons, there was no time of their Life less lost, than that they spent at *Table*; for either they held than some profitable and delightful discourses with Learned men; or heard some remarkable pieces of Authors (commonly *Poets*) read or repeated before them; or if they were Princes, had some eminent *Poet* (who was always then both a *Philosopher* and *Musician*) to entertain them with *Musick* and *Verses*, not upon slight or wanton, but the greatest and noblest subjects. So does *Iopas* in *Virg.*

—— *Cythará crinitus Iopas*
Personat auratâ docuit quæ maximus Atlas
Hic canit errantem Lunam Solisq; labores, &c.

So does *Orpheus* in *Apollon.* 1. *Argonaut.*

Ἤειδεν δ' ὡς γαῖα καὶ οὐρανὸς ἠδὲ θάλασσα,
Τὸ πρὶν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι μιῇ συναρηρότα μορφῇ
Νεῖκος ἐξ ὀλοοῖο διέκριθεν, &c.

So does *Demodocus* in *Homer*; through the subject, mi thinks; be not so well chosen.

35 See *Athen.* L. 1. c. 12. upon this matter, where amon other things, he speaks to this sense. The *Poets* wer anciently a race of *wise men*, both in learning and pract ce *Philosophers*; and therefore *Agamemnon* (at his ex pedition for *Troy*) leaves a *Poet* with *Clytemnestra*, as *Guardian* and *Instructer* to her, who by laing before h the vertues of women, might give her impressions o goodness and honour, and by the delightfulness of h conversation, divert her from worse pleasures. So *Ægi stens* was not able to corrupt her till he had killed h *Poet*. Such a one was he too who was forced to sing be fore *Penelopes Lovers*, though he had them in detesta tion And generally all *Poets* were then had in especi reverence. *Demodocus* among the *Phæacians*, sings th adultery of *Mars* and *Venus*, not for the approving o the like actions, but to divert that voluptuous peop from such unlawful appetites, &c. The old *Scholiast* up on *Homer*, says, 3. *Odyss.*

Τὸ ἀρχαῖον οἱ Ἀοιδοὶ φιλοσόφων τάξιν εἶχον.

Anciently *Poets* held the place of *Philosophers*. See *Quin til. l.* 1. *c.* 10. *Strab. l. Geogr. &c.*

36 By drawing up vapours from them, with which th Ancients believed that the *Stars* were nourished *Virg.*

Polus dum sidera pascit.

37 This was an ancient fashion among the Heathens, no unlike to our ringing of *Bells* in *Thunder*. *Iuvenal* says o a loud scolding woman, that she alone was able to reliev the *Moon* out of an *Eclipse*.

Sola laboranti poterat succurrere Lunæ.

This superstition took the original from an opinion, th *Witches* by muttering some charms in verse, caused th *Eclipses* of the *Moon*; which they conceived to be whe th

ie *Moon* (that is, the *Godless* of it) was brought down om her *Sphere* by the virtue of those enchantments; and herefore they made a great noise by the beating of Brass, ounding of Trumpets, whooping and hollowing, and he like, to drown the Witches murmurs, that the *Moon* night not hear them, and so to render the ineffectual. *vid.*

Te quoq; Luna traho, quamvis Temesina labores
Æra tuos minuant. ——
Tib. *Cantus & è curru Lunam deducere tentat,*
Et faceret, si non æra repulsa sonent.
Stat. 6. Theb. —— *Attonitis quoties avellitur astris*
Solis opaca soror procul auxiliantia gentes
Æra crepant.
Sen. in Hippol. *Et nuper rubuit, nullaq; lucidis*
Nubes sordidior vultibus obstitit.
At nos solliciti lumine turbido
Tractum Thessalicis carminibus rati
Tinnitus dedimus.

The world has had this hard opinion of *Comets* from all ages, and not only the *vulgar*, who never stay for a *Cause* to believe any thing, but even the *Learned*, who can find no reason for it, though they search it, and yet follow the vulgar belief. *Aristotle* says, *Comets* naturally produce *Droughts* by the extraction of vapors from the earth to generate and feed them; and droughts more certainly produce sicknesses: but his authority cannot be great concerning the effects of *Comets*, who supposes them to be all *Sublunary*. And truly there is no way to defend this *Prediction* of *Comets* but by making it, as *God* speaks of the *Rainbow*, Gen 9. the supernatural Token of a *Covenant* between *God* and *Man*; for which, we have no authority, and therefore might do well to have no fear. However the ancients had.

Luc. *Terris mutantem regna Cometem.*
Claud. *Et nunquam cælo spectatum impunè Cometem.*
Sil. Ital. *Regnorum everſor rubuit lethale Cometes*

39 For *Thunder* is an Exhalation hot and dry ſhut up in cold and moiſt Cloud, out of which ſtriving to get forth it kindles it ſelf by the agitation, and then violently breaks it.

40 *Lambent* fire is, A thin unctuous Exhalation made of the Spirits of Animals, kindled by Motion, and burning without conſuming any thing but it ſelf. Called *Lambent*, from *Licking* over, as it were, the place it touches. It was counted a *Good Omen*. *Virg.* deſcribes the whole nature of it excellently in three verſes, Æn. 2.

Ecce levis ſummo de vertice viſus Iuli
Fundere lumen apex, tactuq; innoxia molli
Lambere flamma comas & circum tempora paſci.

41 *Fleecy Snow*, Pſal. 147. *He giveth Snow like Wool.* Pliny calls Snow ingeniouſly for a *Poet*, but defines it ill for a *Philoſopher*. The *Foam* of *Clouds* when they hit one another. *Ariſtotle* defines it truly and ſhortly. *Snow* is a *Cloud congealed*, and *Hail Congealed Rain.*

42 Gen 49. 9. *Iudah is a Lyons whelp; from the prey my ſon thou art gone up, he ſtooped down, he couched as a Lyon, as an old Lyon, who ſhall rouſe him up?*

43 1 Sam. 17. 4. *And there went out a Champion out of the camp of the Philiſtines, named Goliah, &c.* where we follow the Septuagint, who render it, δυνατὸς ἀνὴρ, *Strong man*: but the Latine *Tranſlation* hath, *Et egreſſus eſt vir ſpurius*, a *Baſtard*. *Grotius* notes, that the *Hebrews* called the *Gyãis* ſo; becauſe being contemners of all Law they lived without matrimony, and conſequently the fathers were not known. It is probable he might be called ſo, as being of the race of the *Anakims* (the remainders of which ſeated themſelves in *Gath*) by the *Father* and a *Gathite* by the *Mother*.

44 See *Turnus* his ſhields, 7. Æn. and *Æneas* his 8. Æn. with the ſtories engraven on them.

45 For *Baal* is no other than *Iupiter*. *Baalſemen Iupiter Olympius*. But I like not in an *Hebrew* ſtory to uſe the *Europæan* names of Gods. This *Baal* and *Iupiter* too of the *Græcians*, was at firſt taken for the *Sun*, which raiſing vapours out of the earth, out of which the *Thunder* is engendred, may well be denominated the *Thunderer*

Zeus

Ζεὺς ὑψιβρεμέτης. and *Juvans Pater* fits with no God so much as the *Sun*. So *Plato* in *Phæd.* interprets *Jupiter*, and *Heliogabalus* is no more but *Jupiter-Sol*.

The Fable of the *Gyants* fight with *Gods*, was not invented by the *Græcians*, but came from the Eastern people; and arose from the true story of the building of the Tower of *Babel*.

This perhaps will be accused by some severe men for too swelling and *Hyperbole*; and I should not have endured it my self, if it had not been mitigated with the word *Methought*; for in a great apprehension of fear there is no extraordinary or extravagant species that the imagination is not capable of forming. Sure I am, that many sayings of this kind, even without such excuse or qualification, will be found not only in *Lucan* or *Statius*, but in the most judicious and divine *Poet* himself. He calls tall young men,

Patriis & montibus æquos.
Equal to the Mountains of their Country.

He says of *Polyphemus*,

—— *Graditurq; per æquor*
Iam medium, nec dum fluctus latera ardua tingit.

That walking in the midst of the Sea, the waves do not wet his sides. Of *Orion*,

—— *Quam magnus Orion*
Cum pedes incedo medii per maxima Nerei
Stagna viam scindens humero supereminet undas.
Aut summis referens annosam montibus ornum,
Ingrediturq; solo, & caput inter nubila condit.

And in such manner (says he) *Mezentius* presented himself. He says of another, that he flung no small part of a Mountain,

Haud partem exiguam Montis.

Of which *Seneca*, though he addes to the greatness, he does not impudently recede from truth. One place in him occurs; for which *Sen.* 1. *Suasor.* makes that defence which will serve better for me,

——— *Credas innare revulsas*
Cycladas, aut montes concurrere montibus altos.

That is, speaking of great ships but yet such as would seem very little ones, if they were near the *Sovereign*, you would think the *Cyclades* loosned from their root were floating, or that high *Mountains* encountred on another. *Non dicit hoc fieri, sed videri; propitiis auribus auditur quicquid incredibile est, quod excusatur antequam dicitur.* He does not say it Is, but *Seems* to be: for so he understands *Credas*) and any thing, though never so improbable, is favourably heard, if it be excused before it be spoken. Which will serve to answer for some other places in this Poem; as,

Th'Egyptian like an Hill himself did rear;
Like some tall Tree upon it seem'd his spear.

Like an Hill, is much more modest than *Montibus æquum*.

47 Because *Gold* is more proper for the ornaments of *Peace* than *War*.

48 Sen. in Thyest. *Iejuna silvis qualis in Gangeticis*
Inter juvencos Tygris erravit duos, Utriusq; prædæ cupida, quo
prius ferat Incerta morsus, flectit hùc rictus suos, illo reflectit
& famem dubiam tenet. And the *Spots* of a *Tygre* appear more plainly when it is angred.

Stat. 2. Theb. *Qualis ubi audito venantum murmure Tygris*
Horruit in Maculas; &c. ———

Nay *Virgil*, attributes the same marks of Passion to *Dido*,

Sanguineam volvens aciem, Maculisq; trementes
Interfusa genas. ———

49 See the like conditions of a publick duel in *Homer* between *Paris* and *Menelaus*; in *Virgil*, between *Turnus* and *Æneas*, in *Livy*, between the *Horatii* and *Curiatii*.

50 The *Egyptian Goliah*; *i.* The *Egyptian-Gyant*, whom he slew only with his *staff*, and therefore at the sight of it might well be ashamed, that he durst not now encounter with *Goliah*. This is that shame which *Virgil* call *Conscia Virtus*.

The

They were 33. but *Poetry* instead of the broken number, chuses the next entire one, whether it be more or less than the truth.

It appears by this, that *David* was about 20. years old (at least) when he slew *Goliah*; for else how can we imagine that the *Armor* and Arms of *Saul* (who was the tallest man in all *Israel*) should fit him? neither does he complain that they were too big or heavy for him, but that he was not accustom'd to the use of them; besides he handled dextrously the Sword of *Goliah*, and not long after said, *There is none like it.* Therefore though *Goliah* call him *Boy* and *Child*, I make *Saul* term him *Youth.*

For the men who are so proud and confident of their own strength, make that a *God* to themselves, as the humane Politians are said in the Scripture to *sacrifice* to their own *Nets.* That is, their own *Wit.* Virg. of Mezent. *Dextra mihi Deus, & Telum quod missile libro.*

And *Capaneus* is of the same mind in *Statius*;

Illuc Augur ego, & mecum quicunq; parati
Insanire manu ——

The *Poets* made always the *Winds* either to disperse the prayers that were not to succeed, or to carry those that were. *Virg.*

Audiit, & voti Phœbus succedere partem
Mente dedit, partem volucres dispersit in auras.

Ovid. de Trist.

Terribilisq; Notus jactat mea verba, precesque;
Ad quos mittuntur non finit ire Deos.

Virg. *Partem aliquam venti Divûm referatis ad aures, &c*

i. To another *Angel.*

1 Sam. 18. 4. *And Jonathan stript himself of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to David, and his garments, even to his Sword and to his Bow, and to his Girdle.* Some understand this gift *exclusively*, as to the

Sword, Bow, and *Girdle*, believing those three to be the proper marks of a Souldier, or *Knight*; and therefore not to be parted with. But therefore, I say, to be parted with upon this occasion. *Girdle* was perhaps a mark of Military honour; for *Joab* promises to him that should kill *Absalom*, ten shekels of silver, and a *Girdle*, 2 *Sam.* 18 12. But it was besides that, a necessary part of every mans dress, when they did any work, or went abroad, their under *Robe* being very long and troublesome, if not bound up. If the *Sword, Bow,* and *Girdle* had not been given; it could not have been said, *And his Garments*; for nothing would have been given but the outward *Robe* or *Mantle*, which was a loose garment not exactly fitted to their bodies (for the profession of Taylors was not so ancient, but clothes were made by the wives, mothers & servants even of the greatest persons) & so might serve for any size or stature.

57 1 Sam. 18. 20. Septuagint. Καὶ ἠγάπησε Μεχὸλ θυγάτηρ Σαοὺλ τὸν Δαβίδ, which our English Translation follows, but the Latine Translations vary; for some have *Dilexit autem Michol filia Saul altera David. Michol Saul daughter loved David.* And others, *Dilexit autem David Michol filiam Saul alteram. David loved Michol Sauls daughter.* To reconcile which, I make them both love one another.

58 The *Husband* at the *Contract* gave his *Espoused* certain *Gifts*, as pledges of the *Contract*. Thus *Abrahams* Steward in the name of *Isaac* gave to *Rebecca* Jewels of silver and of gold, and raiment, *Gen.* 24. 53. which custom the Greeks too used, and called the presents Ἔδνα. But at the day of the marriage he gave her a *Bill* of *Joynture* or *Dowre*.

59 *Josephus* says, *Saul* demanded so many *Heads* of the *Philistines*, which word he uses instead of *Foreskins* to avoid the raillery of the *Romans*. *Heads* I confess, had been a better word for my turn to, but *Foreskins* will serve, and sounds more properly for a *Jewish* Story. Besides the other varies too much from the *Text*; and many believe that *Saul* required *Foreskins*, and not *Heads*, that *David* might not deceive him with the heads of *Hebrews* instead of *Philistines*.

I

If it might have been allowed *David* to carry with him as many Souldiers as he pleased, and so make an inroad into the *Philistines* Country, and kill any hundred men he could meet with, this had been a small *Dowre* or a Princess, and would not have exposed *David* to that hazard for which *Saul* chose this māner of *Ioiture*. I therefore believe, that he was to kill thē all with his own hāds

As *Heavy Bodies* are said to move the swifter, the nearer they approach to the *Centre*. Which some deny, and others give a reasō for it from the *Mediū* through which they pass that still presses them more ād more; but the natural *Sympathetical* attractive power of the *Centre* is much received, and is consonant to many other experiments in Nature.

Scandals in the sense of the *New Testament* are *Stumbling blocks*, λίθοι προσκόμματος, Stops in a mans way, at which he may fall, however they retard his course.

Jansenius in his explication of the *Parable* of the *Virgins*, thinks it was the custom for the *Bridegroom* to go to the *Brides* house, and that the Virgins came out from thence to meet him. For in that *Parable* there is no mention (in the *Greek*, though there be in the *Latine*) of meeting any but the *Bridegroom*.

Others think that *Nuptials* were celebrated neither in the *Brides* nor *Bridegrooms* house, but in publick houses in the Country near the City, built on purpose for those Solemnities, which they collect out of the circumstances of the *Marriage*, 1 *Maccab.* 9. 37. *Hos.* 2. 14. and *Cant.* 8. 5, &c. Whatever the ordinary custom was, I am sure the ancients in great Solemnities were wont to set up Tents on purpose in the fields for celebration of them. See the description of that wonderful one of *Ptolemaus Philadelphus in Athen. l.* 5. *c.* 6. and perhaps *Ps.* 16. 4, 5. alludes to his. He hath set a *Tabernacle* for the *Sun*, which is as a *Bridegroom* coming out of his *Chamber*.

Habits of divers colours were much in fashion among the *Hebrews*. See Judges 5. 30. *Ezek.* 16. 10 & 26. 16. such was *Iosephs* coat, *Gen.* 37. 3. Septuagint χιτῶνα ποικίλον, as *Homer* calls *Pep'um Minervæ*, *vestes Polymitæ*.

It appears by several places in Scripture, that *Garlands* too were in great use among the *Jews* at their feasts, and

especially *Nuptials*, *Isa.* 61. 10. The Latine reads, like *Bridegroom* crown'd with *Garlands*, *Wis.* 2. 8. *Ez.* 16. 1 *Lam.* 5. 15. *Eccles.* 32. 1. &c.

66 I take the number of *Thirty Maids*, and *Thirty you Men* from the story of *Sampsons* marriage-feast, *Jud* 14. 11. where *Thirty Companions* were sent to him whom I conceive to have been, υἱοὶ τοῦ νυμφίου, *Chi dren of the Bridegroom*, as they are called by S. *Ma thew.*

67 *Qualis ubi Oceani perfusus Lucifer undâ*
Quem Venus ante alios astrorum diligit ignes,
Extulit os cœlo sacrum, tenebrasq, resolvit. Virg.

Which verses *Scaliger* says, are sweeter than *Ambrosi Homer* led him the way.

Ἀστέρ' ἐπωρίνω ἐναλίγκιον; ὅστε μάλιστα
Δαμπρὸν παμφαίνησι λελουμένος Ὠκεάνοιο, and,
Οἷος δ' ἀστὴρ εἶσι μετ' ἀστράσι νυκτὸς ἀμολγῷ
Ἕσπερος, ὃς κάλλιστος ἐν οὐρανῷ ἵσταται ἀστήρ.

68 The *Bride* also brought a *Dowre* to her *Husband*. *Ra guel* gave with his daughter *Sara* half his good, servants cattel and money, *Tob.* 10. 10. See *Exod.* 22. 17, &c.

69 The *Marriage-Song* was called *Hillalim*, *Praises*, an the house it self *Beth-hillula*, the *House of Praise*, Psa. 78. 63. Their Maidens were not given to marriage; th Chald. Paraphras. reads, Are not celebrated, wit *Epithalamiums*, So *Arias* too, and *Aquila*, οὐχ ὑμνήθησαν.

70 See *Gen.* 29. 22. *Tob. c.* 7. *Esth.* 2. 18. *Luke* 14. 1. *Judg* 14. 17. *Apoc.* 19. 9.

71 The custom seems to have been for the *Bridegroom* to carry home the *Bride* to his house, 1 *King.* 11. 27. *Judg.* 12. 2. *Gen.* 24. 67. *Cant.* 3. 4. but because *Michol* was a Princess, and *David* not likely to have any *Palace* of his own at that time, I chose rather to bring them to one of the *Kings houses* assigned to them by the *Dowre*.

72 The *Bride* when she was delivered up to her Husband,

band, was wont to cover her self with a *Vail* (called *Radid* from *Radad*, to bear rule) in token of her subjection, *Gen.* 24. 65, *&c.*

See the *Parable* of the *Virgins*, Mat. 25.

The time of the *Marriage-feast* appears clearly to have been usually *seven days*. See *Judg.* 14. 10. and 29. 27. *Fulfil her week, &c.* It was a Proverb among the Jews, *Septem dies ad Convivium, & Septem ad luctum.*

The

THE CONTENTS

MOab *carries his* Guests *to hunt at* Nebo, *int way falls into discourse with* David, *and a fires to know of him the reasons of the* Chan *of* Government *in* Israel, *how* Saul *came the* Crown, *and the story of* Him *and* Jonathan. D vids *Speech*, *containing*, *The state of the* Commonweal *under the* Judges, *the* Motives *for which the people desir a* King; *their* Deputies *speech to* Samuel *upon that su ject*, *and his reply. The assembling of the* People *at t* Tabernacle *to enquire Gods pleasure. Gods Speech. T* Character *of* Saul, *his* Anointing *by* Samuel, *and t. flion by Lot*; *the defection of his people. The war of* Nah King *of* Ammon *against* Jabes Gilead; Saul *and* Jon thans *relieving of the Town.* Jonathans Character, *his si gle fight with* Nahas, *whom he stays*, *and defeats his A my. The confirmation of* Sauls Kingdom *at* Gilgal, *a the manner of* Samuels *quitting his office of* Judge. *T war with the* Philistins *at* Macmas, *their strength*, *a the weakness of* Sauls *Forces*, *his exercising of the* Priest *function*, *and the judgement denounced by* Samuel *again him.* Jonathans *discourse with his* Esquire; *their fallin alone upon the enemies outguards at* Senes, *and after up the whole Army*, *the wonderful defeat of it*; Sauls *rash vo by which* Jonathan *is to be put to death*, *but is saved by t* People.

DAVIDEIS.

The Fourth Book.

THough *ſtate* and kind *diſcourſe* thus rob'd the *Night*
Of half her natural and more juſt delight,
Moab, whom *Temp'erance* did ſtill vig'orous keep,
And regal cares had us'd to mod'erate ſleep,
Up with the *Sun* aroſe, and having thrice
With lifted hands bow'd towards his ſhining riſe;
And thrice to'wards *Phegar*, his *Baals* holieſt Hill,
(With *good* and pious prayers *directed ill*)
Call'd to the Chaſe his Friends, who for him ſtay'd;
The glad *Dogs* barkt, the chearful *Horſes* neigh'd.
Moab his Chariot mounts, drawn by four Steeds,
The beſt and nobleſt that freſh *Zerah* breeds,
All white as *Snow*, and ſprightful as the *Light*,
With *Scarpet* trapt, and foaming *Gold* they bite.
He into it young *David* with him took,
Did with reſpect and wonder on him look
Since laſt nights *ſtory*, and with greedier ear,
The *Man*, of whom ſo much he *heard* did *hear*.
The well-born *Youth* of all his flouriſhing *Court*
March gay behind, and joyful to the ſport.
Some arm'd with Bows, ſome with ſtrait Javelines ride.
Rich Swords and gilded Quivers grace their ſide.
Midſt the fair Troop *Davids* tall *Brethren* rode,
And *Joab* comely as a *Fanci'el God*;
They entertain'd th'attentive *Moab Lords*,
With looſe and various talk that chance affords,
Whilſt they pac'ed ſlowly on; but the wiſe *King*
Did *Davids* tongue to weightier ſubjects bring.
Much (ſaid the *King*) much I to *Joab* owe,
For the fair *Picture* drawn by him of you.

'Twas

'T was drawn in little, but did acts expres
So great, that largest *Histories* are les.
I see (methinks) the *Gathian Monster* still,
His shape last night my mindful *Dreams* did fill.
Strange *Tyrant Saul* with Envy to pursue
The praise of deeds whence his own safety grew
I'have heard (but who can think it?) that his *Son*
Has his lifes hazard for your friendship run;
His matchless *Son*, whose worth (if Fame be tru
Lifts him above all his *Countrymen* but you,
With whom it makes him *One*; Low *Dav*
bows,
But no reply *Moabs* swift tongue allows.
And pray, kind *Guest*, whilst we ride thus (sa
he)
6 (To gameful *Nebo* still three leagues there be)
The story of your *royal friend* relate;
And his ungovern'd *Sires* imperious fate,
7 Why your great State that nameless Fam'ily ch
se,
And by what steps to *Israels Throne* they rose.
He staid; and *David* thus from *Egypts* Land
You'have heard, Sir, by what *strong*, *unarm*
hand
Our *Fathers* came; *Moses* their sacred *Guid*,
*Deut.*34 But he in sight of the *Giv'n Country* dy'd.
His fatal promis'd *Canaan* was on high:
And *Joshua's Sword* must t'*active Rod* supply.
*Jos.*1.4. It did so, and did wonders.
8 From sacred *Jordan* to the *Western main*,
From well-clad *Lib'anus* to the *Southern Plain*
Of naked sands, his *winged Conquests* went;
And thirty *Kings* to *Hell uncrown'd* he sent
*Josh.*12. Almost four hundred years from him to *Saul*,
9 In too much freedom past, or forreign thral.
Oft *Strangers Iron Scepters* bruis'd the Land
(Such still are those born by a *Conquering* Hand
Oft pity'ing *God* did well for m'd *Spirits* raise,
Fit for the toilsome business of their days,
To free the groaning *Nation*, and to give

Pe

eace first, and then the *Rules* in *Peace* to live.
ut they whose stamp of *Power* did chiefly ly
n *Characters* too fine for most mens *Ey*,
races and *Gifts Divine*; not painted bright
Vith state to awe *dull* minds, and force t'*affright*,
Were ill obey'd whil'st *Living*, and at *death*,
heir *Rules* and *Pattern* vanisht with their breath.
he *hungry Rich* all near them did devour,
heir *Judge* was *Appetite*, and their *Law* was *Power*
lot want it self could *Luxury* restrain,
or what that *empti'd*, *Rapine fill'd* again.
obbery the *Field*, *Opression* sackt the *Town*,
What the *Swords Reaping*, spar'd; was *gleand* by th' *Gown*.
t Courts, and Seats of Justice to complain,
Vas to be robb'd more *vexingly* again.
Nor was their *Lust* less active or less bold,
midst this rougher search ot *Blood* and *Gold*.
Veak Beauties they corrupt, and force the *strong*;
The Pride of *Old Men*, that and this of *young*.
'ou'have heard perhaps, Sir, of lewd *Gibeahs* shame,
Which *Hebrew* Tongues still tremble when they name, *Jud.* 19.
Alarmed all by one fair strangers Eyes,
As to a sudden *War* the *Town* does rise
haking and pale, half dead e're they begin
The strange and wantom *Trag'edy* of their sin
All their wild Lusts they force her to sustain,
Till by shame, sorrow, weariness; and pain,
She midst their loath'd, and cruel kindness dies;
Of monstrous *Lust* th' innocent *Sacrifice*.
This did ('tis true) a *Civil War* create
The frequent curse of our loose-govern'd *State*)
All *Gibea*'s, and all *Jabes* blood it cost;
Near a whole *tribe* and *future Kings* we lost. *Jud.* 20. *and* 21.
Firm in this general *Earthquake* of the *Land*.
How could *Religion*, its main *pillar*, stand;
Proud, and fond *Man*, his *Fathers* worship hates,
Him-

Himself, *Gods Creature*, his own *God Creates*.
Hence in each Houshold sev'eral *Deities* grew.
And when no *old* one pleas'd, they fram'd a *Ne*
The *only* Land which serv'd but *one* before,
Did th'*only* then all *Nations Gods* adore.
They serv'd their *Gods* at first, and soon th
Kings;
Their choise of that this latter *slavery* brings.
Till special men arm'd with *Gods* warrant broke
By justest *force* th'*unjustly forced* yoke.
1 Sam. 1 All matchless persons, and thrice worthy they
Of *Power* more great, or *Lands* more apt t'obe
11 At last the *Priesthood* join'd in *Ith'amers* Son,
12 More weight and lustre to the *Scepter* won.
1 Sam. 2. 12. But whilst mild *Ely*, and good *Samuel* were
Busi'ed with *age*, and th'*Altars* sacred care;
To their wild *Sons* they their high charge com
mit,
Who 'expose to *Scorn* and *Hate* both them and
Ely's curst House th'exemplar vengeance bears
Of all their *Blood*, and all sad *Isra'els Tears*.
His *Sons* abroad, *Himself* at home lies slain,
1 Sam. 4 *Israel's* captiv'd *Gods Ark* and Law are tane.
Thus twice are *Nations* by *ill Princes* vext,
They suffer *By* them *first*, and *For them next*.
Samuel succeeds; since *Moses* none before
1 Sam. 7. 6. So much of *God* in his bright bosom bore.
1 Sam. 7 In vain our arms *Philistian Tyrants* seis'd;
Heav'ens Magazines he open'd when he pleas'd
Lk. v. 10 He *Rains* and *Winds* for *Auxil'iaries* brought,
He muster'd *Flames* and *Thunders* when
fought.
13 Thus thirty years with strong and steddy hand
1 Sam. 8. 1. He held th'unshaken *Ballance* of the *Land*.
At last his *Sons* th'indulgent *Father* chose
To share that *State* which they were born to los
Their hateful acts that *Changes birth* did hast,
14 Which had long growth i'th'*Womb* of *Ages past*.
To this (for still were some great *Periods* set,
There's a strong knot of several *Causes* met)

Th

The threats concurr'd of a rough neighb'ring
War;
A mighty ſtorm long gathering from afar.
For *Ammon*, heightned with mixt Nations aid,
Like *Torrents* ſwoln with Rain prepar'd the land
t'invade.
Samuel was old, and by his Sons ill choice
Turn'd *Dotard* in th'*unskilful Vulgars* voice.
His *Sons* ſo ſcorn'd and hated, that the Land
For *hop'ed* nor *wiſht* a *Victory* from their hand:
Theſe were the juſt and faultleſs cauſes why
The general voice did for a *Monarch* cry,
But God *ill grains* did in this *Incenſe* ſmell,
Wrapt in fair *Leaves* he ſaw the *Canker* dwell.
A mut'inous Itch of *Change*, a dull *Deſpair*
Of helps *divine*, oft prov'd; a faithleſs care
Of *Common Means*; the pride of heart, and ſcorn
Of th'*humble yoke* under law *Judges* born.
They ſaw the ſtate and glittering pomp which
bleſt
In vulgar ſenſe the *Scepters* of the *Eaſt*.
They ſaw not *Power* true *Source*, and ſcorn'd t'o-
bey
Perſons that *look'd* no *dreadfuller* than *They*.
They miſt *Courts*, *Guards*, a gay and num'erous
train;
But *Judges*, like their *Laws*, were rude and plain.
On and old bench of *wood*, her Seat of *State* *Judg.* 4.
Beneath the well-known *Palm*, *Wiſe Debora* ſate. 5.
Her *Maids* with comly dil'igence round her ſpun,
And *ſhe* too, when the *Pleadings* there were done:
With the ſame Goad *Samgar* his *Oxen drives*
Which took the Sun before ſix hundred lives *Judg.*
From his *ſham'd foes*; He midſt his word dealt 3. 31.
Laws;
And oft was his *Plow* ſtopt to hear a *Cauſe*.
Nor did great *Gid'eon* his old *Flail* diſdain, *Judg.*
After won *Fields*, ſackt *Towns*, and *Princes* ſlain. 6. 14.
His *Scepter* that, and *Ophras Treſhing Floore*.
The *ſeat* and *Embleme* of his *Juſtice* bore.

What

Jud. 10. 3. What should I *Fair*, the happiest Father, me?
Or mournful *Jephta* known no less to fame
For the most wretched? Both at once did keep
The mighty *Floks* and *Israel* and their *Sheep*
Ibid. 34 Oft from the field in haste they summon'd were
Some weighty forreign *Embassy* to hear,
They call'd their *Slaves*, their *Sons*, and *Friends* around,
Who all at several cares were scattered found
They wash't their feet, their *only Gown* put on
And this chief work of *Ceremony* was done.
These reasons, and all else that could be said,
In a ripe hour by *factions Eloquence* spread
Trough all the *Tribes*, make all desire a *King*
And to their *Judge* selected *Deputies* bring
1 *Sam.* 8. 3. This harsh demand; which *Nacot* for the rest
(A bold and artful *Mouth*) thus with much grace expresst.
We'are come, most sacred *Judge*, to pay th' *years*
Of much-ow'd thanks for the bright thirty years
Of your just *Reign*; and at your feet to lay
All that our grateful hearts can weakly pay
In *unproportion'd words*; for you alone
The not unfit *Reward*, who seek for *none*.
But when our forepast ills we call to mind,
And sadly think how *Little*'s left behind
Of your important *Life*, whose sudden date
Would *disinherit* th'unprovided *State*.
When we consider how unjust 'tis, you;
Who nere of *Power* more than the *Burden* knew
At once the weight of *that* and *Age* should have
Your stooping days prest *doubly* towards the grave.
When we behold by *Ammons* youthful rage,
Proud in th'advantage of your peaceful age,
And all th'united East our fall conspir'd;
1 *Sam.* 8 5. And that your *Sons*, whom chiefly we desir'd
As *Stamps* of you, in your lov'd room to place

By unlike acts that noble *Stamp* deface:
Didst thete new fears and ills, we're forc'd to fly
To'a new, and yet unpractis'd *Remedy*;
A new one, but long promis'd and foretold, *Deut.* 17. 4.
By *Moses*, and to *Abraham* shown of old.
Prophesie long forming in the *Womb*
Of teeming years, and now to *ripeness* come.
This *Remedy*'s a *King*; for this we all
With an inspir'd, and zealous *Vnion* call.
And in one sound when all mens voices join,
The *Musick*'s tun'd (no doubt) by hand divine.
'Tis *God* alone speaks a whole *Nations* voice;
That is his *Publique Language*; but the choice
Of what *Peculiar Head* that Crown must bear
From you who his *Peculiar Organ* are
We expect to hear; the *People* shall to you
Their *King*, the *King* his *Crown* and *People* owe.
To your great name what lustre will it bring
T'have been our *Judge*, and to have made our *King*!

He bow'd and ended here; and *Samuel* streight, *1 Sam.* 8. 6.
Pawsing a while at this great questions weight,
With a grave sigh, and with a thoughtful Ey
That more of *Care* than *Passion* did descry,
Calmly replys: You're sure the first (said he)
Of *freeborn* men that begg'd for *Slavery*.
I fear, my friends, with heav'nly *Manna* fed,
Our old forefathers crime) we lust for *Bread*.
Long since by God from *Bondage* drawn, I fear,
We build anew th' *Egyptian Brickiln* here.
Cheat not your selves with *words*: for though a *King* *1 Sam.* 8. 11.
Be the mild Name, a *Tyrant* is the *Thing*.
Let his power loose, and you shall quickly see
How mild a thing *unbounded Man* will be.
He'll lead you forth your hearts cheap blood to spill,
Where e're his *Guidless Passion* leads his *Will*.
Ambition, Lust, or Spleen his wars will raise,
Your *Lives best price* his thirst of *Wealth* or *Praise*.

Your

Your ableſt *Sons* for his proud *Guards* he'll take
And by ſuch hands your yoke more grievous m
Your *Daughters* and *dear Wives* he'll force aw
His *Lux'ury* ſome, and ſome his *Luſt* t'obey.
His *idle friends* your *hungry tools* ſhall eat,
Drink your rich *Wines*, mixt with your *Blood*
Sweat.
Then you'll all ſigh, but *ſighs* will *Treaſons* be
And not your *Griefs* themſelves, or *Looks* be
Rob'd even of *Hopes*, when you theſe ills ſuſta
Your watry eyes you'l then turn back in vain,
On your old *Iudges*, and perhaps on *Me*,
Nay ev'en my *Sons* howe're they unhappy be
In your diſpleaſure now; Not that I'd clear
Their *Guilt*, or mine own *Innocence* indear,
17 Witneſs th'*unutterable name*, there's nought
Of private ends into this queſtion brought.
But why this yoke on your own necks to draw
Why *Man* your *God*, and *Paſſion* made y
Law?
Methinks (thus *Moab* interrupts him here)
The good old *Seer*' gainſt *Kings* was to ſevere.
'Tis *Jeſt* to tell a *People* that they're *Free*,
Who, or *How many* ſhall their *Maſters* be
Is the ſole doubt; *Laws guid*, but cannot *reig*
And though they *bind* not Kings, yet they
ſtrain.
I dare affirm (ſo much I truſt their *Love*)
That no one *Moabite* would his ſpeech approve
But, pray go on. 'Tis true, Sir, he replies;
Yet men whom age and action renders wiſe,
So much great changes fear, that they believe
All evils *will*, which *may* from them arrive,
On men reſolv'd theſe threats were ſpent in vain
All that his power or eloquence could obtain.
1 *Sam.* 8. 19. Was to enquire *Gods* will e're they proceed
To a work that would ſo much his bleſſi.
need.
A ſolemn day for this great work is ſet,
18. And at th'*Anointed* Tent all *Iſrael* met

Expect th'event; * below fair bullocks fry — Ex. 43. 9
In hallowed flames; * above, there mount on high — & 30. 26
The precious clouds of Incense; and at last — * Lib. 9. 5
The *Sprinkling*, *Pray'ers*, and all due *Honours* past. — 6.
Lo! we the *Sacred Bells* o'th'sudden hear, — Ex. 39. 25. & 28
And in mild pomp grave *Samuel* does appear.
His *Ephod*, *Mitre*, well-cut *Diadem* on,
Th'*Orac'ulous Stones* on his rich *Breast plate* shone. — Ex. 392 Ib. 8.
Tow'ards the *blew curtains* of *Gods* holiest place
(The *Temples* bright *Third Heaven*) he turn'd his face.
Thrice bow'd he, thrice the solemn *Musick* plaid,
And at third rest thus the great *Prophet* praid:
Almighty *God*, to whom all men that be
Owe *all* they have, yet none so much as *We*;
Who though thou fill'st the spacious world alone,
Thy too small *Court*, hast made this place thy *Throne*.
With humble *Knees*, and humbler *Hearts*, Lo, here,
Blest *Abrahams seed* implores thy gracious Ear.
Hear them, great *God*, and thy just will inspire,
From *Thee*, their *long-known King*, they'a *King* desire.
Some gracious signs of thy good pleasure send,
Which, lo, with *Souls* resign'd we humbly here attend.
He spoke and thrice he bow'd, and all about
Silence and reverend *Horrour* seiz'd the rout.
The whole Tent shakes, the Flames on th'Altar by,
In thick dull rolls nount slow and heavily. — * Exod.
The * seven *Lamps* wink; and what does most dismay, — 25. 37.
Th'*Orac'ulous Gems* shut in their nat'ural day.

The *Rubies cheek* grew pale, the *Em'raud* by
Faded, a *Cloud* o'recast the *Saphirs Skie*.
The *Diamonds Eye* lookt *Sleepy*, and swift night
Of all those little *Suns* eclypst the Light.
Sad signs of *Gods* dread anger for our sin,
But straight a wondrous brightness from withi
Strook through the *Curtains*, for no *earthly Cl*
Could those strong beams of hea'venly gl
shroud.
The Altars fire burnt pure, and every *Stone*
Their radiant *Parent* the gay *Sun* outshone.
Beauty th'*illustrious Vision* did impart
To ev'ery *Face*, and Joy to ev'ery heart.
In glad effects *Gods* presence thus appeard,
And thus in wondrous sounds his *Voice* was hea
This stubborn Land sins still, nor is it *Thee*, but *U*
(Who have been so long their *King*) they seek to
off thus.
Five hundred rolling years hath this stiff Nat
strove.
To 'exhaust the boundless stores of our unfatho
Love.
Be't so then; yet once more are we resolv'd to tr
T'out weary them through all their *Sins Variety*.
Assemble ten days hence the num'erous people
re;
To draw the *Royal Lot* which our hid *Mark* s
bear.
Dismiss them now in peace; but their next ct
shall bring
Ruine without redress on *Them*, and on their *Kin*
The *Almighty* spoke; th'astonisht people
With various stamps impresst on every heart.
Some their demand repented, others prais'd,
Some had no thoughts at all, but star'd and ga
1 *Sam.* 9. 1. There dwelt a *Man* nam'd *Kis* in *Gibe'ah* To
For *wisdom* much, and much for *Courage* kno
Ib. v. 2 More for his *Son*, his mighty *Son* was *Saul*,
Whom *Nature*, e're the *Lots*, to a *Throne* did
He was *much Prince*, and *when*, or *wheresoe're*

His birth had been, *Then* had he reign'd and *There*
Such *beauty* as great *Strength* thinks no disgrace,
mil'd in the manly features of his Face.
His large black Eyes, fill'd with a sprightfull light,
shot forth such lively and *Illustrious Night*,
As the *Sun* beams, on *Jet* reflecting show,
His *Hair*, as black, in long curl'd waves did flow.
His tall, strait *Body* amidst thousands stood,
Like some fair *Pine* o'relooking all th'ignobler *Wood*.
Of all our rural sports he was the pride;
So swift, so strong, so dextrous none beside.
Rest was his *Toil*, *Labours* his *Lust* and *Game*;
No nat'ural wants could his fierce dil'igence tame,
Not *Thirst*, nor *Hunger*, he would journeys go
Through raging *Heats*, and take repose in *Snow*.
His *Soul* was ne're unbent from weighty care;
But active as some *Mind* that turns a *Sphere*.
His way once chose, he for ward thrust outright,
Nor step aside for *Dangers* or *Delight*.
Yet was he wise all dangers to foresee;
But born t'*affright*, and not to *fear* was *He*.
His *Wit* was *strong*; not *Fine*; and on his tongue
An *Artless grace* above all *Eloquence* hung.
These *Virtues* too the rich unusual dress
Of *Modesty* adorn'd and *Humbleness*. 1. *Sam.* 9. 21. *lb.* 10. *v.* 22.
Like a clear *Varnish*, o're fair *Pictures* laid,
More *fresh* and Lasting they the *Colours* made.
Till *Power* and *violent Fortune*, which did find
No stop or bound, o're whelm'd no less his *Mind*,
Did, *Deluge-like*, the nat'ural forms deface,
And brought forth unknown *Monsters* in their place.
Forbid it God, my *Masters* spots should be,
Were they not seen by all, disclos'd by me!
But such he was; and now to *Ramah* went
So *God* (so pos'd) wit a strange, low intent.
Great God! he went lost *Asses* to enquire, *lb. v.* 8.
And a small *Present* his small questions hire,

Brought simply with him to that Man to give,
From whom high *Heav'ens chief Gifts* he must receive,
Strange *Play* of *Fate*! when might'iests humane things
Hang on such small, *Imperceptible Strings!*

1 Sam. 9. 12. 26 'T was *Samuels Birth-day*, a glad ann'ual feast
All *Rama* kept; *Samuel* his wondring Guest
Ib. v. 22. 23, 24. With such respect leads to it, and does grace
27 With the choice meats o'th' feast, and highest place.
Ib. v. 26. Which done, him forth alone the *Prophet* brings,
And feasts his ravisht ears with nobler things.
He tells the mighty *Fate* to him assign'd,
And with great rules fills his *capacious mind.*
1 Sam. 10. 1. Then takes the sacred *Viol*, and does shed
28 A *Crown* of mystique drops around his head.
Drops of that *Royal Moisture* which does know
No Mixture, and disdains the place below.
1 Sam. 16. 13. Soon comes the *Kingly Day*, and wit it brings
29 A new *Account of Time* upon his wings.
The people met, the rites and pray'rs all past
Behold, the *Heav'en instructed- Lot* is cast.
'T is taught by heaven its way, and cannot miss
Forth *Benjamin*, forth leaps the House of *Cis.*
As Glimm'ering *Stars* just at the'approach of *Day*
Cashcer'd by *Troops*, at last drop all away,
By such degrees all mens bright hopes are gone.
And like the *Sun*, *Sauls Lot* shines all alone.
Ev'en here perhaps the peoples shout was heard
The loud long shout when *Gods* fair choice appear'd.
Above the whole vast through he'appear'd so tall.
30 As if by *Nature* made for th'*Head* of all.
So full of grace and state, that one might know
31 'T was some wise *Eye* the *blind Lot* guided so.
But blind unguided *Lots* have more of choice
And constancy than the slight *Vulgars voice.*
Ere yet the *Crown* of sacred *Oyl* is dry,
Whil'st *Ecchoes* yet preserve the joyful cry,

Some

Some grow enrag'd their own vain hopes to miss,
Some envy *Saul*, some scorn the house of *Cis*.
Some their first mut'inous wish, *A King*, repent;
As if, since that, quite spoil'd by *Gods consent*.
Few to this Prince their first just duties pay;
All leave the *Old*, but few the *New* obey.
Thus changes *Man*, but *God* is constant still
To those eternal grounds, that mov'ed his *Will*.
And though he yielded first to them, 't is fit
That stubborn Men at last to him submit.

32 As midst the Main a low small *Island* lies,
Assaulted round with stormy *Seas* and *skies*.
Whilst the poor heartless *Natives* every hour
Darkness and *Noise* seems ready to devour:
Such *Israels* state appear'ed, whilst ore the West.
Philistian clouds hung threatning, and from th'East
All Nations wrath into one *Tempest* joines,
Through which proud *Nahas* like fierce *Lightning* shines.
Tygris and *Nile* to his assistance send,
33 And waters to swoln *Iaboc's Torrent* lend.
Seir, *Edom*, *Soba*, *Amalec* adde their force,
34 Up with them march the *Three Arabia's Horse*.
And 'mōgst all these none more their hope or pride
Then those few Troops your warlike land supply'ed.
Around weak *Iabes* this vast Host does ly, 1 *Sam.* 11. 1.
Disdains a dry and *bloodless Victory*.
The hopeless Town for *Slave'ry* does *intreat*,
But barb'arous *Nahas* thinks that grace to great.
He (his first *Tribute*) their right *Eyes* demands,
35 And with their *Faces shame* disarms their *Hands*. *Ib. v. 2.*
If unreliev'ed seven days by *Israels* aid, *Ver. 3.*
This bargain for *ore-rated Life* is made.
Ah, mighty *God*, let thine own *Israel* bē
Quite *blind* it self, ere this reproach it *see!*
By'his wanton people the new *King* forsook, *Ver. 5.*
To homely rural cares himself betook.
In private plenty liv'd without the state,

Lustre and Noise due to a publique fate.
Whilst he his slaves and cattel follows home,
Lo the sad Messengers from *Jabes* come,
1. Sam. 11. 4. Implore his help, and weep as if they meant
That way at least proud *Nahas* to prevent.
Ver. 7. Mov'ed with a Kingly wrath, his strict command
He issues forth t'assemble all the land.
Ver. 8. He threatens high, and disobedient they
Wak'ed by such Princely terrors learnt t'obey.
A mighty Host is rais'd; th'important cause
Age from their *Rest*; *Youth*, from their *Pleasu* draws,
Arm'd as unfurnisht *Haste* could them provide,
But *Conduct*, *Courage*, *Anger* that supply'ed
All night they march, and are at th'early dawn
1. Sam. 11. 11. On *Jabes* heath in three fair bodies drawn.
Saul did himself the first and strongest band,
His *Son* the next, *Abner* the third command.
But pardon, Sir, if naming *Sauls* great Son.
I stop with him a while ere I go on.
This is that *Jonathan*, the *Joy* and *Grace*,
The beautifull'st, and best of *Humane Race*.
That *Jonathan* in whom does mixt remain
All that kind *Mothers* wishes can contain.
His *Courage* such at is no stop can know,
And *Victory* gains by'*astonishing* the Foe.
With *Lightnings* force his enemies it confound
And melts their *Hearts* e're it the *Bosom* wound
Yet he the *Conquer'd* with such *Sweetness* gains,
As *Captive Lovers* find in *Beauties Chains*.
In *war* the adverse Troops he does assail,
Like an impet'uous *storm* of *wind* and *Hail*.
In *Peace*, like gentlest *Dew* that does aswage
The *burning Months*, and temper *Syrius* rage.
Kind as the *Suns* blest *Influence*; and where e're
He comes, *Plenty* and *Joy* attend him there.
To *Help* seems all his *Power*, his *Wealth* to *Giv*
To do much *Good* his *sole Prerogative*
And yet this general *Bounty* of his Mind,

Th

That with wide arms embraces all *Mankind*,
Such artful *Prudence* does to each divide,
With diffe'rent measures all are satisfi'd;
Just as wise *God* his Plenteous *Manna* dealt, *Exod.* 16. 18.
Some gather'd more, but want by none was felt.
To all *Relations* their just rights he pays,
And worths reward above its claim does raise.
The tendrest *Husband*, *Master*, *Father*, *Son*,
And all those parts by'his *Friendship* far outdone.
His *Love* to *Friends* no bound or rule does know,
What *He* to *Heav'en*, all that to *Him* they owe.
Keen as his *Sword*, and pointed is his *Wit*:
His *Judgment*, like best *Armour*, strong and fit.
And such an *Elo'quence* to both these does join,
As makes in both *Beauty* and *Use* combine.
Through which a noble *Tincture* does appear
By *Learning* and choice *Books* imprinted there:
As well he knows all *Times* and *Persons* gone,
As he himself, to th'*future* shall be known,
But his chief study is *Gods* sacred *Law*;
And all his *Life* does *Comments* on it draw,
As never more by *Heav'en* to *Man* was giv'en.
So never more was paid by *Man* to *Heav'en*.
And all these *Virtues* were to *Ripeness* grown.
E're yet his *Flower* of *Youth* was fully *blown*.
All *Autumns* store did his rich *Spring* adorn;
Like *Trees* in *Par'dice* he with *Fruit* was *born*.
Such is his *Soul*; and if, as some men tell,
So Souls form and build those mansions where they dwell;
Whoe're but sees his *Body* must confess,
The *Architect* no doubt; could be no less.
From *Saul* his growth and manly strength he took,
Chastis'd by bright *Abino'ams* gentler look,
Not bright *Abino'am*, Beauties lowdest Name, *1 Sam.* 14. 50.
Till she to' her *Children* lost with joy her fame,
Had sweeter strokes, Colours more fresh and fair,
More darting Eyes, or lovelier auborn Hair.
Forgive me that I thus your patience wrong,

And on this *boundleſs ſubject* ſtay ſo long.
Where too much haſt ever to *end* t'would be,
Did not his *Acts* ſpeak what's untold by *Me*.
Though from the time his hands a Sword could wield,
He n'ere miſt *Fame* and *Danger* in the field.
Yet this was the firſt day that call'd him forth,
Since *Sauls* bright crown gave luſter to his worth
'Twas the laſt morning whoſe unchearfull riſe,
Sad *Iabes* was to view with *both* their Eyes,
Secure proud *Nahas* ſlept as in his Court.
And dreamt, vain man! of that days barb'arous ſport,
Till noiſe and dreadful tumults him awoke;
Till into'his *Camp* our vi'olent *Army* broke.
The careleſs *Guards* with ſmall reſiſtance kill'd,
Slaughter the camp, and wild Confuſion fill'd.
Nahas his fatal duty does perform,
And marches boldly up 't outface the ſtorm.
Fierce *Ionathan*, he meets, as he purſues
Th'*Arabian* *Horſe*, and a hot fight renewes.
'Twas here your Troops behav'd themſelves ſo well,
Till *Uz* and *Iathan* their ſtout *Col'onels* fell.
'Twas here our *Victo'ry* ſtopt, and gave us cauſe
Much to ſuſpect th'intention of her pauſe.
But when our thundring Prince *Nahas* eſpy'd,
Who with a *Courage* equal to his *Pride*
Broke through our Troops, and tow'ards him boldly preſt,
A generous joy leapt in his youthful breſt.
As when a wrathful *Dragons* diſmal light
Strikes ſuddenly ſome warlike *Eagles* ſight.
The *mighty foe* pleaſes his fearleſs eyes,
He claps his joyful wings, and at him flies.
With vain, though vi'olent force, their darts they flung;
In *Ammons* plated belt *Jonathans* hung,
And ſtopt there; *Ammon* did his Helmet hit,
And gliding off, bore the proud creſt from it.

Straigh-

Straight with their Swords to the fierce ſhock they came
Their *Swords*, their *Armour*, and their *Eyes* ſhot *flame*
Blows ſtrong as *Thunder*, thick as *Rain* they delt;
Which more than th'engag'ed *Spectators* felt.
In *Ammon* force, in *Ionathan* addreſs,
(Though both were great in both to an exceſs)
To the well-judging Eye did moſt appear;
Honour, and *Anger* in both *equal* were.
Two wounds our *Prince* receiv'ed, and *Ammon* three;
Which he enrag'ed to feel, and 'ſham'd to ſee,
Did his whole ſtrength into one blow collect;
And as a Spani'el when we'our aim direct
To ſhoot ſome *Bird*, impatiently ſtands by
Shaking his tail, ready with joy to fly
Juſt as it drops, upon the wounded prey;
So waited *Death* it ſelf to bear away
The threatned Life; did glad and greedy ſtand
At ſight of mighty *Ammons* lifted hand.
Our watchful *Prince* by bending ſav'd the wound,
But *Death* in other coyn his *reck'ning* found;
For whilſt th'*immod'erate* ſtrokes miſcarry'ing force
Had almoſt born the ſtriker from his horſe,
A nimble thruſt is active En'emy made,
'Twixt his right ribs deep pierc'ed the furious blade,
And opened wide thoſe *ſecret veſſils*, where
Life's Light goes out, when firſt they let in *aire*.
He falls, his Armour clanks againſt the ground.
From his faint tongue *imperfect curſes* ſound.
His amaz'd Troops ſtrait caſt their arms away;
Scarce fled his *Soul* from thence more ſwift then *they*.
As when two *Kings* of neighbour *Hives* (whom rage
And thirſt of *Empire* in fierce wars engage,
Whilſt each lays claim to th'*Garden* as his owne,

And seeks t'usurp the bord'ring flowers alone
Their well-arm'd Troops drawn boldly forth
fight.
In th'aires wide plain dispute their doubtful rig
If by sad chance of battel either *King*
Fall wounded down, strook with some fatal sti
His Armies hopes and courage with him dy;
They sheath up their faint *Swords*, and routed
On th'other sides at once with like success
Into the Camp, great *Saul* and *Abner* press,
From *Jon'athans* part a wild mixt noise they he
And whatsoere it mean long to be there,
At the same instant from glad *Jabes* Town,
The hasty Troops march loud and cheat
down,
Some few at first with vain resistance fall,
The rest is *Slaughter*, and *vast Conquest* all.
The fate by which our *Host* thus far had gon,
Our *Host* with noble heat drove farther on.
Victorious arms through *Ammons* land id bore
Ruine behind, and *Terror* marcht before.
Where ere from *Rabba's* towers they cast th
sight,
Smoak clouds the *Sky* and *Flames* make clear
Night.
This bright success did *Sauls* first action bring,
The *Oyl*, the *Lot*, and *Crown* less *crown'd* h
King.
The *Happy* all men judge for Empire fit,
And none withstands where *Fortune* does subm
1. Sam. 11. 12. Ver. 13. Those who before did Gods fair choice withstar
Th'*exceßive Vulgar* now to death demand.
But wiser *Saul* repeal'd their hasty doom;
Conquest abroad, with *Mercy* crow'nd at home
Nor stain'd with civil slaughter that days pride,
Ver 15. Which foreign blood in *nobler purple* dy'ed.
Again the Crown th'assembled people give,
1 Sam. With greater joy than *Saul* could it receive.
12. 1. Again, th'old *Judge* resigne his sacred place,
God *Glorify'd* with wonders his disgrace.

Wit

With decent pride, such as did well befit
The *Name* he *kept*, and that which de hid *quit*.
The long-past row of happy years he show'd.
Which to his heav'nly Government they ow'd.
How the torn state his just and prudent raign
Restor'ed to *Order*, *Plenty*, *Power* again.
In war what conqu'ring *Miracles* he wrought;
God, then their *King*, was *Gen'ral* whē they fought.
Whom they *depos'd* with *him*. And that (said he)
You may see *God* concern'd in't more then *Me*,
Behold how storms his angry presence shrowd,
Hark how his wrath in thunder threats alowd.
'T was now the ripen'ed *Summers* highest rage,
Wh ch no taint cloud durst mediate to asswage.
Th'*Earth* hot with *Thirst*, and hot with *Lust* for *Rain*.
Gap'd, and breath'd feeble vapours up in vain,
Which straight were scatter'd, or devour'd by th' Sun;
When, Lo, ere scarce the *active Speech* was done,
A violent *Wind* rose from his *secret Cave*,
And troops of frighted Clouds before it drave.
Whilst with rude haste the confus'ed *Tempest* crowds,
Swift dreadfull flames shot through th'encountring clowds.
From whose torn womb th'imprison'ed *Thunder* broke,
And in dire sounds the *Prophets* sense it spoke.
Such an impetuous shower it downwards sent,
As if the *Waters* bove the *Firmament*
Were all let lose; *Horrour* and fearful noise
Fill'd the black *Scene*; till the great *Prophets* voice
Swift as the wings of *Morns*, reduc'ed the Day;
Wind, *Thunder*, *Rain* and *Clouds* fled all at once away.
Fear not (said he) *God* his fierce wrath removes, 1. *Sam.* 12. 20.
And though this *State* my service disapproves,
My *Prayers* shall serve it constantly. No more,
I hope, a pardon for past sins to t'implore,

But just rewards from gracious heav'n to bring
On the good deeds of you, and of *our King*.
Behold him there! and as you see, rejoyce
In the kind care of *Gods* impartial choice.
Behold his Beauty, Courage, Strength and Wi
The *Honour* heav'en has cloath'd him with, fits
And comely on him; since you needs must be
Rul'ed by a *King*, you are happy that 'tis *He*.
Obey him gladly, and let him too know
You were not made for *Him*, but he for *You*.
And both of *God*.
Whose gentlest yoke if once you cast away,
In vain shall *he* command, and *you* obey.
To foreign *Tyrants* both shall *slaves* become,
Ib. v. 25 Instead of *King*, and *Subjects* here at home.
The *Crown* thus several ways confirm'd to *Sa*
One way was wanting yet to *crown* them all;
And that was Force, which only can maintain
The *Power* that *Fortune* gives, or *worth* dos
gain.
1 Sam. Three thousand *Guards* of big, bold men he too
13. 2. Tall, terrible, and *Guards* ev'en with their *Look*
His sacred person too, and throne defend,
The third on matchless *Ionathan* attend.
Ore whose full thoughts *Honour*, and youthfu
Heat,
Sate brooding to hatch *Actions* good and great
Ib. 3. On *Geba* first, where a *Philistian* band
Lies, and around torments the *fetter'd land*.
He falls, and slaughters all; his noble rage
Mixt with *Design* his Nation to engage
In that just war, which from them long in vain
Ib. v. 5. *Honour* and *Freedoms* voice had strove t'obtain.
Th'accurst *Philistian* rows'd with this bold blov
All the proud marks of *enrag'ed Power* does
show.
Raises a vast, well-arm'd, and glittering Host,
If humane strength might authorize a boast,
Their threats had reason here; for ne're did wee
Our selves so weak, or foe so potent see.

Her

Here we vaſt bodies of their *Foot* eſpy,
The *Rear* out-reatches far th'*extend Eye*.
Like fields of *Corn* their armed Squadrons ſtand;
As thick and numberleſs they hide the land.
Here with ſharp neighs the warlike *horſes* ſound,
38 And with proud prancings beat the putrid ground. (paſs
39 Here with worſe noiſe three thouſand *Chariots*
With plates of Iron bound, or louder Braſs.
About it forks, axes, and ſithes, and ſpears,
Whole *Magazines* of *Death* each *Chariot* bears.
Where it breaks in, there a whole *Troop* it mows,
And with lopt panting limbs the field beſtrows.
Alike the *Valiant*, and the *Cowards* dy; *Ib. v. 5.*
Neither can *they reſiſt*, nor can *theſe fly*. *v. 7.*
In this proud equipage at *Macmas* they;
Saul in much different ſtate at *Gilgal* lay.
His forces ſeem'd no *Army*, but a *Crowd*,
Heartleſs, unarm'd, diſorderly, and lowd,
The quick *Contagion Fear* ran ſwift throught all,
And into trembling *Fits* th'infected fall.
Saul and his *Son* (for no ſuch faint *Diſeaſe*
Could on their ſtrong complection'd *Valour* ſeiſe)
In vain all parts of virtuous *Conduct* ſhow'd,
And on *deaf Terror* gen'erous words beſtow'd.
Thouſands from thence fly ſcattered ev'ery day;
Thick as the Leaves that ſhake and drop away,
When they th'approach of ſtormy *Winter* find
The noble *Tree* all bare expos'd to the' *Wind*.
Some to ſad *Iordan* fly, and ſwim't for haſt,
And from his farther bank look back at laſt.
Some into woods and caves their cattel drive,
There with their *Beaſts* on *equal* terms they live,
Nor deſerve *better*; ſome in rocks on high,
The old retreats of *Storks* and *Ravens* ly.
And were they wing'ed like them, ſcarce would they dare
To ſtay, or truſt their frighted ſafety there.
As th'Hoſt with fear, ſo *Saul* diſturb'd with care, *Ib. 8.*

Ta-

T'avert these ills by *Sacrifice* and *Prayer*,
And *Gods* blest will t'enquire, for *Samuel* sends;
Whom he six days with troubled hast attends.
But ere the seventh unlucky day (the last
By *Samuel* set for this great work) was past,
Saul (alarm'd hourly from the neighb'ring foe,
Impatient ere Gods time Gods mind to know,
'Sham'd and enrag'ed to see his Troops decay,
Jealous of an affront in *Samuels* stay,
Scorning that any's presence should appear
Needful besides when *He himself* was there;
And with a pride too nat'ural thinking Heaven
Had given him *All*, because *much Power* t'had giv'en)
Himself the *Sacrifice* and *Offring's* made,
Himself did th'high *selected charge* invade,
Himself inquir'ed of *God*; who then spak nought;
But *Samuel* straight his dreadful answer brought
For straight he came. and with a *Virtue bold*;
As was *Sauls sin*, the fatal Message told.
His foul *Ingratitude* to heav'en he chid,
To pluk that *Fruit* which was alone *forbid*
To Kingly power in all that plenteous land,
Where all things else submit to his command.
And as fair *Edens* violated *Tree*,
To'*Immortal Man* brought in *Mortalitie*:
So shall that *Crown*, which God eternal meant,
1 *Sam.* 13. 14. From thee (said he) and thy great house be rent,
Thy Crime shall *Death* to all thine *Honour* send,
And give thy'*Immortal Royalty* an *End*
Thus spoke the *Prophet*, but kind hea'ven (w hope)
Whose threats and anger know no other scope
But *Mans Amendment*) does long since relent,
And with *Repentant Saul* it self *Repent*.
Howere (though none more pray for this than w
Whose wrong and sufferings might some colou be

T

To do it *leſs*, this ſpeech we ſadly find.
Still extant, and ſtill active in his Mind.
But then a worſe effect it appear'd,
Our *Army* which before *Moleſtly* fear'd,
Which did by ſtealth and by degrees decay,
Diſbanded now, and fled in troops away.
Baſe *Fear* ſo bold and impudent does grow,
When an excuſe and colour it can ſhow.
Six hundred only (ſcarce a *Princely train*) 1 *Sam.* 13. 15.
Of all his Hoſt with diſtreſt *Saul* remain,
Of his whole Hoſt ſix hundred; and ev'en thoſe
(So did wiſe Heaven for mighty ends diſpoſe,
Nor would that uſeleſs *Multitudes* ſhould ſhare
In that great *Gift* it did for *One* prepare)
Arm'd not like *Souldiers* marching in a War,
But Country *Hinds* alarmed from afar
By *Wolves* loud hunger, when the well-known ſound
Raiſes th'affrighted Villages around. *Ib. v.* 19
Some Goads, Flails, Plow-ſhares, Forks, or Axes 20, 21.
bore,
Made for *Lifes* uſe and better ends before,
Some knotted Clubs, and Darts, or Arrows dry'd
I'th'fire, the firſt rude arts that *Malice* try'd,
E're Man the ſins of too much *Knowledge* knew,
And *Death* by long *Experience* witty grew.
Such were the *Numbers*, ſuch the *Arms* which we
Had by fate left us for a *Victorie*:
O're *well-arm'd Millions*; nor will this appear
Uſeful it ſelf, when *Jonathan* was there.
'Twas juſt the time when the new *Ebb* of *Night*
Did the moiſt world unvail to humane ſight.
The *Prince*, who all that night the field had beat
With a ſmall party, and no enemy met
(So proud and ſo ſecure the enemy lay,
And drencht in *ſleep* th'exceſſes of the *day*)
With joy this good occaſion did embrace,
With better leiſure, and at nearer ſpace,
The ſtrength and order of their Camp to view;

Ab-

Abdon alone his gen'erous purpose knew ;
Abdon a bold, a brave, and comely Youth,
Well-born, well-bred, with *Honour* fill'd and
Truth,
Abdon his faithful *Squire*, whom much he lov'd,
And of with grief his worth in dangers prov'd.
Abdon, whose love to his *Master* did exceed
What *Natures Law*, or *Passions Power* could
breed,
Abdon alone did on him now attend ;
1 Sam. 14. 1. His humblest *Servant*, and his dearest *Friend*.
They went, but sacred fury as they went,
Chang'd swiftly, and *exalted* his intent.
What may this be (the *Prince* breaks forth) I find
God or some powerful *Spirit* invades my mind.
From ought but *Heaven* can never sure be brought
So high, so glorious, and so vast a thought.
Nor would *ill Fate* that meant me to surprise,
Come cloath'd in so unlikely a *Disguise*.
You *Host*, which its proud *Fishes* spreads so wide
O're the whole Land, like some swoln *Rivers Tide*,
Which terrible and numberless appears,
43 As the thick Waves which their tough *Ocean*
bears; (sa
Which lies so strongly e'ncampt, that one would
The *Hill* might be remov'd as soon as *they*,
We two alone must *fight* with and *defeat* ;
Thou'rt strook, and startest at a *sound* so great.
Yet we must do't ; God our weak hands has chose
T'ashame the boasted numbers of our Foes,
Which to his strength no more proportion'd be
Than *Millions* are of *Hours* to his *Eternitie*.
If when their careless *Guards* espy us here,
2 Sam. 24. 9. With sportful scorn they call to us to come neer,
Well boldly climb the *Hill*, and charge them all ;
Not *They*, but *Israels Angel* gives the call.
44 He spoke, and as he spoke, a *Light* divine
Did from his *Eyes*, and round his *Temples* shine ;
Louder his *Voice*, larger his *Limbs* appear'd ;
Less seem'd the num'erous *Army* to be fear'd.
This

This saw, and heard with joy the brave *Esquire*,
As he with *Gods*, fill'd with his *Masters Fire*.
Forbid it Heav'en (said he) I should decline, 1 Sam. 14. 7.
Or wish (Sir) not to make *your* danger *mine*.
The great *Example* which I daily see
Of your high worth is not so lost on me;
If wonder-strook I at your words appear,
My wonder yet is *Innocent* of *Fear*.
Th'*Honour* which does your Princely breast *enflame*,
Warms mine too, and joins there with *Duties Name*.
If in this Act *ill Fate* our *Tempter* be,
May all the *Ill* it means be aim'd at *me*.
But sure, I think, *Gods* leads, nor could you bring
So high thoughts from a less exalted *Spring*.
Bright signs through all your word and looks are spread,
A rising *Victory* dawns around your head.
With such discourse blowing their sacred flame;
Lo to the fatal place and work they came.
Strongly encampt on a steep *Hills* large head,
Like some vast wood the mighty *Host* was spread. *Ib. v.* 4.
Th'only'access on neighb'ring *Gabaa*'s side,
An hard and narrow way, which did divide
Two cliffy *Rocks*, *Boses* and *Senes* nam'd,
Much for themselves, and their big *strangeness* fam'd,
More for their *Fortune*, and this *stranger* day;
On both their points *Philistian* out-guards lay;
From whence the two bold *Spies* they first espy'd;
And, lo! the *Hebrews*! proud *Elcanor* cry'd;
From *Senes* top; Lo; from their hungry Caves
A quicker Fate here sends them to their graves.
Come up (aloud he crys to them below)
Ye *Egyptian Slaves*, and to our *Mercy* owe
The rebel lives long since to our *Justice* due;
Scarce from his lips the *fatal Omen* flew,
When th'inspir'd Prince did nimbly *understand*
God, and his *God-like Virtues* high command.
He call'd him up, and up the steep ascent

With

With *pain* and *labour*, *haſt* and *joy* they went.
Elcanor laught too ſee them climb, and though
His mighty words th'affrighted *Supplants* brong
Did new affronts to the great *Hebrew Name*,
(The barbarous!) in his wanton *Fancy* frame.
Short was his ſport; for ſwift as *Thunders* ſtroke
Rives the frail Trunk of ſome hea'ven-threatn
Oak.
The Princes Sword did his proud head divide;
The parted Scull hung down on either ſide.
Juſt as he fell, his vengeful ſteel he drew
Half way; no more the trembling *Joints* could
Which *Abdon* ſnatcht, and dy'ed in the blood
Of an *amazed wretch* that next him ſtood.
Some cloſe to earth ſhaking and grov'eling ly,
Like *Larks* when they the *Tyrant hobby* ſpy.
Some wonder ſtrook ſtand fixt; ſome fly, ſo
arm
Wildly, at th'*unintelligible Alarm*.
45 Like the main *Channel* of an high-ſwoln *Floo*
In vain by *Dikes* and broken *works* withſtood
So *Jonathan*, once climb'd th'oppoſing hill,
Does all around with noiſe and ruine fill.
Like ſome large *Arm* of which another way
Ablon o'reflows: him too no *bank* can ſtay.
With cryes th'affrighted *Country* flies before;
Behind the following *waters* lowdly roar.
Twenty at leaſt ſlain on this out guard ly,
1 *Sam.* 14 14. To th'adjoin'd Camp the reſt diſtracted fly,
And *ill mixt wonders* tell, and into't bear,
Blind terrour, *deaf diſorder*, *helpleſs fear*.
The *Conqu'erors* too preſs boldly in behind,
Doubling the wild confuſions which they fin
1 *Sam.* 6. 4. *Hamgar* at firſt, the Prince of *Aſhdod* Town,
46 Chief'mongſt the *Fine* in riches and renown,
And *General* then by courſe oppos'd their way
Till drown'd in Death at *Ionathans* fee he lay;
And curſt the *Heavens* for rage, and bit the grou
47 His *Life* for ever ſpilt *ſtain'd* all the graſs aroun
His *Brother* too; who vertuous haſt did make

His fortune to *revenge*, or to *partake*,
Falls goove'ling o're his trunk, on mother earth;
Death mixt no less their *Bloods* than did their *birth*.
Mean while the well-pleas'd *Abdons* restless Sword
Dispatcht the following traint'attend their *Lord*.
On still o're panting corps great *Ionathan* led;
Hundreds before him *fell*, and *Thousands fled*.
Prodigious Prince! which does most wondrous show,
Thy' *Attempt*, or thy *Success*! thy *Fate* or *Thou*!
Who durst alone that dreadful Host assail,
With purpose not to *Dye*, but to *Prevail*!
Infinite Numbers thee no more affright,
Than *God*, whose *Unity* is *Infinite*.
If Heav'e to mé such mighty thoughts would give,
What *Breast* but thine capacious to receive
The vast *Infusion*? or what *Soul* but *Thine*
Durst have believ'd that *Thought* to be *Divine*?
Thou follow'dst Heaven in the *Design*, and we 1 Sam.
Find in the *Act* 't was *Heav'en* that follow'ed *Thee*. 14. 15.
Thou ledst on *Angels*. and that sacred band
(The *De'ities* great *Lieut'enant*) didst command.
'T is true, Sir, and no *Figure*, when I say
Angels themselves fought under him that day.
Clouds with ripe *Thunder* charg'd some thither drew,
And some the dire *Materials* brought for new.
Hot drops of *Southern Showers* (the *sweats of Death*)
The voyce of *storms* and winged *whirl-winds* breath:
The flames shot forth from fighting *Dragons* Eyes,
The smokes that from scorcht *Fevers Ovens* rise,
The reddest fires with which sad *Comets* glow;
And *Sodoms* neighb'ring *Lake* did spir'its bestow
Of finest *Sulphur*; amongst which they put
Wrath, *Fury*, *Horrour*, and all mingl'ed shut
Into a cold moist *Cloud*, t'enflame it more;
And make th'enraged *Prisoner* louder roar.
Th'assembled *Clouds* burst o're their Armier head;

Noise,

Noise, Darkness, dismal Lightnings round t
spread.
Another *Spir'it* with a more potent wand
Than that which *Nature* fear'd in *Moses* hand
And wet the way that pleas'd, the *Mountain* str
The *Mountain* felt it; the vast *Mountain* shook
Through the wide ayr another *Angel* flew
About their Host, and thick amongst them th
Discord, Despair, Confusion, Fear, Mistak
And all th'*Ingredients* that swift ruine make.
The fertile glebe requires no time to breed;
It quickens and receives at once the *Seed.*
One would have thought, this dismal day to'
seen,
That *Natures* self in her *Death-pangs* had bee
Such will the face of that great hour appear;
Such the distracted *Sinners* conscious fear.
In vain some few strive the wild flight to stay
In vain they threaten, and in vain they pray;
Unheard. unheeded, trodden down they ly,
Beneath the wretched feet of crouds that fly.
O're their own *Foot* trampled the vi'olent Ho
The guidless *Chariots* with impet'uous course
Cut wide through both; and all their bloody
Horses, and *Men*, torn, bruis'd, and mangled l
Some from the Rocks cast themselves down h
long;
The faint weak *Passion* grows so bold and str
To almost certain present *death* they fly
From a remote and causeless fear to *dy.*
Much diffe'rent error dit some troops possess;
1 Sam. 14. 20. And *Madness* that lookt better, though no less
Their fellow troops for th'entred foe they tak
And *Isra'els* war with mutual slaughter make.
Ib. v. 16. Mean while the King from *Gabaas* hill did viev
And hear the thickning *Tumult* at is grew
Still great and loud; and though he knows
why
They fled, no more than they themselves that
Yet by the storms and terrors of the aire,
Gues

esses some vengeful *Sp'irits* working there;
eys the loud occasions sacred call,
d fiercely on the trembling Host does fall.
the same time their *Slaves* and *Prisoners* rise,
r does their much-wisht *Liberty* suffice *Ib. 21.*
thout *Revenge*; the scatter'd arms they seise,
d their proud vengeance with the *memory* plea-
se
who so lately bore them; All about
m Rocks and Caves the *Hebrews* issue out
the glad noise; joy'd that their foes had shown *Ib. v. 22.*
ear that drowns the scandal of *their own.*
l did the Prince midst all this storm appeare,
l scatter'd *Deaths* and *Terrors* every where.
l did he break, still blunt his wearied Swords;
l slaughter new supplies to his hand affords.
here troops yet stood, there still he hotly flew,
d till at last all fled, scorn'd to *pursue.*
l fled at last, but many in vain; for still
'insatiate *Conqu'erer* was more swift to kill
an they to save their Lives. Till, lo, at last,
ture, whose power he had so long surpast,
ould yield no more, but to him stronger foes;
ought, faintness, and fierce Hunger did oppose.
eking all o're in dust, and blood, and sweat,
nt with the *Suns* and *violent actions* heat,
inst an old *Oak* his trembling limbs he staid,
some short ease; *Fate* in th'old Oak had laid
visions up for his relief; and Lo!
e hollow trunck did with bright *Honey* flow. *1 Sam.*
ith timely food his decay'd Sp'irits recruit; *14. 27.*
ong he returns, and fresh to the pursuit,
s strength and sp'irits the Honey did resto-
re;
t, oh, the *bitter-sweet* strange *poison* bore!
hold Sir, and mark well the *treacherous fa-*
te,
at does so close on humane glories wait!
hold the strong, and yet *fantastik Net*
nsnare triumphant *Vertue* darkly set!

Could

Could it before (scarce can it since) be thought
The *Prince* who hath alone that morni
fought;
A *Duel* with an *Host*, had th'*Host* orethrowne,
And threescore thousand hands disarm'd w
One;
Washt off his Countreys shame, and doul
dyde
In *Blood* and *Blushes* the *Philistian* pride,
His sav'ed and fixt his *Fathers* tott'ering Crown
And the bright *Gold* new *burnisht* with renown
Should be'ere night by's *King* and *Fath*
breath?
Destin'ed the bloody *Sacrifice* to be
Of *Thanks Himself* for his own *Victorie*?
Alone with various fate lice to become,
Fighting, an *Host*; *Dying*, an *Hecatombe*?
1 Sam. 14. 24. Yet such, Sir, was his case.
For *Saul*, who fear'd the full plenty might
(In the abandon'd Camp expos'ed to sight)
His hungry men from the pursuit diswade;
A rash, but solemn vow to heav'en had made.
Curst the be wretch, thrice cursed let him be
Who shall touch food this busie day (sayd he)
Whil'st the blest Sun does with his fav'our
light
Assist our vengeful Swords against their flight.
Be he trice curst: and if his Life we spare,
On *us* those *Curses* fall that *he* should bear.
Such was the *Kings* rash vow; who little though
How near to him *Fate* th'*Application* brought.
The *two-edgd Oath*, wounds deep, perform'd bi
ke;
Ev'en *Perjury* its least and bluntest stroke.
'T was his own *Son*, whom *God* and *Mank*
lov'd,
His own victorious *Son* that he devov'ed;
On whose bright head the baleful *Curses* light;
But *Providence*, his *Helmet* in the fight,
Forbids their entrance or their setling there;

Th

They with *brute* sound dissolv'ed into the ayre.
Him what *Religion*, or what *vow* could bind,
Unknown, unheard of, till he' his life did find
Entangled in't? whilst *wonders* he did do
Must he dye now for not be'ing *Prophet* too?
To all but him this *Oath* was meant and said;
He afar off, the *ends* for which 't was made
Was acting then, till faint and out of breath,
He grew half *dead* with toil of giving *death*.
What could his Crime in this condition be,
Excus'd by *Ign'orance* and *Necessitie*?
Yet the remorseless *King*, who did disdain
That man should hear him swear or threat in vain,
Though 'gainst *himself*; or *fate* a way should see
By which attaqu'ed and conquer'd he might be:
Who thought *Compassion*, female *weakness* here,
And *Equity Injustice* would appeare
In his own *Cause*; who falsely fear'd beside
The solemn Curse on *Jon'athan* did abide,
And the infected *Limb* not cut away,
Would like a *Gangrene* o'reall *Isra'el* stray;
Prepar'd this *God-like Sacrifice* to kill;
And his *rash* vow more *rashly* to *fulfil*.
What tongue can th'horror and amazement tell
Which on all *Israel* that sad moment fell?
Fainter had been their grief, fewer their tears,
Had the *Philistian* fate that day bin theirs.
Not *Sauls* proud heart could master his swoln Ey;
The *Prince* alone stood mild and patient by,
So bright his sufferings, so triumphant show'd,
Less to the *best* than *worst* of fates he ow'ed.
A victory now he o're *himself* might boast;
He *Conquer'd* now that *Conqu'eror* of an *Host*.
It charm'd *through tears* the sad Spectators sight,
Did reverence, love, and gratitude excite

And

And pious rage, with which inspir'ed now
Oppose to *Sauls* a better publick *Vow.*
They all consent all *Israel* ought to be
1 *Sam.* Accurst and kill'd themselves rather than *He.*
14. 45. Thus will kind force they the glad King withst
And sav'ed their *wondrous Saviours* sacred blc
Ib. v. 47 Thus *David* spoke; and much did yet rema
Behind th'attentive *Prince* to entertain,
Edom and *Zoba's* war, for what befel
1 *Sam.* In that of *Moab*, was known there too well.
15. 3. The boundless quarrel with curst *Am'alecs* lar
Ib. 23. Where *Heav'en* it self did *Cruelty* command
And practis'ed on *Sauls Mercy*, nor did e're
More punish *Inno'cent Blood*, then *Pity* there
But, Lo! they'arriv'ed now at th'appointed pl
Well-chosen and well furnisht for the Case.

NO

NOTES UPON THE FOURTH BOOK.

THat is; He bow'd thrice towards the *Sun it self* (which Worship is most notorious to have been used all over the East) and thrice towards the chief *Temple* and *Image* of the *Sun* standing upon the Hill *Phegor*. For I have before declared that *Baal* was the *Sun*, and *Baal Peor*, a name, from a particular place of his worship. To which I meet with the opposition of a great person, even of *Selden*, who takes *Baal Peor* to be *Stygian Jupiter*, or *Pluto* (*De D. Syriâ Syn. j. c. 5.* building it upon the authority of the 105. (according to our English Translation the 106.) Psal. v. 20. *They joyned themselves to Baal-Peor, and eat the Sacrifices of the Dead*; which Sacrifices he understands to be *Fusta*, or *Inferias*, *Offerings* in memory of the *Dead*. *Novendiales ferias*. But why by the name of the *Dead* may not *Idol* be meant? The Sacrifices of *Idols*? it being usual for the *Jews* to give Names of reproach and contempt to the Heathen *Gods*, as this very *Baal Peor* they called *Chemos*, Jer. 48. 7. and 13, &c. that is *blindness*, in contradiction to his *Idolaters*, who called him the *Eye* of the World; or perhaps they are called Sacrifices of the *Dead*, in regard of the immolation of men to him; for *Baal* is the same *Deity* with *Moloch* of the *Ammonites*, and had sometimes, though not so constantly, humane *Sacrifices*. However these verses will agree as well with Mr. *Seldens* interpretation; for then the sence of them will be, that he bow'd first to the *Sun*, and next to *Baal*, another Deity of that Country.

Zareth, a place in *Moab* near the River *Arnon*.

3 *White Horses* were most in esteem among the
cients; such were those consecrated to the *Sun.*
dian calls them Διὸς ἵπποι, *Jupiters Horses*, wh
the same. This was the reason that *Camillus* contr
so much Envy for riding in Triumph with *white* H
as a thing *Insolent* and *Prophane*, *Maximè cons*
ipse est, *curru equis albis juncto urbem invectus*,
rumq; *id non civile modo sed humanum etian*
sum Jovis Solisq; *equis æquiparatum Dictatorem in*
ligione metiam trahebant. Liv.

Horace,

Barros ut equis præcurreret albis.

Ovid. de Art. Am.

Quatuor in niveis aureus ibis equis.

Virg. 12. *Fungit equos*; *gaudetq*; *tuens ante ora*
mentes,

Qui candore Nives anteirent cursibus auras.

In which he imitates *Homer.*

Λευκότεροι χιόνος, θέεν δ' ἀνέμοισιν ὁμοῖοι.

4 *Their side.* Scal. l. 5. Poet. says, that one but
and *Diana* wore their Quivers upon their *Shoul*
others, by their *Sides*, which he collects out of some
ces in *Virg.* 1. *Æn.* of *Diana*,

——— *Illa pharetram*
Fert humero, *gradienſq*; *Deas supereminet omne*

Æn. 4. of Apollo, *Tela sonant humeris.*
But of a *Carthaginian Virgin*,
Succinctam pharetrâ ———

Yet I am afraid the observation is not solid; for Æ
speaking of the Troop of *Ascanius* and the Boys, he h
Pars leves humero pharetras.
However *Side* is a safe word.

5 Θεοείκελος, Like a God, is a frequent *Epithete* in
mer for a beautiful person.

6 *Nebo* was a part of the Mountain *Abarim* in the
of *Moab*; but not onely that Hill, but the Country abo
and a City, was called so too, *Jer.* 48. 1. *Deut.* 42.

7 1 Sam. 9. 21. *And Saul answered and said, Am not*
Benjamite, of the smallest of the Tribes of Israel; and
fa

ily the least of all the families of the tribe of Benjamin?
erefore then speakest thou so to me?

Josh. 41. 4. *From the wilderness and this Lebanon, n unto the great River, the River Euphrates, all the d of the Hittites, and unto the great Sea, towards the ng down of the Sun, shall be your coast.* This was ful-ed all ways but East ward, for their Dominion never ch to *Euphrates*; and it was but just fulfilled to the ter, Westward, for they had very little upon the *Me-rranean*, or *Western Main*. Their own sins were the se, which made God preserve for thorns in their sides se Nations which he had conditionally promis'd to t out. It is true, they went East ward beyond *Jordan*, that was not much; and therefore, like an odde mber in accounts (as presently, where I say but *Thirty gs*) may be left out. *Iordan* is the most noble and no-ous *Boundary*.

For all the wickedness and disorders that we read of ing the time of the Judges, are attributed in Scriptu-o the want of a *King. And in those days there was no g in Israel.*

For it was the Tribe of *Benjamin* that was almost ex-ated, from whence *Saul* the first King descended. *Da-* says, *Kings*, as seeming to suppose that *Sauls Sons* re to succeed him.

n *Eli*, who descended from *Ithamar*, the youngest n of *Aaron*, till which time the High Priesthood had tinued in *Eleazar*, the elder Brothers race. This was succession, *Aaron, Eleazar, Phineas, Abisua, Buk-Vzzi*, and then *Eli* of the younger house came in. In ich it continued till *Solomons* time.

The *Scepter* is not appropriated to *Kings*, but to the *Su-me Magistrates*, as in the famous prophesie, *Gen* 49. 10. *e Scepter shall not depart from Judah, nor a Law-giver m between his feet, till the Shilo come.*

There is nothing in the whole Scripture that admits more several opinions than the time of *Sauls* & *Sa-els* reign. This I will take in the first place for granted t the 40 years assigned by *S. Paul* (Acts 13. 20.) to *ul*, are to include *Samuels Judicature*; for else

there would be found more than 480 years from departure out of *Egypt*, to the Building of *Solom Temple*, neither could *Saul* be a young man when was *elected*; besides, *David* would not have been b at the time when he is said to slay *Goliah*. We are t refore to seek how to divide those 40 years between *muel* and *Saul*. *Iosephus* gives *Saul* 38 years, 18 with *muel*, and 20 after his death Most *Chronologers*, (says *pit. Severus*) 30. *Raffin.* and divers others 20, to wit, with *Samuel*, and two after. None of which can be true; the Ark was carried to *Cariath jearim* before *Sauls* reig and at the end of 20 years was removed from thence *David* to *Ierusalem*; wherefore *Sulianus* allows *Sa* 18 years, *Calvisius* 15, *Petavius* 12. some 11 *Buc cer* 10. Others make *Saul* to have reigned but two yea and these considerable Authors, as *Arius Montan. Mi cator*, *Adricom.* &c. grounding it upon a Text of Script re. 1 Sam. 13. 1. *Filius unius anniet at Saul, cùm regn cœpisset, & duobus annis regnavit super Israel*; wh. others understand to be three years, to wit, two after t first. *Sulpit. Sever.* indefinitely, *parvo admodum spa tenuit imperium*; which opinion seems to me extreme improbable. 1. Because we cannot well crowd all *Sa* actions into so small a time. 2. Because *David* must th have been about 29 years old when he slew *Goliah*; for began to reign at *Hebron* at 30. 3. Because it is hard that be true, to make up the 20 years that the Ark abode *Cariath jearim*. 4. The Text where on this is built, do not import it; for it signifies no more, than that he h. reigned one year before his confirmation at *Gilgal*, a two when he chose himself *Guards* Our Translation hat *Saul reigned one year; and when he had reigned two yea over Israel, he chose him* 3000 *men*, *&c.* To determi punctually how long he reigned, is impossible; but I should guess about 10 *years*, wh h his actions will we require, and *David* will be a little above 20 years old fit age, when he defeated the *Gyant*, and the 20 years the Arks abiding at *Cariath jearim* will be handsomel made up, to wit, three years before *Sauls* anointing, an 10 during his Government, and seven whilst *David* wa

Kin

King at *Hebron*. So that of the 40 assigned by the *Apostle* to *Samuel* and *Saul*, there will remain 30 years for the Government of *Samuel*.

For first, the *Israelites* knew they were to be governed at last by *Kings*. And secondly, they desired it by reason of the great disorders and afflictions which they suffered for want of it; and it is plain, that this is not the first time that they thought of this remedy; for they would have chosen *Gideon* King, and annexed the Crown to his Race, and did after actually choose *Abimelech*.

See *Moses* his Prophesie of it, *Deut.* 17. 14. and to *Abraham God* himself says, *Genes.* 17. 6. *And Kings shall come out of thee.*

It is a vile opinion of those men, and might be punished without *Tyranny*, if they teach it, who hold, that the *right* of *Kings* is set down by *Samuel* in this place. Neither did the people of *Israel* ever allow, or the *Kings* avow the assumption of such a power as appears by the story of *Ahab* and *Naboth*. Some indeed did exercise it, but that is no more a proof of the *Right*, than their *Practise* was of the *Lawfulness* of *Idolatry*. When *Cambyses* had a mind to marry his *Sister*, he advised with the *Magi*, whether the *Law* did allow it, who answered, that they knew of no *Law* that did allow it, but that there was a *Law* which allowed the Kings of *Persia* to do what the would. If this had been the case with the Kings of *Israel*, to what purpose were they enjoyned so strictly the perpetual reading, perusing, and observing of the Law (*Deut.* 17.) if they had an other *Particular Law* that exempted them from being bound to it?

The *Tetragrammaton*, which was held in such reverence among the Jews, that it was unlawful to pronounce it. It was called therefore ἀνεκφώνητον, *Unutterable*. For it they read *Adonai*, the reason of the peculiar *Sanctity* of this *Name*, is, because other names of God were appliable to other things, as *Elohim*, to Princes; but this name *Jehovah*, or *Jave*, or *Iai* (for it is now grown *unutterable*, in that no body knows how to pronounce

it) was not participated to any other thing. Where *God* says *Exod.* 3. 16. *This is my name for ever, and is my memorial to all generations.* And *Exod.* 6. 3. *by my name Jehovah was I not known unto them.* *Jo-phus* call this *Tetragrammaton*, Τὰ ἱερὰ γράμματα, *Sacred Letters*; and Προσηγορίαν περὶ ἧς οὐ μοὶ θέμις εἰπ A name of which it is not *Lawful* for me to speak; again, Τὸ φρικτὸν ὄνομα τοῦ Θεοῦ The *Dreadful Nam God.* Stat.

Triplicis mundi summum, quem Scire Nefastum est.
Whose name it is not lawful to know.

And *Plato* relating how *Caligula* used him and his fel *Ambassadors* from the *Iews.* You (said *Caligula* to th are *Enemies* to the *Gods*, and will not acknowledge *m* be *One*, who am received for such by all the rest of world: but by the God that you dare not name ἀκατανόμαστον ὑμῖν,) and then lifting up his hanc heaven, he spoke out the *Word*, which it is not *lawfi* much as to *bear*, &c. And the *Heathens* had someth like this custom; for the *Romans* kept secret the n of the *Tutelar of their City*; lest the enemies, if t knew how to call him right, might by charms d him away. And in their Solemn *Evocation* of *Gods* fr the Cities which they besieged, for fear lest they sh mistake the *Deities proper name*, they added always, *quo alio nomine voceris.*

18 The *Tabernacle*, Exod. 39. 9. *And thou shalt tak anointing oyl, and anoint the Tabernacle, and all tha therein; and shalt hallow it, and the vessels therein; it shall be holy.*

19 The *Bells* upon the High-Priests Garments, *Exo* 38. 25.

20 There want not Authors, and those no slight ones, v maintain that *Samuel* was High-Priest as well as *Iudg* S. *Augustine*, and *Sulpit. Severus*, who says, *Admoa senex sacerdotio functus refertur.* And some make him have succeeded *Eli*, others *Achitob.* But there is a m nifest error, for he was not so much as a *Priest*, onely a *Levite*, of the Race of *Isahar*, the younger B ther of *Amram*, from whom *Aaron* came, and all suc

succession of *Priests*, 1 Chronic. 6. It will be therefore asked, Why I make him here perform the office of the *High-Priest*, and dress him in the *Pontifical Habits*? For the first, it is plain by the story that he did often do the duty of the *High-Priest*, as here, and when *Saul* was appointed to stay for his coming to celebrate the *Sacrifice* &c. For the latter, I know not why he might not as well wear the *Habit*, as exercise the *Function*; nay, I believe the function could not be well exercised without the habit. I say therefore with *Petavius*, *L.* 10. *de Doctr. Tempor.* That he was constituted of God, *High-Priest Extraordinary*, and lookt upon as such by reason of the extraordinary visible marks of *Sanctity*, *Prophesie*, and *Miracles*, without which singular testimonies from God we know that in latter times there were often two at once, who did execute the *High-Priests Office*, as *Annas* and *Caiphas*.

Well cut Diadem: *i.* The Plate of pure Gold tyed upon the Mitre, on which was engraven, *Holiness to the Lord*, Exod. 28. 36. and Exod. 39.

This *Breast-Plate* is called by the *Septuagint*, Τὸ λογεῖον τῆς κρίσεως, The *Oracle* of *Judgments*: Because whensoever the *High-Priest* consulted God, he was to have it upon his Breast. The Description of it, and the stones in it, see *Exod.* 28 15. These *stones* so engraven, and disposed as God appointed, I conceive to be the *Urim* and *Thummin* mentioned Verse 30. the *Doctrina & Veritas*, as the *Latine*, the φωτισμοὶ καὶ τελειώσεις, *Light and Perfection*, as *Aquila*; the ἀλήθειαν καὶ δήλωσιν, *Truth* and *Demonstration*, as the *Septuagint*: All which signifie no more than *Truth* and *Manifestation*, or the *Manifestation of Truth by these stones*; with some say, was by the shining of those particular *Letters* in the *Names* of the *Tribes*, that made up some words or word to answer the question propounded. Others, that when the stones shone very brightly, it implyed an *Affirmative* to the question, and when they looked dimly and cloudily, a *Negative*. But when the Demands required a prolix, or various answer, that was either given by *Illumination* of

the *High-Priest* understanding, making him speak Gods Organ or *Oracle* (as the *Devil* is believed to hav inspired *Sybils* and *Pythian Priests*) or by an audible voy ce from within the *Sanctum Sanctorum*; which latte way I take here, as most proper for *Poetry*.

23 The *Tabernacle* is called a *Temple*, 1 *Sam.* 10. : *Sam.* 22. 7. *Psal.* 18. 3 *Josephus* terms it *νεὼν μεταφ ξόμενον*, *A Moveable Temple* —— *The Temples brig third Heaven* —— The Tabernacle being Gods se upon earth, was made to *Figure* out the Heavens which is more properly his Habitation; and was the refore divided into three parts, to signifie the same di vision of the Heavens in Scripture Phrase. The first wa the Court of the Tabernacle, where the Sacrifices wer slain and consumed by fire, to represent the whole spa ce from the earth up to the Moon (which is called ver frequently *Heaven* in the *Bible*) where all thing are subject to corruption. The second was the *San ctum*, the *Holy Place*, wherein stood the Altar o *Incense*, to represent all that space above which i possest by the *Stars*. The third was the third *San ctum Sanctorum*, the *Holiest Place*, to represent th third Heaven (spoken of by S. *Paul*) which is th Dwelling-Place of God, and his *Cherubins* or *An gels*. Neither did the colours of the Curtains allude t any thing but this similitude betwixt the *Tabernacle* anc *Heaven*.

24 In all times and all Countreys it hath been counted a certain sign of the displeasure of the Deity to whom they sacrificed, if the Fire upon the Altar burnt not clear and cheartfully. *Seneca in Thyest.*

Et ipse fumus tristis ac nebulâ gravis
Non rectus exit, seq; in excelsum levans
Ipsos Penates nube deformi obsidit.

And a little after,
Vix lucet ignis, &c.

25 According to the old senseless opinion, that the Hea-

Heavens were divided into several *Ores* or *Spheres*, and that a particular *Intelligence Angel* was assigned to each of them, to turn it round (like a *Mill-horse*, as *Scaliger* says) to all eternity.

26 How came it to pass that *Samuel* would make a solemn Sacrifice in a place where the *Tabernacle* was not? which is forbid, *Deut.* 12. 8. *Grotius* answers, first, that by reason of the several removes of the Tabernacle in those times, men were allowed to sacrifice in several places. Secondly, that the authority of an extraordinary *Prophet* was above that of the *Ceremonial Law*. It is not said in the Text, thas it was *Samuels Birth-day*; but that is an innocent addition, and was proper enough for *Rama*, which was the Town of *Samuels* usual Residence.

27 A choice part of the meat (for we hear nothing of several *Courses*) namely the *Shoulder*. The *Left Shoulder* (*Grotius* observes) for the *right* belonged to the *Priest*, Levit. 7. 32. This *Josephus* terms μερίδα Βασιλικὴν, The *Princely Portion*. The men over subtle in *Allusions*, think this parts was chosen to signifie the *Burden* that was then to be laid upon his shoulders. So *Menochius*, as *Philo* says that *Joseph* sent a part of the *Breast* to *Benjamin*, to intimate his *hearty* affection. These are pitiful little things, but the Ancients did not despise sometimes as odde *Allusions*.

In old time even at feasts men did not eat of dishes in common amongst them, but every one had his *Portion* apart: which *Plut*, calls, Ὁμηρικὰ δεῖπνα, and Ὁμηρικὰς δαῖτας, *Homerique Feasts*; because *Homer* makes always his *Heroes* to eat so, which whom the better men had always the most commons. *Ajax* νώτοισι διηνεκέεσσι γεραίρεται, hath a *Chine of Beef*, *Perpetui tergum bovis*. And *Diomedes* hath both more meat and more cups of drink set before him; of which see *Athen. l.* 1. *c.* 11. who says likewise that Δαὶς, a Feast, comes *à* Δατεῖσθαι, from dividing equally, which makes *Homer* call it so often, Δαῖτα ἐΐσην.

28 See Note 12. on Book 1. That *Oyl* mixt with any other liquor, ſtill gets uppermoſt, is perhaps one of the chiefeſt *Significancies* in the *Ceremony of Anointing Kings* and *Prieſts*.

29 *The Kingly day.* The day for election of a *King*, which cauſes a new *Æra*, or *Beginning of Chronological accounts*. As before they were wont to reckon, From the *Going out of Egypt*, or *from the beginning of the Government by Judges*: So now they will, *From the Entrance of their Kings*. Almoſt all great changes in the world are uſed as *Marks* for ſeparation of Times.

30 In many Countreys it was the cuſtom too chooſe their *Kings* for the comelineſs and Majeſty of their *Perſons*; *as Ariſtotle* reports of the *Ethiopians*; and *Heliogabalus*, though but a Boy, was choſen *Emperour* by the Roman Souldiers at firſt ſight on him, for his extraordinary beauty. *Eurip* ſays finely, Ἐιδ & ἄξιον τυράννιδ, a countenance that deſerved a Kingdom.

31 *Ariſtotle* ſays, *L. 6. Pol.* That is was a popular Inſtitution to chooſe Governors by *Lots*. But Lots left purely in the hand of fortune would be ſure a dangerous way of *Electing Kings*. Here God appointed it, and therefore it was to be ſuppoſed would look to it; and no doubt all Nations who uſed this cuſtom did it with reliance upon the care of their Gods. *Prieſts* were like wiſe ſo choſen.

Laocoon ductus Neptuni ſorte ſacerdos.

32 This *Seneca* in *Th.* ſays, was the caſe of *Ithaca*;

Et putat mergi ſua poſſe pauper
Regna Laertes Ithacâ tremente.

33 *Jaboc*, a *River*, or *Torrent* in the country of *Ammon*, that runs into the River *Arnon*.

34 *Arabia* the *Stony*, *Arabia* the *Deſert*, and *Arabia* the *Happy*.

35 For ſome conceive that the reaſon of this extravagant demand of *Nabas*, was to diſable them from ſhooting.

36 It was *Themiſtius* his ſaying, that the *Soul* is the *Architect* of her own dwelling place. Neither can we attribute the *Formation* of the *Body* in the womb to any thing

ſo

so reasonably as to the *Soul* communicated in the Seed; this was *Aristotles* opinion, for he says, *Semen est artifex.* The *Seed* is a skilful *Artificer*. And through we have no Authorities of this nature beyond the *Grecian* time; yet it is to be supposed, that wise men in and before *Davids* days had the same kind of opinions and discourses in all points of *Philosophy*.

37 In allusion to the *Lamps* burning in the *Sepulchres* of the Ancients, and going out as soon as ever the *Sepulchres* were opened and air let in. We read not (I think) of this Invention but among the *Romans*. But we many well enough believe (or at least say so in verse) that it came from the *Eastern parts*, where there was so infinite expence and curiosity bestowed upon *Sepulchres*.

That *Naas* was slain in this battel, I have *Josephus* his authority; that *Jonathan* slew him, is a *stroke* of *Poetry*.

38 In emulation of the *Virgilian* Verse,

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.

39 The Text says, *Thirty thousand Chariots*; which is too many for six thousand *Horse*. I have not the confidence to say *Thirty thousand* in *Verse*. *Grotius* believes it should be read Three Thousand. Figures were often mistaken in old *Manuscripts*, and this may be suspected in several places of our *Bibles*, without any abatement of the reverence we owe to the Scripture.

40 I confess I incline to believe, that it was not so much *Sauls* invasion of the *Priestly* office, by offering up the Sacrifice himself (for in some cases(and the case here was very extraordinary)it is probable he might have done that) as his disobedience to Gods command by *Samuel*, that he should stay *seven days*, which was the sin so severely punisht in him. Yet I follow here the more common opinion, as more proper for my purpose.

41 1 Sam. 13. 10. 27. *So it came to pass in the day of battel that there was neither sword nor spear found in the hand of any of the people that were with Saul and Jonathan; but with Saul and Jonathan his Son there were found, &c.* And before, *There was no Smith throughout the Land of Israel.*

But for all that, it is not to be imagined, that all the people could be without arms, after their late great victories over the *Philistines* and *Ammonites*; but that these six hundred by *Gods* appointment were unarmed, for the greater manifestation of his glory in the defeat of the enemy, by so small and so ill-provided a party; as in the story of *Gideon*, God so disposed it, that but three hundred of two and twenty thousand lapped the water out of their hands, because (says he) the people are yet too many.

42 At first men had no other weapons but their *Hands* &c.

Arma antiqua, manus, ungues, dentésq; fuerunt.

Then Clubs;

Stipitibus duris agitur sudibúsq; præustis.

And at last Iron,

Tum Ferri rigor, &c.
Tum variæ venere artes, &c.
Hic torre armatus adusto,
Stipitis hic gravido nodis, quod cuiq; repertum
Rimanti, telum ira facit.

43 The *Mediterranean*, upon the coast of which the whole Countrey of the *Philistines* lies, and contains but very few miles in breadth.

44 Hom. 6. Odyss.

Τὸν μὲν Ἀθηναίη θῆκεν Διὸς ἐκγεγαυῖα
Μείζονά τ' εἰσιδέειν καὶ πάσσονα, κὰδ δὲ κάρητος
Οὔλας ἧκε κόμας ὑακινθίνῳ ἄνθει ὁμοίας.

Virg. *Lumenq; juventæ*
Purpureum, & latos oculis afflârat honores.

45 Hom. 5. Il.

Θῦνε γὰρ ἀμπεδίον ποταμῷ πλήθοντι ἐοικὼς
Χειμάρρῳ, ὅς τ' ὠκυῤῥέων ἐκέδασσε γεφύρας.
Τὸν δ' οὔτ' ἄρτι γεφύραι ἐεργμέναι ἰσχανόωσιν·
Οὔτ' ἄρα ἕρκεα ἴσχει ἀλωάων ἐριθηλέων
Ἐλθόντ' ἐξαπίνης ὅτ' ἐπιβρίσῃ Διὸς ὄμβρος.
Πολλὰ δ' ὑπ' αὐτοῦ ἔργα κατήριπε κάλ' αἰζηῶν.

And

And in the 13. *Il.* there is an excellent comparison of *Hellor* to a *River*, and the like too in the 11. so that it seems he pleased himself much with the similitude. And *Virgil* too liked it very well,

Non sic aggeribus ruptis cùm spumeus amnis
Exit, &c

And in several other places.

6 1 Sam. 6. 4. *Five golden Emerods, and five golden Mice, according to the number of the Lords of the Philistines.*

7 His *Blood. Moses* says often, that the *Soul* is in the *Blood*, not thrice in one Chapter, *Levit.* 17. and he gives that reason for the Precept to eat Blood. Virg.

Purpuream vomit ille animam.

8 See the *Cyclops* making of *Thunder* in *Virg. Æn.* 8.

9 *Brute.* That signified nothing. So Thunders from whence the Ancients could collect no Prognostications, were called *Brute Thunders*; From *Brute Beasts*, whose sounds are inarticulate.

FINIS.

DAVIDEIDOS

LIBER PRIMUS.

Autore A. COWLEY.

BElla canò, fatique vices, *Reg*émque potentē
Mutato qui *Sceptra pedo Solymæia* gessit.
Rex olim & *Vates*; *duo maxima munera cœl*
Multa priùs tulit immotâ discrimina mente
Et *Sauli* & *Sathanæ* furiis imbellibus actus.
Multa quoque & regno, tam longa exercuit irâ
Victorem Fortuna suum; nec *pulsa quievit.*
Ast illam *Virtus* tandem indefessa domavit
Et populos latè fudit, gentésque rebelles
Nequicquam numeris & magno milite sævas;
Hi *Bello*, hic ipso *Bellorum numine* fretus!
At Tu, *Jessæi* qui sanguinis *Autor* & *Hæres*,
Bethlemiæ intactâ quondam de *Virgine* natus,
Qui *Ligno, Clavis, Hastâ, omnipotentibus* armis,
Ipsam (sic visum est) potuisti *occidere Mortem*,
Ingentes referens per *Tartara* victa *Triumphos*;
Dum tremuit *Princeps Erebi* metuitque videre
Æternùm amissos divinæ Lucis honores:
Qui nuncipse sedes placidi *leve pondus Olympi*,
Ad dextram *Patris*, & *gaudentia Sydera* calcas,
Frontem ibi (quam cinxit merito suffusa rubore
Spina ferox, cæsus de quâ cruor undique fluxit,
Ut pretiosa *humilem* decoraret *gemma Coronam*)
Frontem illam innocuæ redimitus sidere flammæ
Tu, precor ô, sanctum dimitte in corda furorem,
Da mihi *Jessiden Jessidæ* carmine magno,
Et cantu celebrare pari; tua *Flamma Ministra*;
Isacidem longis ductrix erroribus olim,
Dirigat audaces ignoto in limite gressus,

Præ

'roducátque sacræ non trita per avia *famæ*.
in sanctos manibus puris ut sumeret *Ignes*
'estalem se *Musa* facit; benè libera curis
.ibera deliciisque jocisque & amore profano
Consecrat, ecce, tibi reliquos mea *Magdalis* annos.
:cce opus hoc solidis *numerorum* immane *Columnis*,
emplum ingens statuo, varium & multá arte politum.
ngredere, ô *Numen*, quò te plaudentibus alis
Musa vocat, sanctos *Cheruborum* imitata recessus.
i facias, cedent ill; *Solemnia Templa*,
egis Idumæi cedent, sat tempore longo
uæ finxere sibi coluêre *Idola Camænæ*,
:d *Tu* me, *Verbum æternum*, tu voce vocâsti,
t novus insolito percussus lumine *Paulus*,
odeo *Musarum* immensos convertere *Mundos*,
: *Cælum*, seris ignotum aperire *Poëtis*.
t juvat, ô, purgare suis sacra flumina monstris!
t vili purgare algâ cænoque profundo,
: liquidi ingenuos *Fontes* inducere *Veri*!
Jam pænè obductum est *Saulo* sub pectore vulnus;
tegra *Jessidæ* per tot certamina virtus
assatum magnis frangit successibus iram,
ssuetis superare timet concurrere *Fatis*,
: *famam* tantæ sine viribus *invidet* illi
vidiæ; vidit pressam sub pondere *palmam*,
jam pæne suæ redeuntem in viscera terræ
ox lætum cœlo caput ostentare propinquo
so *onere elatam*, & sua brachia ferre sub auras.
idit pacatis *Jordanem* currere lymphis.
um fovet amplexu ripas, atque oscula libat,
siquis motos posito premit objice fluctus
notum præcludit iter, mox colligit iras
re tumens rapido, & contorquet vortice silvas,
um sonitu ingenti vocat ad nova prælia fluctus,
ongus ponè ruit furiosæ *Exercitus* undæ.
um pecore ac natis montem petit inscius, amens
astor, & attonito *decrescunt* arva Colono.
Hoc metuens *Saulus* premit alto corde dolorem,

Et vultum induitur placidum, similemque *David*
Dat dextram, testemq; *Deum*, amplexúsq; pate
nos;
Nec violaturum se sensit pignora tanta;
Nequicquam; nam quid potuit, nescivit & ipse,
Ac *Dominos* intùs gestavit victus acerbos.
Excipiunt plausu *Abramidæ* nova fœdera læti,
Tanta in *Iessiden* pietas indigna ferentem
Multa diù, & sævi reverentia tanta *Tyranni*.
Exultant homines, exultant agmina cœli
Sidera siderεæq; *animæ* dulcissima *Pacis*
Nomina *Iessidæque* illis; at turba *Barathri*
Neutrum amat; infernos *Concordia* nostra *Tumu*
tus
Progenerat, magnósq; *quies* humana *labores*.
Subter ubi in *Matris* secreta cubilia *Terræ*
Descendit *solis* virtus fæcunda *Mariti*;
Fatalísq; *Auri* videt incunabula flava.
(*Auri* quod superis simul ac caput extulit oris,
Perstringit mundum, nec *vi*, nec *luce* minori)
Subter ubi implumis nido jacet *Aura* profundo,
Et tener innocuo *vagit* cum murmure *Ventus*.
Subter ubi æternâ longè sub mole repôst
Thesauri ingentes magnarum arcentur *Aquarum*;
(*Oceanus Maris* ipsius, quo *fluminis* instar
Fertur, & omnigenas inter confunditur undas)
Nulla ubi sopitos fluctus exuscitat aura,
Nec *Dominæ* irritat placidos vis improba *Lunæ*.
Est *locus* immensum in spatium, immensúmq; pro
fundum
Porrectus, quem nox, genuinúsq; obruit horror.
Illum indefessum nullo objice meta coërcet,
Nec *Loca* se minùs extendunt quam *Tempora pœnæ*;
Non illum recreat dulcis tenuissima cœli
Rima, nec Eois scintilla excussa quadrigis
Perstringit, *solidasque* valet terebrare tenebras,
Non hic gemmatis stillantia sidera guttis
Impugnant sævæ jus *inviolabile Noctis*,
Lucifer hoc latè tenet illætabile regnum
Inter *vincla minax*, inter *tormenta superbus*,

Ipso

Ipso quem patitur, crudelior *Igne Tyrannus.*
Dux quondam ætherea præfulgentissimus aulæ,
Qualis ubi in curru procedens *Hesperus* aureo
Militiam æternam *stellarumq*; *agmina* ducit.
Fulmine sed cecidit correptus, *Fulminis* instar
Ipse ruens, nec enim gemitum dedit ore minorem;
Ut primum sensit medios absorptus in ignes.
At comites circum, conjuratæq; catervæ
Ingens (tuba) cadunt. Aër crepat undiq; adustus,
Et densâ *vi flammarum* prætexitur æther.
Ex illo æternæ solamina tristia pœnæ;
Æternæ socias mortales reddere pœnæ,
Torti & Carnifices! *Hominem* tentamine primo
Ause armant ipsum; magna & *cœlo æqua* voluptas!
Quos cauta & fœlix virtus si evaserit hamos,
Victricem bello tandem aggrediuntur aperto,
Et malè tentatis succedunt *Arma Venenis.*
Hâc vi *Iessiden* (neq; enim corrumpere sperat)
Oppugnat furvus barathri noctisq; *Tyrannus*,
Exacuitq; animos *Sauli* invidiâmq; potentem,
Viderat egregio generosam in corpore formam,
Virgineóq; maritatam cum flore virilem
Majestatem oris; miracula viderat alti
Nobiliora animi, vastâmq; inpectore mentem;
Viderat augustâ perfusam aspergine frontem,
Divinæq; novos spirantem lucis honores.
Condideratq; alto sub corde *Oracula* sacra
Imperium Judæ quæ concessere perenne,
Venturúsq; *Shilo* stimulos subjecerat acres,
Et nimium *Vigiles Erebi* sufflaverat ignes.
Scit miser incassum tantis se opponere rebus,
Nec validam fati perrumpere posse catenam,
Vincula sed morsu tentat, dentésq; fatigat,
Et *vinci certus* gaudet tamen esse *rebellis.*
Sed jam conversa in melius violentia *Sauli*,
Consiliúmq; dolósq; & spes turbavit inanes.
Jam multùm *Sauloo*, quem longo noverat usu
Didit, & erubuit: *falli fraudum* ipse *Magister.*
Quid faciat? quo se rerum hoc in cardine vertat?
Errati frendet ter concusso ordine dentis,

Ter

Ter quatit iratæ rugosa volumina frontis,
Ter fremit horrendum exululans, oculóq; cruento
Commixtum ardenti jaculatur sanguine lumen.
Ferrea lux terret *noctem Mareq;* perustos
Ignotus trepidos habet & crudelior *Ignis.*
Et jam vociferans; Nihil ergò possumus? inquit,
Me, me *ipsum* infœlix *puer*, & mea regna triumpho
Ducet ovans? dum vos (pudet oh!) torpetis inertes.
Innocui ludunt & adhuc per colla *Ceraſtæ*?
Nil *Furiis* dignum & populo memorabile *nostro*
Quod timeat *Deus*, & quod vel stupeam *Ipse*, pauratis?
Quæ nova *Formido*, aut pejor formidine *Virtus*
Corda gelat? quondam (memini) fortissima corda
Perdidi ob hoc *Cœlum*?
Pectora tum longæ percellit verbere caudæ,
Iratus tantæ quod non suffecerit Iræ.
Deinde sedet, vultuq; horrendum cætera profert.
Stant *Furiæ* juxtà, & se lumine circumspectant,
Dum latè loca vasta silent, *sævaq; quiete*
Tristis nativi duplicata horroris imago est.
Ipsi flammantes insano sulphure rivi
Jam tacitis serpunt per littora conscia lymphis,
Vincula nulla sonant, non Angues sibila mittunt,
Non audent inter *tormenta* gemiscere *Sontes*.
Tandem prorepit diræ fœdissima turbæ
Invidia; impexis crinem serpentibus atrum
It crispata; cutis multum laxata pependit,
Ossáq; liquit iners, ossa aspera longo luctu.
Dipsas (monstrum atrox) latitat sub pectore anhelo,
Nocte diéq; bibens nigrum insaturata *cruorem*,
Et ne tam crebro fontem consumeret haustu
Nocte diéque suo compensat damna *veneno*.
Sanguine deformatam hominum, tabóque fluentem
Pallam humeris gerit, & dextrâ rotat alta *flagellum*

Immanem lævâ crateræ sustinet orbem,
Spumantem telle atque absynthia tetra vomentem
Quo bibit assiduè, & sese ebria facta flagellat.
Hoc jam torva modo, se pro medio agmine sistit
nvida; ô barathro *Furiarum* maxima tota
nvidia! ô nunquam, nisi cum *se punit*, amanda!
Summe *Pater*, clamat Stygii *Barathri*, & mihi *Numen*;
Se puer imbellis nostros meruisse timores
Iactabit, magnóque *Erebum* miscere tumultu
His *Calubris*, *Meque*, & *Te*; nostro *Principe*, salvis?
Te minitante tremet perterrita fabrica mundi,
Et legum errabit *Natura* oblita suarum,
Te minitante dabunt rapidæ responsa procellæ
Et timidum horrendo resonabit sulmine cœlum,
Tunc & inauratos temerè *Sol* contra het ignes,
Exiletque, diémque abducet limite noto.
Cœdera dirumpet *Pontus*, supera ardua tangens,
Vicináque *undas Flammarum* elementa pavescent,
Ipse *Polus* fixam sedem & loca jussa relinquet
Sphærarúmque hilarum cessabit lubricus orbis,
Diffugient nitidi hùc illúc *picta agmina* cœli,
Ipse etiam *Deus* illorum.
Námque olim *timuit* certè cum sumpsimus arma
Nobilia arma, & quæ meruerunt *victa triumphum*!
O laudanda dies! ô ingens gloria nostri!
O iterum talem liceat mihi cernere lucem,
Ipse licet vincat, licet in *nova tartara* trudat
Et pejora istis; possint si talia fingi.
His par concurret *pastor* rudis & *puer* armis?
Quid possunt tortæ stridentia verbera fundæ?
Quem torvus longâque fame stimulatus & irâ
Non domuit *Leo*, non infandus membra *Goliah*,
Hunc mea *vox* perdet sola, & sub tartara mittet.
Multa prius passum; & nequicquam *Numine* fisum.
Quod si *Jessiden* tantâ pietate foveret
Sed satis est longo notus mihi tempore) *Saulus*,

Quanto

Quanto nos odio premimus, quantóque furore
Ante bis exactos superis ex ordine soles,
Corde novum toto longè excutiemus amorem,
Ipsa, & vos cari, fidissima turba, *Colubri*.
Me suadente nefas. fraterno sanguine *fecit*
Cainus, & ætatum dedit *Omnia lata* sequentum.
Vidi toto ingens connixum corpore saxum
Jactantem, *fratris mortem*, & *monumenta* sepulti.
Quis potuit risus (equidem risi ipsa) tenere
Cum sua sic *primus* nutriret rura *Colonus*?
Post eadem à tergo spirans furiale venenum,
Divisum populi ad marmor *Pharaona* superbum,
Currúsque, clypeósque virûm, ardentésque caballos,
Me gelidam mortem suadente & *frigida fata*,
Hausérunt avidi pectis, mentem ipsa manúmque
Dathano armavi, cum rela rebellia sumpsit,
Cum *Magicum*) cujus *nomen* detestor & *Ipsum*
Deseruit pulchrâ pro libertate *Tyrannum*.
Hùc (vidistis enim) cava per penetralia longè
Desiluit, vasto terrarum exhaustus hiatu,
Próque *Rogo*, nostras descendit *virus* in *Ignes*.
Me suadente, moras quid cesso abrumpere inanes?
Quid *nova* non agito, dum *gesta antiqua* recordor?
Jam tibi, *Iessides* (viden'?) hic *tibi sibilat anguis*!
Nil tua te pietas; nil te, *Puer*, ipse juvabit
Cui frustrà inservis, *Deus*; ô, si, te juvet, orbis
Latè omnis longâ compostus pace senescat,
Nec *Mores*, vel *Fata* hominum nascantur *iniqua*;
Ipsa autem his meritò dilectis exul ab oris
Contempta evadam in terris, miserandaque *Virtus*.
Dixerat, & simul ora premunt, & lumina versant,
Mox fremitus currunt obscuráque murmura circum,
Gaudentúmque & *mirantûm*; nihil illa movetur,
Sed fremit, & tantas *sibi laudes invidet ipsi*.
Exilit ardenti solio *Rex Ditis* acerbi
Amplexúsque petit; subito cùm mota furore

Tes

:r submissa genu rapidâ fugit ocyor aurâ.
ırmura dant *Furiæ*, dant sibila læta *Colubri*.
Nox erat, humanos & vasta silentia sensus
ırgebantque *brevi Lethe*, plumbóque ligabant.
ium etiam regni molem sub corde ferentem
ctan é nque graves curas sopor altus habebat.
idem, sopor *Invidiam* sed nullus habebat.
ı per *Isacidum* magnas it sævior urbes,
que videt structas ingenti marmore turres,
que ebur, & fulvi discrimina clara metalli,
gite jam clamat, propriis tumulata *ramis*
:c ego tecta dabo, & *solâ lucentia flammâ*.
ostitit in cursu medio, ac sua fræna remisit
ıda *Luna*, novis sudavit floridus *Hermon*
r.bus, ipse *Sion* trepidavit vertice toto.
lanis latebram in ripâ quæsivit utrâque
ritus, & multâ tandem caput abdidit algâ.
e domum ingreditur *Sauli*, quæ tota tremiscit,
:que fundamenta tremunt, tremit excita tellus;
veneranda senis sese convertit in ora
jamini, oculósque graves, vultúmque severum,
chiáque, & latos humeros & fortia membra
imilat, pendétque ingens pro pectore barba;
alis ubi steterat super atria celsa palati,
gregium *Sculptoris* opus) de marmore factus.
portam magni lætus vigilare *nepotis*!
c adstans *Saulo* notæ sub imagine formæ,
mæ verba sacræ non *Respondentia* fundit.
urge, age, *Rex brevis Abramidum*; sic nempe sepultus
enalis fati? *Somnus* tibi *ferreus* instat
ue æterna quies; Si *Regem* ritè vocavi,
ondum tua sceptra gerit *Pastorculus* ille.
ndum? unquámne geret? vigila, & *totum indue Saulum*.
: tu, magne *Deus*, justi siqua est tibi cura,
uod dubito, meliùsq. irent mortalia vellem)
edecus hoc *Saulo*, atq; *Mihi* patiaris inustum,
ramidisque tuis sacræq; in secula genti.

O *Cananæa fames* ! quid non me abſumpſeris ante
Quàm femur in genus exhauſſiſſem fertile tantum ?
Heu genus infelix nullàque in ſorte beatum,
Donatum magno in *pœnam* atque *opprobria Sceptro* !
Coctile quid fugiſtis opus, *Memphitica* juſſa,
Invito *Pharaone* truci, auſpiciiſque ſiniſtris ?
Quid *magicæ* (infandum) *virgæ* mare paruit ipſum ?
Denſatumque vias nova per *diverſa* duxit ?
Quin, ſi me auditis, *rubri* per marmora *Ponti*,
Per nemorum errores, immaniſque invia ſilvæ.
Argillam Ægypti, lateréſque requirite veſtros.
Dedecus hoc quanto minus eſt *Paſtore Tyranno* ?
Tunè potes *Domino* contentus vivere *Servo* ?
Concedent tua *Sceptra Tyræ* ? jam *ſceptra* ſuperſunt
Sola tibi, titulique & regni *nomen* inane.
Illum aliæ magnâ laudant formidine gentes,
Illum omnis *Iudæa* colit. Meminiſtin' ovantem
(Si quicquam in te, *Saule*, viri eſt, meminiſſe neceſſ eſt)
Cum cantu rediiſſe domum, feſtiſque choreis ?
Mille viros gladio *Saulus* confoderit; eſto;
Quis dederit letho decies totidem, arduus, audax,
Pluſquam *Agmen Puer* ? & vivit tamen ille, tuiſque
Perfruitur damnis; illi tua regia ſervit;
Quam non illa diù *Tua* ? jam diadema capeſſit,
Conſcendetque tuos thalamos, *Saulique* potentis
Ieſſidæ dabit *hæredem* (pro dedecus !) *Uxor*.
Hoc ſtruit, hoc ſperat *Samuel*; talem tibi peſtem
Molitur, cum dicta Dei crudelia ſpargit
Per populos paſſim, cum vana *Oracula mendax*
Quæque optat, fingit; *Deus* eſt, *Deus* illa minatus
Sic te tractâſſet *Rex Divûm Hominúmque Baâlus* ?
Aut tam averſa *ſuis Aſtarte* magna fuiſſet ?
Quid queritur ? ſacram te vi rapuiſſe coronam ?
At magnæ proceſſerunt juſſo ordine *ſortes*;
Néve aliter potuit (quid enim taceam ?) *Ipſe* jubere;
Non unquam plus te *Sortive Deóve* fatebor
Quàm meritis debere *tuis*. Quid tempore ab illo
Ipſe *Deus*, populuſque dei tibi debeat, ulli.

Hau

Haud reor obscurum; tantâ tu laude coronam
O mi chare *nepos*, ô magnæ maxime gentis)
Divinum tanto cumulâsti *munere munus*,
Nequicquam; nam quæ tantis data præmia factis?
Te *Puer*, & *Vates furiosus* & *omnia* vorsant,
Contrà Te *sanguis tuus*, & *Natura* rebellat,
Ac vanum infidi præfertur nomen *Amici*,
O furor, ô scelus infandum! *Sceptróq*; *Patriq*;
Cui causæ indormis? quæ *Manes* suscitat *ipsos*;
ixa *sepulchrorum* atq; *oculorum* claustra resignat;
Nec *cineres* puer ille sinit dormire *sepultos*,
ed negat æternæ jus *indubitabile Noctis*:
Quid facis? aut talem quid non interficis hostem
Qui turbat *vitámq*; *tuam mortémq*; *tuorum*?
ude, age, nil illo restat tibi triste remoto,
olus hic objectus (seu *Terræ* ignobilis umbra
usa laboranti quæ *Solem* advertere *Lunæ*)
d *te* ventura & tibi debita munera cœli
ccupat, ac sacri radios *intercipit* ignis,
efectum post hunc superant tibi *candida fata*,
ormosíque dies, & vitæ lucidus ordo.
atales nos, *Nate*, tuos, *regaliáq*; *astra*
onscriptámq; notis *Fortunas* vidimus aureis.
ondum, ô, nondúmne ardescit tibi pectus honesto
Ardescit certè) vindictæ ac laudis amore?
agnum aliquid pariat. Memor esto *Tuiq*; *Meíq*;
mq; vale, freor ad cœlum sedesque tuorum,
luce, & nutu magni revocatus *Abrami*.
Dixit, & ora viri flatu percussit iniquo;
trat Lethalis labefactas aura medullas;
lli vanescit dubii nubecula somni,
ùc illùc fert circum oculos; tremit inde repente
um simulacra videt formis volitantia mixtis,
uæ consuta malè in vacuo timor aëre pingit.
ant crines, sudor perfundit frigidus artus,
toto ingentes decurrunt corpore guttæ.
m pedibus terram, manibus jam pectora tundens
cipit; Et verum est; oravit vera, fuíque
aëlitis adhuc; pietas me stulta fefellit,
e *Puer*, & *Vates furiosus* & *omnia* vorsant.

Sacri-

Sacrilega, heu, facta est *patientia* nostra sepultos
Heu *violat cineres*, tumulósq; recludit avitos.
O *Ingentorum* minus est *Mors ipsa* profunda
Annorum, quem quo torpet mea *Vita veterno*.
Indigno, tu sancte *parens*, ignosce *Nepoti*,
Quem propter placidas voluisti linquere sedes,
Mortalésque ægros; miserúmq; revisere mundum.
Sancte *parens*, tua justa libens mandata capescam,
Et *te* vincam odio, & tandem *me vivere* nosces.
Nec frustra hunc tantum capies, *Magna Umbra*, l
borem.
Non *Homines* illum nobis, non *Sidera* cœli,
Non *Deus* eripiet.
Interea in placidis, Tu *Dive*, relabere sedes,
Et repete antiquam pacatâ mente quietem
Sub terras, ubi *Jessiden* mox affore tristem
Latw, & effuso pallentem sanguine cernes.
Post lucem hanc nostros iterùm si lædat ocellos,
A Te, magne *Pater*, perrumpere discat oportet
Naturæ Leges, & ferrea *claustra Sepulchri*.
His dictis nutrit flammam stimulátq; furores.
Jessides securus abest; illum *Sopor* udus
Non jam rore levi, sed plenâ proluit *Urnâ*,
Dormiat, & *solidam* accipiat per membra soporem
Qualem animus castus, qualem mens integra d
nat,
Quis metus est *vigilante Deo*, *domine Davidem*?
Palantes nubes suprà implicitósq; *labores*
Ætheris, atq; *volumen inextricabile* Cœli,
Gaudia sphærarum suprà & modulamina certa
Supra Orbem, qui perpetuo benè *pervigil* igne
Exiguis splendet *Gemmis*, *numeríq*; requirit,
Est *Lotus* immensa qui *exhaustus* luce fatiscit;
Hîc *Polus* excurrit longè, & *se ponere linquit*,
Nec *propriæ* lassus valet ipse attingere *Metas*.
Igne *tumet* blando, & *tranquillo fulgure* vibrat,
Gloria nec tanto in spacio *immoderata* tenetur,
Non hîc *obscuri* tremebunda *crepuscula Solis*
Nativum jubar inficiunt *castúmq*; *serenum*.
Non hîc *Luna* suis *vestitur* pallida furtis,

N

face languenti spargit per inane *Tenebras*,
hîc præcipiti *Tempus* super orbe rotatur,
vaga partitur repetitis *Sæcula* gyris
igo; Nihil hîc *Fuit*, & nihil hîc *Erit* unquam.
constans, immotúmq; æternùmque *sedet Nunc*,
domus, hoc magni sanctum penetrale *Tonantis*;
Labor augusti, dulcis *Labor Infiniti*,
pat atq; *implet* Cœlum, sed limite cœli
tentus nullo; solus se *continet* Ipse.
ondam immane fuit *Vacuum*; *Sint omnia* dixit;
simul dixit, parent simul omnia *Verbo*,
Verbum fuit *Ipse* suum. *Turgescere* cœpit
ndum Nihil, & plenâ cuncta edidit alvo.
vos, O *Deus*, aut quis vestra palatia pandet
une!
te perfruetis *toto*, atq; has maximus arces
rnùm colis, interea non deseris orbem
m fecisti olim nostrum, sed pondera vasta
gitas nutu informans *molémque sequacem*.
d si vim tacitam auferres dextràmque potentem
mplo turbata fides ac fœdera rerum,
die rector fusis nullo ordine habenis
ò ageret currus, & mundi cardo coacti
sonitu rueret, laxis discurrere, *stellis*,
ne lege hominum *confundere fata* liceret.
etiam rationis egens *Natura* pararet
ihilum properare suum: nam *Spiritus* aptum
natùmq; *exercet* opus, seq; addit ubiq;
aciat subito torperent cuncta, malòq;
laborarent somno, æternóq; veterno.
ia *nobiscum* (qui *Nos*) *Deus* efficit; orsis
dedignatus socium se adjungere nostris.
t circùm aurati, turma officiosa, *Ministri*,
Dei jussa expectant, gaudèntq; juberi.
Domini in vultu immenso sine fine bibentes
ortalem oculis lucem fixo ore tenentur.
m ex his nutu vocat ipse; silentia servat
ia cœlorum, & reverentèr tota tremiscit.
rgòne tam subitò excidimus? (sic infit ab alto)

Sceptra videt, nec *Nos* simul? imperióq; po-
tus
Ignorat per quem steterat? creditne procellas
Irrita per pontum rapuisse ferocia verba
Injustasq, minas? *Surdine effecimus Aures*;
Falleris, O demens, audivimus omnia, *Saule*,
Atq; emptum optabis magno nil tale locutum.
Quæ mala *Jessidæ* intentas meliora merenti
Cuncta tui in caput unius conversa ferentur.
Diximus: an dictis nostris *Gens Terra* repugnet?
Ah imbelle *lutum*! non hoc tua Lingua referret,
Injussa in medio subsisteret icta palato,
Si tibi nota dies fieret, quo tu ipse jacebis
Gilboacos multo deformans sanguine campos,
Ipse miser, *nuntiq; tui*, & capita illa superba
Pendebunt *Templis* monumentum infame pro-
nis,
Stultorum jocus, & ludibria sæva *Deorum*.
Dextera *Iessidæ* immeritò quæ tanta minatur
Justa aderit vindex, & te, te occiderit ipsum,
Quocum nunc iras atq; implacabile bellum
Nequicquam geris, ille tuo lucebit in auro,
Dilectóq; nimis cinget diademate frontem,
Et quod tu *Socium* feciſti infame *piabit*.
Ergo age, *Iessidæ* insani fer dicta *Tyranni*;
Ipse nihil; sed enim timeat, properantior ipsam
Arcessitus eat (nam *Rex* arcesset) ad aulam
Non ullum metuet, benè si nos noverit, hostem.
Incolumem dixi) qui nunc jubeo ire, reducam.
Sic ait, inflectit sese polus ipse decenter,
Nec non turba poli famulatrix; ocyùs omnes
Interrupta iterum exercent modulamina Sph-
ræ,
Angelicaq; simul renovant *sacra orgia Turmæ*.
At non qui missus *Iessidæ Nuncius* ibat;
Ille vehens pennis magnum per inane citatis,
Nubila plus solito jam candescentia tranat,
Quáq volat niveus signat vestigia limes.
Aligerum cœli sic vulnerat aera fulgur,
Plurima sic primæ currit *structura* diei,

(

ic aut *tarda* magis) cum vixdùm *Sole relicto*
ce simul terram ferit, atq; resurgit in altum.
x ipsum rapidi *Tempus* miracula *Motus*
rcipit attonitum, & mensuram non habet ul-
lam
m *curtam*, excelso sic præpes ab æthere lapsus
ncius astabat *Iessidæ*, ac talia fatur.
Surge, bone, insaniq; exaudi dicta *Tyranni*
era, nempe tuo jam mane cruore litabit;
è nihil sed enim timeas; properantior ipsam
:essitus eas (nam *Rex* arcesset) ad aulam.
tum (dixit enim) qui te jubet ire, reducet.
Exilit ille toris, & circum lumina versat
quicquam; nox undiq; & undiq; funditus
aer,
sq; Metúsq; adsunt dubii, vicibûsq; recur-
sant.
os vario exagitans convolvit pectore, donec
escunt primo montana cacumina Sole,
n *Rex Iessiden* arcessit sævus, ut ægram
cautum specie si fallere posset honestâ)
:tur fidibus mentem, curásq; soporet.
Dic mihi, *Musa*, sacri quæ tanta potentia *Ver-
sûs*?
m tibi *scire* datum, & *versu memorare potenti*;
ncta vides, nec te poterit res tanta latere
egno Regina, tuo) vim *Diva* recludam
minùs, & latè penetralia ditia pande,
:saurósq;, & opes; & inenarrabile *Sceptrum*.
e sprevere homines, tandèm ut mirentur a-
méntq;,
isq; accedat reverentia justa *Poetis*.
Jt sacri primùm fœcundo in pectore *Vatis*
igesta operis surgunt *Elementa* futuri,
eries donec paulatim sumere *formas*
piat, jussóq; incedant ordine verba,
benè dispositus leni fluat agmine versus:
Iis erat *Naturæ* olim *nascentis Imago*,
magnum *Mundi* divino ex ore *Poema*
diit, *artificisq*; informis massa supremam

Imploravit opem, longo impatienter amore.
Indociles nondum subierunt *fœdere Partes*
Fraterno commune jugum : bellúmq; sine arte
Gesserunt discurrentes nullo ordine *Motus*.
Æterni *Ratio* quos tandèm *Musica* verbi
Discrevitq; locis, & *vincula dulcia victis*
Imposuit; *Numerosq;* pios, facilemq; tenorem
Elicuit; *Medios Aer* atq; *Undæ Sonores*
Concentu referunt *muto* : levis *Ignis acutos*,
Terræ graves, rapido *Luræ* n diverberat ictu,
At lentam *Saturni* operoso pollice *Chordam*.
Sic *celeres Motus* cum *tardis* intertexti,
Jam festum *Recti*, *Curvi*, *Longiq*; *Brevisq*;
Exercent *Ludum*, & docto discrimine plaudunt,
Ut peccent magnæ vestigia nulla *Choreæ*.
Hæc est quæ *Menti* auditur *Symphonia* dulcis,
Ornatu cernendam alio sese exhibet *Auri*,
Dives opum, varióq; superba *Scientia* cultu,
Hæc habitat vatum libris, hæc *carmine in isto*
Harmonia est ; non *Cantoris* non illa *Legentis*
Indiget, in charta multùm *facunda silenti*.
Hæc agilis *Magni* percurrit corpora *Mundi*,
Hæc Parvi toto se miscet corpore *Mundi*.
Totus Homo Harmonia est ; omnes *Symmetria*
sus
Congerit hìc, omnis *Naturæ Archiva* tenentur.
Ipse *Chorum* facit *Unus*, & est *Deus ipse Choragus*.
Hinc in nos nata est *Numerorum* sancta potestas,
Nam simul ac portas humani corporis intrant
Inveniunt *Fratresq;* suos, charósq; *Sodales*
Et pariles numeros, & respondentia metris
Metra suis ; jungunt dextras , reddúntq; salutem
Nec nos vi victos capiunt , bellóq; subactos,
Stant *Cives* intùs dilecti à partibus *Hostis*.
Et sese dedunt sine *Proditione volentes*,
Hoc rerum ingenio mirâ medicatus ab arte
Effusus *Sanguis* distantia vulnera quærit
Ignotum per iter , quàmq; accipit ipse salutem
Absenti gaudet *Gratus* transmittere *Fonti*.

H

iud aliter parili tentis cona mine *Chordis*
aterno hæc trepidat, cum tangitur altera, motus
a suo, hæc *solo Natura vivida pulsu*.
: *Lyræ Fessidæ*; tum dulci callida furto
gra subintravit miseri præcordia *Regis*,
acavitq; æstus animi, sævósq; tumultus.

Psalmus 114.

Um sacra sævis *Isacidum* manus
Exiret oris, terribilem procul
idivit, aspexitq; gentem,
Et refluum trepidavit æquor.
qui sequentes ante volans fugâ
asit hostes, stat procul arduo
: monte respectans, & omnes
Aure sonos bibit inquietâ.
exit undas sic *Mare* turbidum
signa vidit prætereuntia,
ctusq; pendentes utrimque
Ut *Scopuli* steterunt acuti.
ystallini non *mœnia limpida*
ndi figurâ plus stabili manent
elaborato nitentûm
Marmore consolidata aquarum.
on audet *Amnis* ad mare progredi;
ntem revisit mentis inops suum.
ito latebrosos recessus
Fons aperit, gremiúmq; *victo*.
rcùm tremiscunt culmina *Montium*;
ltúsq; *Collis Montibus* adsilit,
matris abscondunt sub alis
Se teneri *trepidantq*; *Pulli*.
udere viso fluctivagum *mare*,
udere *Flumen* nobile, nec fuit
gisse post *Montes fugaces*
Mobilibus pudor ullus *Vndis*.
obis nocebit nil *fuga Montium*;
rsi nocebit nil *fuga Fluminis*,

I Flumen, i formidolosum,
Et pavidi procùl ite *Montes*.
Æquare summis ima valet *Deus*.
Discent in *altum plana* tumescere;
Vallesq; turgescent, ferèntq;
Attonito capita alta cœlo:
Fontemq; Flumen si repetis tuum,
Fontem refundet dura *silix* novum;
Nec saxa cessabunt, nec ipsæ
Flumina suppeditare *rupes*.

Sic cecinit sanctus *Vates*, digitósq; volantes
Innumeris per filà modis trepidantia movit,
Intimáq; elicuit *medici* miracula plectri.
Audivêre sonum & victi cessêre furores.
At non *Invidiæ Sauli* de pectore cessit
Indomitus *Serpens*; vocem nihil ille salubrem;
Incantatoris nihil irrita carmina curat.
Fingit adhùc morbum, & spumas agit ore *Tyran-*
nus,
Et verum falso scelus excusare furore
(Heu nimiùm ingratus tantæ oblitúsq; salutis!)
Sperat, adhùc miser, & nequicquam mente re-
ceptâ.
Jamq; inopinatam sustollens fervidus *hastam*
(Quam caram sibi pro *Sceptro* gestare solebat)
Dentibus infrendens, oculisq; immane minatus;
Pectora *Iessidæ* crudeli destinat ictu,
Dulcia dum sacræ renovat medicamina vocis,
Nil meritus metuensve mali; volat illa per auras;
Stridens, oppositoq; dat irrita vulnera muro.
Námq; polo lapsus *Miles cœlestis* ab alto
Detorsitq; manu, *justoq; errore* fefellit.
O cæcas hominum vires, frustràq; superbas!
Arma sui dextram *Domini* mandatáq; fallunt,
Ni jubeat *Deus* infirmúmq; impellat acumen.
Vulneris ille tui jam *felicissimus error*,
Tam benè *Gilboacis* non deludêris in arvis.
Indè tuam excipiet gentem, & *fatalia* sceptra
Iessides, manésq; tuos ea fama (sub imo

Si-

iiquid res hominum merſos *Acheronte* move-
bunt)
Semper morte novâ & *fœcundo vulnere* rodet.
Hinc *Deus* ipſe tuas dedit illi evadere fauces
ncolumem, hinc *Parcas* jam fila extrema legen-
ntes
nſtaurare opus, & telam producere juſſit.
Ille fugam celerans vix duro elapſus ab hoſte
entit adhuc; ſed & arma ſequi, ſed & agmina cre-
dit
i tergo; credítq; haſtam exaudire volantem.
Nec fruſtrà; tantos cauſa urget honeſta timores,
oſáq; *Formido* illius *divina futuri* eſt.
Nam ſuperaccenſa eſt fato violentia *Regis*,
t quæ *Ieſſiden* non fixit lancea, *Saulum*
ulnerat hæc ipſum; ſalvo jam neſcit *honore*
xuere inſanam mentém, nec judicat eſſe
Regis, inexpletum *crudúmq;* relinquere crimen.
rgo manum lectam juvenum quos ipſe furentes
mpulerat monitis, ſcelerúmq; incoxerat uſu.
i, ferro, jubet incautum ſuperare *Davidem*,
rroréq; ſuum ſucceſſu abolere *nefaſto*.
ic animo *Saulus*, contrà *Deus* omnia volvit.
Interea *Michole Ieſſides* multa timenti,
ſultáq; ploranti *curiſq; decentibus* ægræ,
Námq; oculis plus illa ſuis, plus lumine cœli
Dilexit, non *ipſa* minùs dilecta, *Maritum*)
acta refert, & ; arva ſui diſcrimina lethi.
orte ſuper *Micholes* dotalia tecta, ubi & *Hortus*
Ethereus mirâ florebat *penſilis* arte,
arvum ubi multa nemus pandebat citrea malus;
Quámq; dedit lucem cœli vicinia, flavis
eddebat pomis, ut *Solis lumina Stellæ*;
enti incedebant manibuſq; oculíſq; plicatis,
lurimáq; alloquio lenibant triſtia dulci.
ium *Michole* (viſus nam pluſquam *aquilinus* aman-
tum eſt)
ſeu veniunt diri, veniunt, exterrita clamat,
armifices; equitum video agmen, equóſq; fremen-
tes

Audio; clarescunt mediis in frondibus arma,
Sæváq; per densam transmittunt fulgura silvam.
Tolle gradum citus, & propera; fuge quolibet, iquit,
Ne morere, *O Conjux*; fuge dictis ocyus; ac sunt;
Quid nos. quid vinclo junxit pater ipse jugali,
Voce vocans in sacra *Deum*, populúmq; libertem?
Bis centum meruisse nihil præputia credit?
Ingratus! Sudor, sanguis, belliq; labores
Dos tibi noster erant. Tum pleno uberrima fonte
Discurrit, vocisq; vicem pia lacryma servat.
Mox iterúm; Nihil efficiet; per aperta fenestræ
Hinc te demittam incolumem; tu quà via cæca,
Arripe iter; fuge mî *Conjux*; non hæc tibi dico
More meo, *invisa* est tua jam *præsentia* primùm.
Ille refert contra; O cunctis præstantior una
Conjugibus! ---- *Michole* dicturum plurima moll
Occupat amplexu, & rapùm multa oscula turbat.
Dum lacrymas *Luctûs*, ac gaudia miscet *Amoris*.
Parce, ait, incassùm pretiosa effundere verba,
Aspice quanta tuæ tristis *vicinia mortis*.
Ergò alacer paret dictis; hæc callida lecto
Jessidæ Statuam, mirâ factam arte reponit;
Jamq; manus juvenum sese in penetralia fundit
Dedignata moram sceleris, jàmq. ensibus ipsum
Illum ipsum exposcunt, & verba haud mol jactant.
At *Michole* laudanda parat mendacia contrà,
Docta *piam fraudem*, ac dives muliebribus armis
Flet scinditq; comas, & luctisono ululatu
Tecta replet, tum sic bene ficto pectore fatur.
Quid facitis? quem vos prohibetis *vivere*, du
Huic ipsam misero *mortem*, & *sua fata* negatis?
Quæritis exitium *Jessidæ*? parcite *Vobis*:
Nil opus est *Scelere*; ardentis vis improba morbi
Jamdudùm inservit Patri, & vos esse nocentes
Non sinit: ecce illum jamdudùm *Lingua Oculiq*;

Deficiunt; tantam frustr i quid *perditis* iram?
Nec *Mortem*, nec *Vos*, nec vestros sentiet *Enses*.
Si vos innocui sitis urget tanta cruoris;
(Me miseram!) facite ut lubet, & satiate furorem.
Non faciet *brevis hora* minus; nec tempore longo
Restabo infelix: Tum lumina jussa decoro
Imbre madent, miróque oculis dolor afflat honores.
O quem non *Luctus* dominæq; potentia *Formæ*
Viribus admixtis frangent? turba impia discit
Credere jamprimùm & *misereſcere*; linquere mœstam
Tristis & ipsa domum properat: Statua ipsa recumbit
Fasciolisq: voluta caput, stratóq: Sepulta
Purpureo, atque refert *morientis mortua* vultum.
Lugentes famuli circùm tacitíq: ministrant,
Et medicinalis panduntur fercula pompæ;
Tristeornamentum mensæ; dat & arte locata
Horrorem obscurum non clara lucerna cubili:
Scilicet ista *favent fraudi*: at supra omnia *Numen*
Suffudit spectantum oculos caligine *sacrâ*.
O tandem nullo *fœlix* in crimine cessa
Virtutem imbelli frustrà tentare duello,
O *manibus* decepte tuis, *oculisq; tuorum!*
Saulus, ut hæc audit, Quis talia crederet, inquit?
Illum igitur *bis quinque virûm qui millia fudit*
Illum animam segni tandèm deponere letho?
Nimirùm *Deus* hunc fertur defendere sontem:
Sonsve insonsve fuat, defendat: sit precor illi
Talis membrorum modus & concordia justa
Qualis erat primis olim mortalibus ante
Quam *Scelus*, aut sceleris *Morbi* dignissima merces
Robora fregissent subito nativa veneno:
Nostrum immane odium est, totúmque explere *Davides*
nteger haud poterit: quid se laudem addit in istam
Adjutrix Fortuna mihi? memorabile nil est
Sortitâ in pœna. Pereuntem extinguere lucem

Quid juvat? exhaustæ quid *fœtem* emittere vitæ,
Et pœnè *attritum* feriendo abrumpere filum?
Usq; adeonè humilem mea vera & nobilis ira
Sedabit? Ah meliùs! *solennis victima* nobis
Iessidæ vita est, & non nisi *opima*, litabit.
Nondùm vindictæ maturus, *crescit* in iram
Pinguescátq; meam; tunc ipse libidine quantâ
Singultantem animâ multùm luctante videbo,
Pugnantémq; diù & *productâ* morte cadentem?
Quid loquor? aut quò nunc vindictam differo seram
Cunctator?
Forsitan & pietas stulta & clementia segnis
Juratúsq; meo *Samuel* malus hostis honori,
Quæ mihi nunc fixa est, mutabunt deniq; mentem.
Adde quod & nostræ vindex *Fortuna* querelæ
Implicitum tenet, & fugiendi copia nulla est;
Hasta impunè erret, jam sæpè ferire licebit,
Et geminare ictus, totúmq; haurire cruorem.
Si fato oppetere, & placidâ jam morte necesse
est;
At videam extremos trepidanti pectore sensus
Fundentem, atq; oculos optato funere pascam.
Ergo agite hùc, juvenes, *lessilen* sistite nobis,
Expirantem animam licet, & suprema gementem.
Jam pulchræ apparent latè vestigia fraudis;
At *Michole* irati jussa incusare *Mariti*,
Crudelésq; minas, & vim prætendere facto.
Saulus ut hæc; vix immodicâ se sustinet irâ,
Volventésq; premit luctanti pectore curas,
Amens, & rubris suffectus lumina flammis,
Sicolim *Hircanæ* metuenda *potentia silvæ*
Indomitus *Leo*, cui rabiem jejunia longa
Addiderunt, siquem incautum procul ire juvencum
Aspicit, ille jubam quassat, dapibúsq; futuris
Accingit sese lætus, tum cæca viarum
Speratam si fortè regunt extorribus escam,

Dell

Deluduntq; famem, torquet flammantia circum
Lumina, & irato tellurem vulnerat ungue,
Horrendumq; fremens silvas rimatur opertas.
Nil opus est *vento*, trepidant *formidine* frondes;
Speluncisq; feras timor *abdit* & *urget* in ipsis.
Mœstus ubiq; horror; nemorúmque silentia vasta
Non audet turbata rugitum imitarier *Ecchо*.
In medio silvæ immensæ quæ proxima *Romam*
Obiegit, *illustrátque* verendi nominis umbrâ,
Inclita sanctorum sita sunt *Collegia vatum*,
Sub magnis juvenum fervens ubi turba *Magistris*,
Ad sacros effusa pedes didicere silentes,
Cordáq; cœlesti stiparunt cerea melle.
Succrescunt palmo veluti radicibus altæ
Germina, rore *Dei*, & materno lacte repasta;
Nunc parva, haud umbras olim factura minores
Non tam *mole* suâ quam *fundatore* superbit
Grata *Domus*, nollet *Samuelis* nomine marmor
Aut mutare aurum; tantum decus addidit *author*.
Hanc pius extruxit *Vates*; modicósq; & honestos
Suffecit reditus, paupertatémque *decoram*.
Nec sese tantum *dextræ* tamen illa benignæ,
Quam *Linguæ* debere putat, quæ prodiga sacros
Explicuit sensus, magniq; æraria cœli
Doctores illic *Samuel* cunctósq; *Prophetas*
Sub pedibus lætos vidit; nec gloria tanta
Quod *docuêre* alios, quam quod *didicêre* sub illo.
Quadrata exiguis includitur area tectis;
Nam non illa *artis* fabricavit inepta libido,
Sed *Naturæ* usus, quæ gaudet *maxima parvo*.
Intus quadraræ viridis stat porticus umbræ,
Et densæ *Solis* propellunt spicula *Laurus*,
Securæ cœli, rapidósque ad fulguris ictus
Impavidæ; in medióque argentea vena salubris
Exiliebat aquæ, violatæ carcere nullo
Marmoris, aut tristi plangentis vincla susurro;
Sed lætæ torpho viridi, argutísque lapillis.
Non minùs illa tamen, corpus purgare, levare
Aptæ sitim, aut *sacros* accedere *pauper* ad usus.

Hic sua cuiq; data est *cella*, & sua cuiq; *supellex*
(*Lautities* veterum *Sanctorum & copia dives*)
Sponda brevis, scamnum, necnon ex abite eodem
Mensa tripes; portam clausissent plura volenti
Inferre; antiqui *pomœria justa Necessi*
Servantes, pulchréque *aussi contemnere Vana*.
Fallimur heu! nec magna opulentum aut plurima reddunt,
Sed forma, ac generi benè respondentia vitæ.
Impedit, atq; *onerat* dominum *numerosa supellex*
In *parvâ* congesta *domo*. Ponè altera surgit
Altior; atq; usu cultúq; augustior ædes.
Ad latus hîc lævum se pandunt *Aula*, *Scholæq*;
Bibliotheca tenet dextrum, & *Synagoga*, precatum
Nunquam muta choro. Stat plurima fagina mensa
Ornamentum Aulæ; non invidiosa, nec impar
Pellibus instratis, quibus est circumdata, *Lectis*.
Accumbunt primi capitísq; comæq; verendæ
Doctores, *Socii* in gremiis jacuêre recepti.
At *Juvenes* infra benè læti rebus egenis
Graminibus super aggestis, ulvâq; palustri
Decumbunt; *Lectos*, *Mensasque Dapésq*; mirstrat
Terra ferax, & *Sole Coquo* convivia gaudent.
Bibliotheca fuit paucis decorata libellis,
Non onerata malis; nondum insatiata libido
Scribendi (pestis jucunda) invaserat orbem,
Nec *Medicinæ Artes* curandis mentibus aptæ
In *morbum* fuerant *ipsæ* scabiémq; pudendam
Conversæ, quæ nunc latè *contagia* serpunt.
Scilicet hos importunos excluſit *Amantes*
Virgo Musa, novæ gemmanti in flore juventæ
Spectari pavida, & vultum velata modestum.
Nunc fugit amplexus *Meretrix* deperdita nullos,
Garrula, vana, procax, *cultu mendica superbo*,
Et *populo* compressa (nefas) parit horrida *Monstra*.
Quis furor hic tanto fruſtrà sudare *labore*
Desidiam, miserêq; insanæ more *Sibyllæ*

Sci

Scribere quæ volitent vacuis ludibria *Ventis*?
Diversas illic artéſq ; modóſq ; videres,
Queis brevis atq ; fugax *Verborum Natio* vitam
Exuit *aeriam*, & firmum ſibi vindicat ævum.
Teſſerulis quædem leviter commiſſa caducis,
Aſt alia in ſolido depoſta fideliter *ære*,
Palmarum hæc foliis vano mandata labore
Ni cognata *Oleum* præberet *Cedrus* amicum.
Hîc longa arboreis ſcribuntur carmina *libris*,
Tam bene florenti non *vixit* in arbore cortex;
Illic *Pictoris* ſignata *elementa* videres,
Hic *Textoris* acu ; doctæq ; volumina veſtis.
Illic ceratáſq ; ſtilo perarante tabellas,
Aſt hic membranas tenues, biblónq ; paluſtrem;
Tunc rudia, atq ; artis nova tentamenta futuræ,
Nec non & paries perfungitur ipſe *Scholarum*
Munere *librorum*; totus deſcribitur orbis,
Æquoreæq , viæ, ſparſæq ; per æquora terræ,
Ætheriæq ; Plagæ, palanteſq ; æthere *Stellæ*.
Adduntur *Sententiolæ*, monitúſq ; verendi,
Hiſtoriæq; breves; pars clara & aperta legenti;
At pars *Nuliacis* animantum obſcura *figuris*.
Hic ſociatorum *ſacra Conſtellatio Vatum*
(Quos felix virtus evexit ad æthera, *nubes*
Luxuriæ ſuprà, *Tempeſtateſq*; *Laborum*)
Diſperſit latè radios, tenebráſq ; fugavit,
Doctrina effundens *Lucem Influxúmq* ; benignum.
Aſtrorum *Nathanus* viréſq; viáſq , latentes,
Aureáq ; explicuit ſuperi penetralia mundi.
Haud magico cœlis deducens Sydera verſu
Sol ut utróſq ; *polos* converſâ luce ſalutat
Gaudentes; ſequitúrq ; volubilis *Annus* euntem.
Quam gravibus numeris *argentea Scena* ſupernè
Procedit, quantáq ; coercita *lege* vagatur
Ipſe quidem *Vates*, ſed enim nil debuit *Aſtris*
Contemnens *Rivos*, & *Fonte* repletus ab ipſo
Materiam ingenti *Mahol* inſecraturamore,
Per gyros, per mæandros, per cæca viarum
Venator, fugit illa levis, premit ille fugacem;

Oráq; vertentem, & tentantem evadere furto.
At solidas signare notas in *pulvere docto*
Gaddus, & *æternas* gaudet *turbare figuras*.
Necnon & longe *Numeros* sine fine vagantes
Producit *patiens Comes*; exuperabile nunquam
Tentat adire jugum, *punctóq*; ascendit ab *Uno*.
Pyramidem inversam, & crescentem semper ace
vum
Defunctis victura struit monumenta *Seraias*,
Condit aromaticâ prohibétq; putrescere laude.
Et quos præteriti vastum *Mare Temporis* annos
Absorpsit, fundo petit *Urinator* ab imo.
Quam celer *occasus*, tardúmq; sit *incrementum*
Imperiis; & quæ fabricat solertia *Fatum*
Edocet; at *Samuel* divina oracula fidus
Explicat interpres; nec cæcos more ferarum
Sed lætos parere homines jubet, atq; scientes.
Sæpè etiam abreptus mentis violentibus alis,
Temporis ingreditur penetralia celsa futuri,
Implumésq; videt *nidis* cœlestibus *annos*.
Hæ reliquæq; Artes hic excipiuntur amico
Hospitio tantùm; poterat sed sancta *Poesis*
Hoc nata atq; educta loco, & regnare videri.
Non magis assiduo resonat domus aurea cantu
Angelici cœli; nullo non spirat ab ore
Carmen; dulcisonúmq; chorum moderantur *Asa*
phus
Hemanúsq; ambo genio excellente *Poetæ*,
Voce pares liquidâ, digitisq; *loquacibus* ambo
Parte aliâ *Synagoga* pio pulcherrima luxu
Splendebat (nam sunt illic *dispendia frugi*)
Perstringunt oculos auro laqueata fulvo,
Spectantum; sed quos recreant aulæa vicissim
Cæruleo, *sacróq*; colore; illic prece forti
Térq; die soliti *vim cœlo* inferre *volenti*,
Térq; die sanctum *Mosis* versare volumen,
Térq; piis, totisq; *Deum* resonantibus *Hymnis*,
Exercent lætam stadio *septemplice* vocem.
Talis erat quondam, tam celso *Musa* volatu
Sprevit humum, *generis* memor, atq; *superba decente*
Ca

Carmen erat *Deus* hunc *Mundum* quâ *voce loquutus*;
Námq; priùs tenebræ diffundebantur inanes,
Immensumq; *Nihil Vacuiq;* informis hiatus.
Plenus ubiq; sui, propria *ipse Palatia* sedit
Omnipotens, seseq; contentus & *omnia solus.*
Ille autem totus *Bonitas*, *Sapientia* totus,
Totus *Amor*, voluit *gratis* producere cuncta;
Cuncta *Voluntati*, nondùm *producta* gerebant
Artifici morem, & latè capita alta ferebant.
Antè alia imperio citiùs se extulit ingens
Immane, indigestum *Aliquid*; sine lumine formæ;
Et sine honore jacens; (*Monogramma Exordia* mundi!)
Festinasse illud scires, dum iussa capescit
Iussa libens; rebúsq; aliis præcurrere gaudet.
Hoc tamen in gremio, & *nil promittente* recessu;
Omnia cunctarum glomerantur semina rerum.
Micat hinc subitò lucenti vortice *Flamma*,
Ascenditq; *Polum*, & multo se se implicat orbe;
Illi se jungit comitem & vestigia tentat
Ignis circùm *Aer*; *Tellus* onerosa gravisq;
Ad *Mundi* medium nativo pondere se dat
Aversa mari; sed mox densæ penetralia terræ
Vasta aperit *Pater*, & magnum descendere *Pontum*
Voce jubet, penitúsq; cavis habitare latebris.
At timidi contra non audent hiscere fluctus,
Inq; uterum terræ sine murmure delabuntur.
Convexa accendit cœli meliore metallo,
Iamq; novo arcano prorumpit *gloria* fonte,
Atque implet *Solem* exundans, hic flumine vivo
Lucis inexhaustæ mundum se spargit in omnem
Magnum, quo facta est, *Numen* studiosa referre.
Inde rudem *Lunæ* massam, simplexque polivit
Voce opus, & radios aureo *pectine* compsit.
Surge, ait, & mœstæ regnum vigil accipe noctis;
Surrexit, traxitq; sacræ vaga Syrmata lucis.
Attollunt famulas hinc atque hinc *sidera* tædas,
Et pulchram cingunt *Dominam*, & comitantur eundem.

Turget

Turget humus fœcunda, & pubescentibus herbis,
Miratur risumq; suum, insolitósq; colores.
Jámq; iter aerium radunt impunè volantes,
Exultántque alacres passim formidine nullâ,
Nondum *luxuries* illis *humana* minata est,
Nondum læthalis modulamina rupit arundo.
Tum magnum tenui cecinerunt gutture *Numen*
Securæ fraudum; *Numen* námque omnia laudant,
Fluctivagi *Pisces*, *mutum genus*; illius ipsi
Munus erant, *Monstrq*; maris, volventia *Cete*,
Quiq; suas parvo superant vix corpore arenas.
Inde feræ immissæ silvis, cœlestia jussa;
Quidnam ultrà potuit; *Cœli Terræq*; *catenam*,
Ipsum *Hominem* potuit; quo miscuit omnia in unc
Admirandum opus, & *compendia ditia Mundi*.
Tum verò magni *monitrix clementia* Patris
Carmen erat, *raraq*; *iræ*, fulménq; *coactum*,
Impia cum *sacras* damnassent crimina terras,
Unda ruens victrix magno sonitûq; ruinâq;
Omnia vasta dedit; frondentia tecta volucrum
Implicuêre hilares frustrà, *nova retia*, pisces.
Naufragium passa est *Natura*; os *Phœbus* ab alto
Extulit, & solos percussit lumine fluctus.
Non tamen hæc homines memori sub pectore cō-
dunt
Insani, fervétq; iterùm furiosa libido;
Cum subitò ardescunt nubes, incendia cœlo
Tetra micant, totúsq; *in pœnam* excandet *Olympu*
Mox *Sodomas* tabescentes, liquefactáq; tecta
Corripuit rapidus flammanti sulphure nimbus,
Senserunt *vivi* membris crepitantibus ignem
Qui nunc æternùm miseros post funera torret.
Longè alia implicuit pestis *Pharaona* superbum,
Cum fluctus *conjurati*, & *commilito* ventus
Auxilium *Abramidis* tulerant; pecus omne pr-
fundi
Miratur, *Regúmq*; sedent in curribus aureis
Regum corporibus satiati; in gurgite toto
Apparent semesi artus, natat unda cruore,
Nec *Mare* jam *vano* censetur nomine *Rubrum*.

Illur

Plurimus ipse etiam in carmen veniebat *Abramus*,
Cujus *iter* genti mansurum in sæcula nomen
Hebræa dedit, & *Moses*, *Nunniq;* propago
Bellipotens; quantosque illi fregere Tyrannos,
Sibonem, membrisq: superbum ingentibus *Oggum*,
Zipporidemq; *Hobamúmq;* trucem fortémq: *Debirum*,
Quos dextrâ *Isacidum* divina potentia stravit.
Sic fragilis vitæ fugientia tempora prendunt,
Pacatisq; animis cœlum *labuntur* in ipsum.
Non illos aurum perstringit fulgure sacro
Dulce malum, ignotum sæclis quibus *Aurea Nomen*,
Cujus nunc ergo sudore ad tartara multo
Heu non à miseris tantùm *effossoribus* itur.
Quantum ô stultorum turbam superabat avaram
Dives opum contemptus, & ingens *copia mentis*!
Non illos *Bombyx* pretioso sedulus ornat
Funere, nec Tyrio deformant corpora fuco,
Gloria, nunc animis æternóq; empta dolore,
Aura illic visa est levis, & sine pondere nomen.
Accipit ingenuum fessos durumq: cubile.
Quódq benè extremi jubeat meminisse *sepulchri*:
In medium facilis per silvam quæritur esca,
Nec populant fluvios crudeli, aut aëra ventre,
Nec crudo hesternas accusant pectore cœnas.
Conturbat nunquam tali *Natura* paratu,
Hæc bona *mundities* animi est: *rubigine* nullâ
Inficitur vitii, nitidum sic sordibus ævum
Deterget miseris, puròq: incedit amictu.
Hinc Deus intrat agens sacro præcordia motu,
Nec propriam cœli *præsentior* incolit ædem.
Hinc alacres justo funguntur munere *Sensus*,
Nec titubant, revocántve gradum, *Ratione* magistrâ.
Hinc simulacra animo depingit mystica *Somnus*
Molliter in victos simulac defluxit ocellos.
Transilit admisso præsentia *Tempora* saltu,
Ætatúmq; inter *silvas*, & amœna vireta
Ambulat, atq: *annos* jam nunc exire parantes,
Frænáq; *mordentes* cernit: micat undiq; fati
Ordo ingens, valvæq; patent, longiq; recessus.

O fortu-

O fortunatos nimium, & bona qui sua norunt!
O quàm præcelso despectant culmine mundum!
Et nubes rerum, & jactatum turbine *Saulum*!
Hæc domus hospitio *Jessiden* læta recepit
Solantem curas, & densa pericula cantu,
At manus hùc juvenum (quò non penetraverit *ira*
Invidiaq; oculus?) *Regisq*; *suoq*; furore
Sæva venit; votis *damnati* immanibus omnes.
Segnis erat qui non pestem *juraverat* amens
Iessidæ, membrúmq; aliquod *promiserat* ensi.
Sic *absens* totum partita est *Ira* cadaver.
Jamq; adsunt, subitóq; afflantur corda sereno,
Ignotum insinuat sese per pectora cœlum.
Lascivit paulatim horror, vultusq; recedit
Fulgur atrox; & jam pacato sidere vernat.
Venarum casto gaudentes flumine rivi,
Lenè micant; signat divinus tempora candor.
Mira *dies* frontis, sacro quæ fusa *pudore*
Prima rubet; ponit belli cædisq; cupido,
Dum Numen pacis celebrant, & carmina fundunt
Pacis opus; bis jamq; alios, bis lusus eisdem
Miserat exemplis, ipsum jam plena *Tyrannum*
Ire lubet rabies læsamq; ulcisci iram.
Cum melior subitò furor implet mentem animúm,
Pérq; omnes sensus, perq; intima pertinet ossa.
Tum chlamydem illusam gemmis, auróq; rigent
Exuit, & capitis deponit nobile pondus.
Ah puduit regni decus atq; insignia ferre
Turpe jugum vitii, & servilia jura ferentem;
Tum primùm *Rex Saulus* erat; *lux una* beatæ
Instar habet *vitæ*, & longum præponderat ævum.
Miratur populus, dictúmq; emanat ubiq;,
Ipsum etiam vatum turbæ se adjungere *Saulum*.
Balmus sic *Beorides Moabitida* venit,
Ut *benedictam* ageret diris & carmine gentem;
Et pretio infœlix *fatalia* venderet ora,
Sic secum; at didicit tandèm (mirabile dictu)
Ipso *Asino sapere*, ac *fari* meliora *magistro*.
O magnum *Isacidum* decus! ò pulcherrima castra
O arma ingentes olim paritura triumphos!

Non ſic herbarum vario ſubridet amictu,
Planities pictæ vallis, montiſve ſupini
Clivus, perpetuis *cedrorum* verſibus altus.
Non ſic æſtivo quondam nitet *hortus* in anno,
Frondéſq; fructúſq; ferens, formoſa ſecundum
Lumina, mollis ubi viridíſq; ſupernatat umbra.
Quid video? *mortem Iſacidum* ſuper arma ſedentem!
Cæta ſepet, prædámq: expectat avara futuram.
Lures *Iſacidæ* gladios, plura arma parate;
Scilicet hæc crebro *Victoria conteret* uſu.
Cum Leo ſe attollit *Judæ*, torvumq; tuetur,
Omnia diffugient preſſis animalia longè
Turibus; & medio ſi fortè recumbit in antro,
Murmura tum ponent ſilvæ, metuendáq; *Tigris*
Cætereuns ipſo vel *dormitante* tremiſcet.
Væ mala, quis *Judæ* vel proſpera fata precatur,
Omnia in ipſius caput ingeminata ferentur.

FINIS.

CHRISTS PASSION,

Taken out of a Greek Ode, written by Mr. Maſters *of New Colledge in* Oxford.

1.

ENough, my Muſe, of Earthly things,
And inſpirations but of wind,
Take up thy Lute, and to it bind
Loud and everlaſting ſtrings;
And on'em play, and to'em ſing,
The happy mournful ſtories,
The Lamentable glories,
Of the great Crucified King.
Mountainous heap of wonders! which do'ſt riſe
Till Earth thou joyneſt with the Skies!
Too large at bottom, and at top too high,
To be half ſeen by mortal eye.
How ſhall I graſp this boundneſs thing?
What ſhall I play? what ſhall I ſing?
I'll ſing the Mighty riddle of myſterious love,
Which neither wretched men below, nor bleſſed Spirits above
With all their Comments can explain;
How all the whole Worlds Life to die did not disdain.

2.

I'll ſing the Searchleſs depths of the Compaſſion Divine,
The depths unfathom'd yet
By reaſons plummet, and the line of Wit,
Too light the Plummet, and too ſhort the line,
How the Eternal Father did beſtow
His own Eternal Son as ranſom for his Foe,
I'll ſing aloud, that all the World may hear,
The Triumph of the buried Conquerer.
How Hell was by its Priſ'ner captive led,
And the great ſlayer Death ſlain by the Dead.

3.

Methinks I hear of murthered men the voice,
Mixt with the Murderers confused noise,
Sound from the top of *Calvarie*;
My greedy eyes fly up the Hill, and see
Who 'tis hangs there the midmost of the three;
Oh how unlike the others he!
Look how he bends his gentle head with blessings from the Tree;
His gracious Hands n'er stretcht but to do good,
Are nail'd to the infamous wood:
And sinful Man do's fondly bind
The arms, which he extends t'embrace all humane kind.

4.

Unhappy Man, canst thou stand by, and see
All this as patient, as he?
Since he thy Sins do's bear,
Make thou his sufferings thine own;
And weep, and sigh, and groan,
And beat thy Breast, and tear,
Thy Carments, and thy Hair,
And let thy grief, and let thy love
Through all thy bleeding bowels move.
Do'st thou not see thy Prince in purple clad all o're,
Not purple brought from the *Sidonian* shore,
But made at home with richer gore?
Dost thou not see the Roses, which adorn
The thorny Garland, by him worn?
Dost thou not see the livid traces
Of the sharp scourges rude embraces?
If yet thou feelest not the smart
Of Thorns and Scourges in thy heart,
If that be yet not crucifi'd,
Look on his Hands, look on his Feet, look on his Side.

5. Open,

5.

Open, Oh! open wide the Fountains of thine eye
And let'em call
Their stock of moisture forth, where e're it lie,
For this will ask it all.
'T would all (alas) to little be,
Though thy salt tears came from a Sea:
Canst thou deny him this, when he
Has open'd all his vital Springs for thee?
Take heed; for by his sides misterious flood
May well be understood,
That he will still require some waters to his blood.

An *Orinda's* Poëms.

O D E.

WE allowd' You Beauty, and we did submit
To all the Tyrannies of it;
Ah! Cruel Sex, will you depose us too in Wit?
Orinda does in that too raign,
Does Man behind her in Proud Triumph draw,
And Cancel great *Apollo's* Salick Law.
We our old Title plead in vain,
Man may be Head, but Woman's now the Brain.
Verse was Loves Fire-arms heretofore,
In Beauties Camp it was not known,
Too many Arms besides that Conquerour bore:
'T was the great Canon we brought down
T'assault a stubborn Town;
Orinda first did a bold sally make,
Our strongest Quarter take,
And so successful prov'd, that She
Turn'd upon Love himself his own Artillery.

2.

Women as if the Body were their Whole,
Did that, and not the Soul
Transmit to their Posterity;

If in it sometime they conceiv'd,
Th'abortive Issue never liv'd,
were shame and pity' *Orinda*, if in thee
spirit so rich, so noble, and so high
Should unmanur'd, or barren lye.
t thou industriously hast sow'd and till'd
The fair, and fruitful field;
d't is a strange increase, that it does yield.
An when the happy Gods above
Meet altogether at a feast,
A secret Joy unspeakably does move,
heir great Mother *Cybele's* contented breast!
With no less pleasure thou methinks shoudlst see,
This thy no less immortal Progenie.
And in their Birth thou no one touch dost find,
Of th'ancient curse to Woman kind,
Thou bringst not forth with pain,
either Travel is, nor labour of the brain,
So easily they from thee come,
And there is so much room
n th'unexhausted and unfathom'd Womb,
That like the *Holland* Countess thou mayst bear
hild for every day of all the fertill year.

3.

Thou dost my wonder, would my envy raise
o be prais'd I lov'd more than to praise,
Where e're I see an excellence,
ust admire to see thy will knit sense,
y numbers gentle, and thy Fancies high,
ose as thy forehead smooth, these sparkling as thine eye,
'T is solid, and 't is manly all,
Or rather 't is Angelical.
For as in Angels, we
Do in thy Verses see
Both improv'd Sexes eminently meet;
y are than Man more strong, and more than Woman sweet.

4. They

4.

They talk of Nine, I know not who,
Female *Chimera's* that o're Poets reign,
I ne'er could find that fancy true;
But have invok'd them oft i'm sure in vain:
They talk of *Sappho*, but alas, the shame!
Ill manners soil the lustre of her Fame
Orinda's inward virtue is so bright,
That like a Lanthorn's fair inclosed Light,
It through the Paper shines where she do's write.
Honour and Friendship, and the generous scorn
Of things for which we were not born,
(Things that can only by a fond Disease,
Like that of Girles, our vicious Stomachs please)
Are the instructive Subjects of her pen,
And as the *Roman* Victory
Taught out rude Land, Arts, and Civility.
At once she overcomes, enslaves, and betters Me

5.

But *Rome* with all her Arts could n'er inspire,
A Female Breast with such a fire.
The warlike *Amazonian* train,
Who in *Elysium* now do peaceful reign,
And wits milde Empire before Arms prefer;
Hope 't will be setled in their sex by her.
Merlin the Seer, (and sure he would not ly,
In such a sacred Company,
Does Prophecies of Learn'd *Orinda* show;
Which he had darkly spoke so long ago.
Ev'n *Boadicia's* angry Ghost
Forgets her own misfortune, and disgrace,
And to her injur'd Daughters now does boast,
That *Rome's* o'recome at last, by a woman of h
Race.

ODE.

Upon occasion of a Copy of Verses of my Lord Broghills.

) E gon (said I) Ingrateful Muse, and see
) What others thou canst fool as well as me.
Since I grew Man, and wiser ought to be,
My business and my hopes I left for thee:
: thee (which was more hardly given away)
I left, even when a Boy, my Play.
But say, Ingrateful Mistress, say,
nat for all this, what didst Thou ever pay?
Thou'lt say, perhaps, that Riches are
t of the growth of Lands, where thou dost Tra-
de,
I I, as well my Country might upbraid
Because I have no vineyard there.
ll: but in Love, thou dost pretend to Reign,
There thine the power and Lordship is,
ou bad'st me write, and write and write again;
'T was such a way as could not miss.
I like a fool, did thee obey,
rote, and wrote, but still I wrote in vain,
after all my expense of Wit and Pain,
ch, unwriting Hand, carry'd the Price away.

2.

is I complain'd, and straight the Muse reply'd;
That she had given me Fame.
nty Immense! And that too must be try'd,
en I my self am nothing but a name.
Who now, what Reader does not strive
validate the gift whilst w'are alive?
when a Poet now himself doth show,
As if he were a common Foe,
All draw upon him, all around,
And every part of him they wound,
py the Man that gives the deepest blow:

And this is all, kind Muse, to thee we owe.
Then in a rage I took
And out at window threw
Ovid and *Horace*, all the chiming Crew,
Homer himself went with them too,
Hardly escap'd the sacred *Mantuan* Book:
I my own Off-spring, like *Agave* tore
And I resolv'd, nay and I think I swore,
That I no more the Ground would Till and Sow
Where only flowry Weeds instead of Corn grow.

3.

When (see the subtil ways which Fate does find
Rebellious man to bind,
Just to the work for which he is assign'd)
The Muse came in more chearful than before,
And bad me quarrel with her now no more.
Loe thy reward! look here and see;
What I have made (said she)
My Lover, and belov'd, my *Broghil* do for thee.
Though thy own verse no lasting fame can give,
Thou shalt at least in his for ever live.
What Criticks, the great *Hectors* vow in Wit,
Who Rant and Challenge all men that have W.
Will pare dare t'oppose thee when
Broghil in thy defence has drawn his conquering
I rose and bow'd my head,
And pardon askt for all that I had said,
Well satisfi'd and proud,
I straight resolv'd, and solemnly I vow'd,
That from her service now I ne'r would part
So strongly, large Rewards work on a gra
Heart.

4.

Nothing so soon the drooping Spirits can raise
As praises from the Men, whom all men praise.
'Tis the best Cordial, and which only those
Who have at home th'Ingredients can compose:
A Cordial, that restores our fainting Breath,
And keeps up Life even after Death.

ıe only danger is, leſt it ſhould be
To ſtrong a remedie:
ſt, in removing cold, it ſhould begee
To violent a heat;
d into madneſs; turn the Lethargie.
Ah! Gracious God! that I might ſee
ime when it were dangerous for me
To be o're heat with Praiſe!
t I within me hear (alas) too great allayes.

5.

is ſaid, *Apelles* when he *Venus* drew,
d naked Women for his pattern view,
d with his powerful fancy did refine
ıeir humane ſhapes into a form Divine;
ɔne who had ſet could her own Picture ſee;
Or ſay, One part was drawn for me:
, though this nobler Painter when he writ,
Was pleas'd to think it fit,
That my Book ſhould before him ſit,
ɔt as a cauſe, but an occaſion to his wit:
t what have I to boaſt; or to apply
ɔ my advantage out of it, ſince I,
ſtead of my own likeneſs, only find
ıe bright *Idea* there, of the great Writers mind?

ODE.

Mr. Cowley's *Book preſenting it ſelf to the Univerſity Library of* Oxford.

HAil Learnings *Pantheon*! Hail the ſacred Ark
Where all the World of Science do's imbarque!
/hich ever ſhall withſtand, and haſt ſo long with-
ſtood.
Inſatiate Times devouring Flood.
(ail Tree of knowledge, thy leaves Fruit! which well
)oſt in the midſt of Paradiſe ariſe,

Oxford the Muses Paradise,
From which may never Sword the blest expell.
Hail Bank of all past Ages! where they lye
T'intrinch with interest Posterity!
Hail Wits Illustrious Galaxy!
Where Thousand Lights into one brightness spre
Hail living University of the Dead!

2.

Unconfus'd Babel of all tongues, which er'e
The mighty Linguist Fame, or Time the mig
Traveler,
That could speak, or this could hear.
Majestick Monument and Pyramide,
Where still the shapes of parted Souls abide
Emblam'd in verse, exalted souls which now
Enjoy those Arts they woo'd so well below,
Which now all wonders plainly see,
That have been, are, or are to be,
In the mysterious Library,
The Beatifick *Bodley* of the Deity.

3.

Will you into your Sacred throng admit
The meanest British Wit?
You Gen'ral Councel of the Priests of Fame,
Will you not murmur and disdain,
That I place among you claim,
The humblest Deacon of her train?
Will you allow me th'honourable chain?
The chain of Ornament which here
Your noble Prisoners proudly wear;
A Chain which will more pleasant seem to me
Than all my own Pindarick Liberty:
Will ye to bind me with those mighty names subi
Like an Apocrypha with holy Writ?
What ever happy book is chained here,
No other place or People need to fear;
His Chain's a Passport to go ev'ry where.

4.

As when a seat in Heaven,
Is to an unmalicious Sinner given,

W

Who casting round his wondring eye.
s none but Patriarchs and Apostles there espye;
Martyrs who did their lines bestow,
And Saints who Martyrs liv'ed below;
h trembling and amazement he begins,
ecollect his frailties past and sins,
He doubts almost his Station there,
foul sayes to it self, How came I here?
res no otherwise with me
en I my self with conscious wonder see,
idst this purifi'd elected Companie.
With hardship they, and pain,
Did to this happiness attain:
labour I, nor merits can pretend,
nk Predestination only was my friend.

5.

, that my Author had been ty'd like me
uch a place, and such a Companie!
ead of sev'ral Countries, sev'ral Men,
And business which the Muses hate,
night have then improv'd that small Estate,
ich nature sparingly did to him give,
He might perhaps have thriven then,
l setled, upon me his Child, somewhat to live.
ad happier been for him, as well as me,
For when all, (alas) is done;
Books, I mean, You Books, will prove to be
: best and noblest conversation.
For though some errors will get in,
Like Tinctures of Original sin:
Yet sure we from our Fathers wit
Draw all the strength and Spirit of it:
ving the grosser parts for conversation,
he best blood of Man's imploy'd in generation.

ODE.

Sitting and Drinking in the Chair, made out of the Reliques of Sir Francis Drake's *Ship.*

CHear up my Mates, the wind does fairly blow;
Clap on more sail and never spare;
Farewell all Lands, for now we are
In the wide Sea of Drink, and merrily we go.
Bless me, 'tis hot! another bowl of wine,
And we shall cut the burning Line:
Hey Boyes! she scuds away, and by my head I know
We round the world are sailing now.
What dull men are those who tarry at home,
When abroad thy might wantonly rome,
And gain such experience, and spy too
Such Countries, and Wonders as I do?
But pry thee good *Pilot* take heed what you do;
And fail not to touch at *Peru*;
With Gold; there the Vessel we'll store,
And never, and never be poor,
No never be poor any more.

2.

What do I mean? What thoughts do me misguide?
As well upon a staff may Witches ride
Their fancy'd Journies in the Ayr,
As I sail round the Ocean in this Chair:
'Tis true; but yet this Chair which here you see,
For all its quiet now, and gravitie,
Has wandred, and has travailed more,
Than ever Beast, or Fish, or Bird, or ever Tree before.
In every Ayr, and every Sea't has been,
'Thas compass'd all the Earth, and all the Heaven 't has seen.

:t not the Pope's it self with this compare,
iis is the only Universal Chair.

3.

ie pious Wandrers Fleet, sav'd from the flame;
Which still the Reliques did of *Troy* pursue,
And took them for its due)
squadron of immortal Nymphs bēcame:
ll with their Arms they row about the Seas;
id still make new and greater voyages;
or has the first Poetick Ship of *Greece*,
though now a star she so Triumphant show;
id guide her sailing Successors below,
ight as her ancient freight the shining fleece;)
:t to this day a quiet harbour found,
ie tide of Heaven still carries her around.
ily *Drakes* Sacred vessel which before
Had done, and had seen more,
Than those have done or seen,
'en since thy Goddesses, and this a Star has been;
a reward for all her labour past,
Is made the seat of rest at last.
Let the case now quite alter'd be,
id as thou went'st abroad the World to see;
Let the World now come to see thee.

4.

ie World will do't; for Curiosity
oes no less than devotion, Pilgrims make;
id I my self who now love quiet too,
; much almost as any Chair can do,
Would yet a journey take,
1 old wheel of that Chariot so see,
Which *Phaeton* so rashly brake:
et what could that say more than these remains of *Drake*?
reat Relique! thou too, in this Port of ease,
ast still one way of Making Voyages;
he breath of fame, like an auspicious Gale,
(The great Trade-wind which ne're does fail,)
iall drive thee round the World, and thou shalt run,
As long around it as the Sun.

The straights of time too narrow are for thee,
Lanch forth into an undiscovered Sea,
And steer the endless course of vast Eternitie,
Take far thy Sail this Verse, and for thy *Pilot* Mee

Upon the Death of the Earl of Balcarres.

1.

TIs folly all, that can be said
By living Mortals of th'immortal dead,
And I'm afraid they laugh at the vain tears we shc
'Tis, as if we, who stay behind
In Expectation of the wind
Should pity those, who pass'd this strait before
And touch the universal shore.
Ah happy Man, who art to sail no more!
And, if it seem ridiculous to grieve
Because our Friends are newly come from Sea,
Though ne're so fair and calm it be;
VVhat would all sober men believe
If they should hear us sighing say:
Balcarres, who but th'other day
Did all our Love and our respect command
At whose great parts we all amaz'd did stand,
Is from a storm, alas! cast suddenly on land?

2.

If you will say: Few persons upon Earth
Did more than he, deserve to have
A life exempt from fortune and the grave;
VVhether you look upon his Birth,
And Ancestors, whose fame's so widely spred,
But Ancestors alas, who long ago are dead!
Or whither you consider more
The vast increase, as sure you ought,
Of honour by his Labour bought,
And added to the former store.
All I can answer, is, that I allow
The priviledge you plead for; and avow
That, as he well deserv'd, he doth injoy it now.

3. Thoug

3.

Though God for great and righteous ends,
Which his unerring Providence intends,
Erroneous mankind should not understand,
Would not permit *Balcarres* hand,
That once with so much industry and art
Had clos'd the gaping wounds of ev'ry part;
To perfect his distracted Nations Cure,
Or stop the fatal bondage, 'twas t'endure;
Yet for his pains he soon did him remove
From all th'oppression and the woe
Of his frail Bodies Native Soil below;
To his Souls true and peaceful Count'ry above:
So God, like Kings, for secret causes known
Sometimes, but to themselves alone,
One of their ablest Ministers elect,
And send abroad to Treaties, which th'intend
Shall never take effect.
But, though the Treaty wants a happy end,
The happy agent wants not the reward,
Or which he Labour'd faithfully and hard;
His just and righteous Master calls him home;
And gives him near himself some honourable room.

4.

Noble and great endeavours did he bring
To save his Country and restore his King;
And whilst the Manly half of him, which those,
Who know not Love, to be the whole suppose,
Perform'd all Parts of Virtues vigorous Life;
The beauteous half his lovely Wife
Did all his Labors and his cares divide,
Nor was a lame, nor paralitick side.
In all the turnes of human state,
And all th'unjust attacques of fate
She bore her share and portion still;
And would not suffer any to be ill.
Unfortunate for ever let me be,
If I believe that such was he,
Whom, in the stormes of bad success,

And all that error calls unhappiness,
His virtue, and his virtuous Wife did still accompany.

5.

With these companions 't was not strange
That nothing could his temper change.
His own and Countries union had not weight
Enough to crush his mighty mind.
He saw around the Hurricans of State,
Fixt as an Island 'gainst the waves and wind.
Thus far the greedy Sea may reach,
All outward things are but the breac
Beach,
A great Mans Soul it doth assault in vain.
Their God himself the Ocean doth restrain
With an imperceptible chain,
And bid it to go back again:
His Wisdom, Justice, and his Piety,
His Courage both to suffer and to die,
His Virtues and his Lady too
Were things Celestial. And we see
In spight of quarrelling Philosophie,
How in this case 'tis certain found,
That Heav'n stands still, and only Earth gō
round.

ODE.

Upon Dr. *Harvey*.

1.

COy Nature, (which remain'd, though age grown,
A Beauteous virgin still, injoy'd by none,
Nor seen unveil'd by any one)
When *Harveys* violent passion she did see,
Began to tremble, and to flee,
Took Sanctuary like *Daphne* in a tree:
There *Daphnes* lover stop't, and thought it much
The very Leaves of her to touch,

But *Harvey* our *Apollo*, stopt not so,
Into the Bark, and rood he after her did goe:
No smallest Fibres of a plant,
For which the eicbeams Point doth sharpness want;
His passage after her withstood.
What should she do? through all the moving wood
Of Lives indow'd with sense she took her flight,
Harvey pursues, and keeps her still in sight.
But as thee Deer long-hunted takes a flood,
She leap't at last into the winding streams of blood;
Of mans *Meander* all the Purple reachs made,
Till at the heart she stay'd,
Where turning head, and at a Bay,
Thus, by well-purged ears, was she o're-heard to say;

2.

Here sure shall I be safe (said) she
Son will be able sure to see
This my retreat, but only He
Who made both it and me.
The heart of Man, what Art can e're reveal?
A wall impervious between
Divides the very Parts within,
And doth the Heart of man ev'n from its self conceal;
She spoke, but e're she was aware,
Harvey was with her there,
And held this slippery *Proteus* in a chain;
All all her mighty Mysteries she descry'd;
Which from his wit the attempt before to hide
Was the first Thing that Nature did in vain.

3.

He the young Practise of New life did see;
Whil'st to conceal its toilsome Poverty,
For a living wrought, both hard, and privately.
Before the Liver understood
The noble Scarlet Dye of Blood,
Before one drop was by it made,
Or brought into it, to set up the Trade;
Before the untaught Heart began to beat
The tuneful March to vital Heat,
From all the Souls that living Buildings rear;

Whether imply'd for Earth, or Sea, or Air,
Whether it in the Womb or Egg be wrought,
A strict account to him is hourly brought,
How the Great Fabrick does proceed,
What time and what materials it does need.
He so exactly does the work survey,
As if he hir'd the workers by the day.

4.

Thus *Harvey* sought for Truth in Truth's own Book,
The Creatures, which by God himself was writ;
And wisely thought 't was fit,
Not to read Comments only upon it,
But on th'original it self to look.
Methinks in Arts great Circle others stand
Lock't up together, Hand in Hand,
Every one leeds as he is led,
The same bare path they tread,
A Dance like Fairies a Fantastick round,
But neither change their motion, nor their ground:
Had *Harvey* to this Road confin'd his wit,
His noble Circle of the Blood, had been untroden yet.
Great Doctor! Th'Art of Curing's cur'd by thee,
We now thy patient Physick see,
From all inveterate diseases free,
Purg'd of old errors by thy care,
New dieted, put forth to clearer air,
It now will strong and healthful prove,
Itself before Lethargick lay, and could not move.

5.

These useful secrets to his Pen we owe,
And thousands more 'twas ready to bestow,
Of which a barb'rous Wars unlearned Rage
Has robb'd the ruin'd age;
O cruel loss! as if the Golden Fleece,
With so much cost, and labour bought,
And from a far by a great *Heroe* brought
Had sunk ev'n in the Ports of *Greece*.
O curs'd Warr! who can forgive thee this?
Houses and Towns may rise again,

And

And ten times easier it is
To rebuild *Pauls*, than any work of his.
That mighty Task none but himself can do,
Nay, scarce himself too now,
For though his With the force of Age withstand,
His Body alas! and Time it must command,
And Nature now, so long by him surpass't,
Will sure have her revenge on him at last.

ODE.

Acme *and* Septimius *out of* Catullus.

Acmen Septimius *suos amores*
Tenens in gremio, &c.

WHilst on *Septimius* panting Breast,
(Meaning nothing less than Rest)
Acme lean'd her loving head,
Thus the pleas'd *Septimius* said.

My dearest *Acme*, if I be
Once alive, and love not thee
With a Passion far above
All that e're was called Love,
In a *Libyan* desert may
I become some Lions prey,
Let him, *Acme*, let him tear
My Breast, when *Acme* is not there.

The God of Love who stood to hear him,
(The God of Love was always near him)
Pleas'd and tickl'd with the sound,
Sneez'd aloud, and all around
The little Loves waited by,
Bow'd and blest the Augurie.
Acme enflam'd with what he said,
Rear'd her gently-bending head,
And her purple mouth with joy
Stretching to the delicious Boy

Twice

Twice (and twice could scarce suffice)
She kist his drunken, rowling eyes.

My little Life, my All (said she)
So may we ever servants be
To this best God and ne'r retain
Our hated Liberty again,
So may thy passion last for me,
As I a passion have for thee,
Greater and fiercer much than can
Be conceiv'd by Thee a Man,
Into my Marrow is it gone
Fixt and setled in the Bone,
It reigns not only in my Heart,
But runs, like Life, through ev'ry part.

She spoke; the God of Love aloud,
Sneez'd again, and all the crowd
Of little Loves that waited by,
Bow'd and blest the Augurie.

This good Omen thus from Heaven
Like a happy signal given,
Their Loves and Lives (all four) embrace,
And hand in hand run all the race.
To poor *Septimius* (who did now
Nothing else but *Acme* grow)
Acme's bosome was alone,
The whole worlds Imperial Throne;
And to faithful *Acmes* mind
Septimius was all Human kind.

If the Gods would please to be
But advis'd for once by me,
I'de advise'em when they spie,
Any illustrious Piety,
To reward Her, if it be She;
To reward Him, if it be He;
With such a Husband, such a Wife,
With *Acm's* and *Septimius'* Life.

ODE.

Upon His Majesties Restoration and Return.

Virgil. ---- *Quod optanti Divûm promittere nemo*
Auderet, volvenda dies, en, attulit ultrò.

I.

NOw *Blessings* on you all, ye peaceful *Starrs*.
Which meet at last so kindly, and dispence
Your universal gentle *Influence*,
To calm the stormy *World*, and still the rage of *Warrs*,
Nor whilst around the Continent,
Plenipotentiary Beams ye sent,
Did you *Pacifick Lights* did fain,
In their large *Treaty* to contain
The world apart, o're which do raign
Your seven fair *Brethren* of Great *Charls his Wave*;
No *Star* amongst ye all did, I believe,
Such vigorous assistance give,
As that which thirty years ago,
Ar * *Charls* his *Birth*, did, in despight
Of the proud *Sun*'s Meridian Light,
His future *Glories*, and this *Year* foreshow,
No less effects than these we may
Be assur'd of from that powerful *Ray*,
Which could out-face the *Sun*, and overcome the *Day*.

* The Star that appeared at Noon, the day of the Kinghs Birth, just as the King His Father was riding to St. Pauls to give thanks to God for that Blessing.

2.

Auspicious *Star* again arise,
And take thy *Noon-tide station* in the skies;
Again all *Heaven* prodigiously adorn;
For loe! thy *Charls* again is *Born*.
He then was *Born with and to pains*
With, and *to Joy* he's *Born* again.
And wisely for this *second Birth*,

By which thou certain wert to bles's
The Land with full and flouri shing *Happines*
Thou mad'st of that fair *Month* thy choice,
In which *Heaven*, *Air*, and *Sea*, and *Earth*,
And all that's in them all does *smile*, and does *rejoyce*
'Twas a right *Season*, and the very *Ground*
Ought with a face of *Paradise* to be found,
Than when we were to entertain
Felicity and *Innocence* again.

3.

Shall we again (good Heaven! that *Blessed pair* behold,
Which the abused *People* foundly sold
For the bright *Fruit* of the *forbidden Tree*,
By seeking all like *Gods* to be?
Will *Peace* her *Halcyon Nest* venture to build
Upon a *Shore* with *Shipwracks* fill'd?
And trust that Sea, where she can hardly say,
Sh'has known these twenty years one *calmy day*;
Ah! mild and gaulless *Dove*,
Which dost the *pure* and *candid* Dwellings love;
Canst thou in *Albion* still delight?
Still canst thou think it *white*?
Will ever fair *Religion* appear
In these deformed *Ruins*? will she clear
Th' *Augæan Stables* of her *Churches* here?
Will *Justice* hazard to be seen
Where a *High Court* of *Justice* e're has been?
Will not the Tragique Scene,
And *Bradshaw*'s bloody *Ghost* affright her there,
Her who shall never fear?
Then may *White-hall* for *Charles* his *Seat* be fit,
If *Justice* shall endure at *Westminster* to sit.

4.

Of all, methinks, we least should see
The chearfull looks again of *Liberty*.
That *Name* of *Cromwell*, which does freshly still
The Curses of so many sufferers fill,
Is still enough to make her stay,
And jealous for a while remain;

Left

Left as a *Tempest* carried him away,
Some *Hurican* should bring him back again.
Or she might justlier be afraid
Left that great *Serpent*, which was all a *Tail*,
And in his poys'nous folds whole *Nations Pris'ners* made).
Should a third time perhaps prevail
To joyn again, and with worse sting arise,
As it had done, when cut in pieces twice.
Return, return, ye *Sacred Four*,
And dread your perish't Enemies no more,
Your fears are causeless all, and vain
Whilst you return in *Charles* his train,
For *God* does *Him*, that *He* might *You* restore,
Nor shall the world him only call,
Defender of the *Faith*, but of *ye All*.

5.

Along with you *Plenty* and *Riches* go
With a full Tide to every Port they flow,
With a warm fruitful *wind* o're all the Countrey blow.
Honour does as ye march her *Trumpet* sound,
The *Arts* encompass you around,
And against all *Allarms* of *Fear*,
Safety it self brings up the *Rear*.
And in the head of this *Angelique band*,
So, how the *Goodly Prince* at last does stand
(Righteous *God!*) on his *own Happy Land*.
'Tis *Happy* now, which could, with so much ease
Recover from so desperate a *Disease*,
A various complicated *Ill*,
Whose every *Symptome* was enough to *kill*,
In which one part of Three *Frenzey* possest,
And *Lithargy* the rest.
'Tis *Happy*, which no *Bleeding* does indure
A *Surfet* of such *Blood* to cure.
'Tis *Happy*, which beholds the *Flame*
In which by hostile hands it ought, to burn,
Or that which if from *Heaven* it came
Did but well deserve, all into *Bonfire* turn.

6. We

6.

We *fear'd* (and almost toucht the black degree
Of instant *Expectation*)
That the three dreadful *Angels* we
Of *Famine, Sword* and *Plague* should here establisht see
(*God's* great *Triumvirate* of *Desolation*)
To scourge and to destroy the sinful *Nation*.
Justly might *Heav'n Protectors* such as those,
And such *Commit tees* for their *Safety* impose,
Upon a *Land* which scarcely *Better chose*.
We fear'd that the *Fanatique war*
Which men against *God's houses* did declare,
Would from th' *Almighty Enemy* bring down
A sure destruction on our *Own*.
We read th' *Instructive Histories* which tell
Of all those endless mischiefs that befell,
The *Sacred Town* which *God* had lov'd so well,
After that *fatal Curse* had once been said,
His Blood be upon ours, and on our Childrens head.
We knew, though there a *greater Blood* was spilt,
'Twas scarcely done with *greater Guilt*.
We know those miseries did befall
Whilst they rebell'd against that *Prince* whom all
The rest of *Mankind* did the *Love*, and *Joy*, of *Mankind* call.

7.

Already was the *shaken Nation*
Into a wild and deform'd *Chaos* brought
And it was hasting on (we thought)
Even to the last of *Ills Annihilation*.
When in the midst of this confused Night,
Loe, the blest *Spirit* mov'd, and *there was Light*.
For in the glorious *General's* previous Ray,
We saw a new created *Day*.
We by it saw, though yet in *Mists* it shone,
The *beauteous Work* of *Order* moving on.
Where are the men who bragg'd that God did bless,
And with the marks of good *success*
Signe his allowance of their *wickedness*?

Vain

Vain men! who thought the Divine Power to find
n the fierce *Thunder* and the violent *Wind*:
God came not till the ſtorm was paſt,
n the *ſtill voice* of *Peace* he came at laſt.
The cruel buſineſs of *Deſtruction*,
May by the *Claws* of the great *Fiend* be done.
Here, here we ſee th' *Almighty's hand* indeed,
Both by the *Beauty* of the *Work*, we ſee't, and by
the *Speed*.

8.

He who had ſeen the noble *Britiſh Heir*,
Even in that ill diſadvantageous *Light*,
With which misfortunes ſtrives t'abuſe our ſight,
He who had ſeen him in his *Clowd* ſo bright:
He who had ſeen the double *Pair*
Of *Brothers* heavenly good, and *Siſters* heavenly fair,
Might have perceiv'd (me thinks) with eaſe,
But *wicked men* ſee only what they pleaſe)
That God had no intent t'extinguiſh quite
The *pious King's eclipſed Right*.
He who had ſeen how by the power Divine
All the young *Branches* of this Royal Line
Did in their *fire* without *conſuming ſhine*,
How through a *rough Red ſea* they had been led,
By *Wonders* guarded, and by *Wonders* fed.
How many years of trouble and diſtreſs
They'd wandred in their fatal *Wilderneſs*,
And yet did never *murmure* or *repine*;
Might (me-thinks) plainly underſtand,
That after all theſe conquer'd Trials paſt,
Th' *Almighty Mercy* would at laſt
Conduct them with a ſtrong un-erring hand
To their own *promis'd Land*.
For all the glories of the *Earth*
Ought to be *entaild* by right of *Birth*
And all *Heavens bleſſings* to come down
Upon *his Race*, to whom alone was given
The double *Royalty* of *Earth* and *Heaven*,
Who *crown'd* the *Kingly* with the *Martyrs Crown*.

9. The

9.

The *Martyr's blood* was said of old to be
The *seed* from whence the *Church* did grow.
The *Royal Blood* which dying *Charles* did sow
Becomes no less the *seed* of *Royalty*.
'T was in *dishonour sown*,
We find it now in *glory grown*,
The *grave* could but the *dross* of it devour;
'T was *sown* in *weakness*, and 'tis *rais'd* in *power*.
We now the *Question* well decided see,
Which *Eastern Wits* did once contest
At the *Great Monarch's* Feast
Of all on earth what things the strongest be:
And some for *Women*, some for *Wine* did plead;
That is, for *Folly* and for *Rage*,
Two things which we have known indeed
Strong in this latter *Age*.
But as 'tis prov'd by *Heaven* at length,
The *King* and *Truth* have greatest *strength*,
When they their sacred force unite,
And twine into one *Right*,
No frantick *Common-wealths* or *Tyrannies*,
No *Cheats*, and *Perjuries*, and *Lies*,
No *Nets* of humane *Policies*;
Nor stores of *Arms* or *Gold* (though you could joyn
Those of *Peru* to the great *London Mine*)
No *Towns*, no *Fleets* by Sea, or *Troops* by Land,
No deeply entrencht *Islands* can withstand,
Or any small resistance bring
Against the *naked Truth*, and the *unarmed King*.

10.

The *foolish Lights* which *Travellers* beguile,
End the same night when they begin;
No *Art* so far can upon *Nature* win
As e're to *put out Stars*, or long keep *Meteors in*.
Where's now that *Ignis Fatuus* which e're while
Mis-lead our *wandring Isle*?
Where's the *Impostor Cromwel* gon?
Where's now that *Falling-star* his *Son*?
Where's the *large Comet* now whose raging flame

S

So fatal to our *Monarchy* became?
VVhich o're our heads in such proud horror stood,
Insatiate with our *Ruine* and our *Blood*?
The *fiery Tail* did to vast length extend;
And twice for want of *Fuel* did expire,
And twice renew'd the dismal *Fire*;
Though long the *Tayl* we saw at last its end.
The flames of one triumphant day,
VVhich like an Anti-Comet here
Did fatally to that appear,
For ever frighted it away;
Then did th'allotted hour of *dawning Right*
First strike our ravisht sight
VVhich *Malice* or which *Art* no more could stay,
Than *Witches Charms* can a retardment bring
To the *Resuscitation* of the *Day*,
Or *Resurrection* of the *Spring*.
VVe welcome both, and with improv'd delight
Bless the *preceding Winter* and the *Night*.

II.

Man ought his *future Happiness* to fear,
If he be always *Happy here*
He wants the *bleeding Mark of Grace*,
The *Circumcision of the chosen race*.
If no one *part* of him supplies
The duty of a *Sacrifice*,
He is (we doubt) reserv'd *intire*
As a whole *Victime* for the *Fire*.
Besides 'even in this *World* below,
To those who never did *ill Fortune* know,
The *good* does *nauseous* or *insipid* grow
Consider man's *whole Life*, and you'l confess,
The sharp *Ingredient* of some *bad success*
Is that which gives the *taste* to all his *Happiness*,
But the true *Method* of *Felicity*,
Is when the worst
Of humane *Life* is plac'd the first,
And when the *Childs Correction* proves to be
The cause of *perfecting* the *Man*
Let our *Weak Dayes* lead up the *Van*,

Let

Let the brave *Second* and *Triarian Band*,
Firm against all impression stand;
The first we may *defeated* see;
The *Virtue* and the *Force* of these, are sure of *Victo*

12.

Such are the *years* (great *Charles*) which now we se
Begin their *glorious March* with *Thee*:
Long may their *March* to *Heaven*, and still *Triu*
phant be
Now thou art gotten once before,
Ill-Fortune never shall *o're-take* the more.
To see't again, and pleasure in it find,
Cast a disdainful look *behind*,
Things which *offend*, when present, and *affright*,
In *Memory*, well *painted*, move delight.
Enjoy then all thy *afflictions* now;
Thy *Royal Father's* came at last:
Thy *Martyrdom's* already past.
And *different Crowns* to both ye owe
No *gold* did e're the *Kingly Temples* bind,
Than thine more *try'd* and more *refin'd*.
As a choise *Medal* for *Heaven's Treasury*
God did *stamp* first upon one side of *Thee*
The *Image* of his *suffering Humanity*;
On th'other side, turn'd now to sight, does shine
The *glorious Image* of his *Power Divine*.

13.

So when the wisest *Poets* seek
In all their liveliest colours so set forth
A *Picture* of *Heroick* worth,
(The *Pious Trojan*, or the *Prudent Greek*)
They chuse some *comely Prince* of *heavenly Birth*;
(No proud *Gigantick son* of *Earth*,
Who strives t'usurp the *god's forbidden seat*)
They feed him not with *Nectar*, and the *Meat*
That cannot without *Joy* be eat.
Both in the *cold* of *want*, and *storms* of *adverse chan*
They *harden* his *young Virtue* by degrees;
The *beauteous Drop* first into *Ice* does *freeze*,
And into *solid Christal* next advance.

F

is *murdered friends* and *kindred* he does ſee,
And from his *flaming Country* flee.
uch is he *toſt* at *Sea*, and much at *Land*,
oes long the force of *angry Gods* withſtand.
e does long *troubles* and long *wars* ſuſtain,
E're he his *fatal Birth right* gain
With no leſs *time* or *labour* can
Deſtiny build up ſuch a *Man*,
Who's with ſufficient virtue fill'd
His *ruin'd Country* to *rebuild*.

14.

Nor without cauſe are *Arms* from *Heaven*,
o ſuch a *Hero* by the *Poets* given.
o *human Metal* is of force t'oppoſe
So many and ſo violent blows.
Such was the *Helmet*, *Breaſt-plate*, *Shield*,
Which *Charles* in all Attaques did wield:
nd all the *Weapons Malice* e're could try,
f all the ſeveral *makes* of wicked *Policy*,
ainſt this *Armour* ſtruck, but at the ſtroke,
ke *Swords* of Ice. in thouſand pieces broke.
) *Angels* and their *Brethren Spirits* above,
) ſhow on Earth can ſure ſo pleaſant prove,
As when they *great misfortunes* ſee
With *Courage* born and *Decency*.
were they *born* when *Worc'ſter's* diſmal *Day*
d all the terrors of *black Fate* diſplay
were they born when no *Diſguiſes clowd*
His *inward Royalty* could *ſhrowd*,
d one of th' *Angels* whom juſt *God* did ſend
To guard him is his noble flight;
Troop of *Angels* did him then attend)
ſur'd me in a *Viſion* th'other night,
at *He* (and who could better judge than *He*?)
Did then more *Greatneſs* in him ſee;
More *Luſtre* and more *Majeſty*,
an all his *Coronation Pomp* can ſhew to *Human Eye*.

15.

m and his *Royal Brothers* when I ſaw

New marks of *honour* and of *glory*,
From their *affronts* and *sufferings* draw,
And look like *Heavenly Saints* even in their *Purgatory*
Me-thoughts I saw the *three Judæan Youths*,
(Three *unhurt Martyrs* for the *Noblest Truths*)
In the *Chaldæan Furnace* walk;
How chearfully and unconcern'd they talk!
No *hair* is sindg'd, no smalleſt *beauty* bluſted;
Like *painted Lamps* they ſhine *unwaſted*.
The greedy *fire* it ſelf dares not be fed
VVith the bleſt *Oyl* of an *Anointed Head*.
The honourable *Flame*
(VVhich rather *Light* we ought to name)
Does, like a *Glory* compaſs them around,
And their *whole Body's crown'd*.
VVhat are thoſe *Two Bright Creatures* which we
VValk with the Royal *Three*
In the ſame *Ordeal fire*,
And *mutual joyes* inſpire?
Sure they the *beauteous Siſters* are,
VVho whilſt they ſeek to bear their ſha
VVill ſuffer no *affliction* to be there.
Leſs favour to thoſe *Three* of old was ſhown,
To ſolace with their company,
The *fiery Trials* of *Adverſity*;
Two Angels joyn with *theſe*, the *others* had but *O*

16.

Come forth, Come forth, ye *men of God belov'd*
And let the *power* now of that *flame*,
VVhich againſt you ſo *impotent* became,
On all your *Enemies* be proved.
Come, mighty *Charls, deſire of Nations*, come;
Come, *you triumphant Exile*, home.
He's come, he's ſafe at ſhore; I hear the noiſe
Of a whole *Land* which does at once rejoyce,
I hear th'united *People's ſacred voice*.
The *Sea* which circles us around,
Ne're ſent to *Land* ſo loud a *ſound*;
The mighty *ſhout* ſends to the *Sea* a *Gale*,
And ſwells up every *ſail*;

he *Bells* and *Guns* are scarcely heard at all;
he *Artificial Joy's* drown'd by the *Natural*.
ll *England* but one *Bonefire* seems to be,
ne *Ætna* shooting *flames* into the *Sea*.
he *Starry Worlds* which shine to us afar,
Take *ours* at this time for a *Star*.
ith *Wine* all *rooms*, with *Wine* the *Conduits* flow
nd *We*, the *Priests* of a *Poetick* rage,
Wonder that in this *Golden Age*,
The *Rivers* too should not do so.
ere is no *Stoick* sure who would not now,
Even some *Excess* allow;
nd grant that one *wild fit* of *chearful folly*
ould end our twenty years of *dismal Melancholy*.

17.

here's now the *Royal Mother*, where,
To take her mighty *share*
In this so ravishing sight,
d with the *part* she *takes* to *add* to the *Delight*?
Ah! Why art *Thou* not here,
ou always *Best*, and now the *Happiest Queen*,
see our *Joy*, and with new *Joy* be *seen*?
d has a *bright Example* made of *Thee*,
To shew that *Woman-kind* may be
ove that *Sex*, which her superiour seems;
wisely managing the wide *Extreams*
great *Affliction*, great *Felicity*.
w well those different *Virtues Thee* become;
ughter of *Triumphs*, *Wife* of *Martyrdom*!
e Princely *Mind* with so much *Courage* bore
fliction, that it dares return no more;
th so much *Goodness* us'd *Felicity*.
at it cannot refrain from coming back to *Thee*;
is come, and seen to day in all its *Bravery*.

18.

no's that *Heroick Person* leads it on;
And *gives* it like a glorious *Bride*
(Richly adorn'd with *Nuptial Pride*)

Into the hands now of thy *Son*?
'Tis the good *General*, the *Man* of *Praise*,
VVhom *God* at last in gracious pitty
Did to th'*enthrall'd Nation* raise,
Their great *Zerubbabel* to be,
To loose the *Bonds* of long *Captivity*,
And to *rebuild* their *Temple* and their *City*.
For ever blest May *He* and *His* remain,
VVho, with a *vast*, though less-appearing gain
Prefer'd the *solid Great* above the *Vain*,
And to the world this *Princely Truth* has shown,
That more 'tis to *Restore*, than to *Usurp* a *Crown*.
Thou worthiest Person of the *British Story*,
(Though 't is not *small* the *British* glory)
Did I not know my *humble Verse* must be
But ill-proportion'd to the *Heighth* of *Thee*,
Thou, and the *World* should see,
How much my *Muse* the *Foe* of *Flattery*,
Do's make *true Praise* her *Labour* and *Design*;
An *Iliad* or an *Æneid* should be *Thine*.

19.

And ill should VVe deserve this happy day,
If no acknowledgments we pay
To you *great Patriots*, of the *Two*
Most *truly Other Houses* now,
VVho have redeem'd from *hatred* and from *shame*
A *Parliaments* once *venerable name*;
And now the Title of a *House* restore,
To that, which was but *slaughter-house* before.
If my advice, ye *Worthies*, might be ta'ne,
VVithin those reverend places,
VVhich now your *living presence* graces,
Your Marble-*Statues* alwayes should remain,
To keep alive your useful *Memory*,
And to your *Successors* th' *Example* be
Of *Truth*, *Religion*, *Reason*, *Loyalty*.
For though a firmly setled *Peace*
May shortly make your publick labours cease,
The grateful *Nation* will with joy consent,
That in *this sense* you should be said,

(Thou

(Though yet the *Name* sounds with some dread)
To be the *Long*, the *Endless Parliament*.

On the Queens Repairing Somerset *House.*

WHen God (the Cause to Me and Men unknown)
Forsook the Royal Houses, and his own,
And both abandon'd to the Common Foe;
How near to ruine did my Glories go?
Nothing remain'd t'adorn this Princely place
Which Covetous hands could Take, or Rude Deface.
In all my rooms and galleries I found
The richest Figures torn, and all around
Dismembred Statues of great Heroes lay;
Such *Naseby*'s Field seem'd on the fatal Day.
And Me, when nought for Robbery was left,
They starv'd to death; the gasping walls were cleft;
The Pillars sunk, the Roofs above me wept,
No sign of Spring, or Joy, my Garden kept,
Nothing was seen which could content the Eye,
Till Dead the impious Tyrant Here did lye.
See how my face is chang'd, and what I am
Since my true Mistress, and now Foundress, came,
It does not fill her Bounty to restore
Me as I was (nor was I small) before.
She imitates the Kindness to Her shown;
She does, like Heaven (which the dejected Throne
At once restores, fixes, and higher rears.)
Strengthen, Enlarge, Exalt what She Repairs.
And now I dare (though proud I must not be,
While'st my great Mistress I so Humble see
In all her various Glories) now I dare
Ev'n with the proudest Palaces compare,
My Beauty, and Convenience, still (I'm sure)
So just a boast with Modesty endure.
And all must to me yield, when I shall tell.
How I amplac'd, and Who does in me dwell.
Before my Gate a Street's broad Channel goes,
Which still with Waves of crowding people flows,

And every day there passes by my side,
Up to its Western Reach, the *London* Tide,
The Spring-Tides of the Term; my Front looks down
On all the Pride, and Business of the Town.
My other Front (for as in Kings we see
The livelyest Image of the Deity,
We in their Houses should Heaven's likeness fi
Where nothing can be said to be Behind)
My other fair and more Majestick Face
(Who can the Fair to more advantage place?
For ever gazes on it self below
In the best Mirrour that the world can show.
And here, behold, in a long bending row,
How two joynt Cities make one glorious Bow,
The Midst, the noblest place, possess'd by Me
Best to be Seen by all, and all O' resee.
Which way soe'r I turn my joy full Eye,
Here the Great Court, there the rich town, I sp
On either side dwells Safety and Delight;
Wealth on the Left, and Power upon the Righ
T'assure yet my defence, on either hand,
Like mighty Forts, in equal distance stand
Two of the best and statelyest piles, which e're
Man's liberal Piety of old did rear,
Where the two Princes of th' Apostles Band,
My Neighbours and my Guards, watch and c
mand.
My warlike Guard of Ships, which farther lye
Migth be my Object too, were not the Eye
Stopt by the Houses of that wondrous Street
Which rides o're the broad River, like a Fleet.
The Stream's eternal Siege they fixt abide,
And the swoln Stream's Auxiliary Tide,
Though both their ruine with joynt power consp
Both to out-brave, they nothing dread but Fire
And here my *Thames*, though it more gentle be
Than any Flood, so strength'ned by the Sea,
Finding by Art his Natural forces broke,
And bearing, Captive-like, the Arched Yoke,
Do's roar, and foam, and rage at the disgrace,

lut recomposes strait and calms his Face,
s into reverence and submission strook,
\s soon as from afar he does but look
'ow'rds the White Palace where that King does reign
Who lays his Laws and Bridges o're the Main.
Admidst these lowder Honours of my Seat,
nd two vast Cities, troublesomly Great,
n a large vario.s plain the Country too
)pens her gentler blessings to my View,
n me the Active and the Quiet Mind
y different wayes equal content may find.
f any prouder Vertuoso's sence
t that part of my Prospect take offence,
y which the meaner Cabanes are descri'd,
)f my Imperial River's humbler side,
'they call that a Blemish, let them know,
iod, and my God-like Mistress, think not so;
or the distrest and the afflicted lye
lost in their Care, and always in their Eye.
And thou, fair River, who still pay'st to Me
ust Homage, in thy passige to the Sea,
'ake here this one Instruction as thou goest;
Vhen thy mixt Waves shall visit every Coast,
Vhen round the world their Voyage they shall make,
nd back to Thee some secret Channels take,
sk them what nobler sight they e're did meet
xcept thy mighty Master's Soveraign Fleet,
Vhich now triumphant o're the Main does ride,
'he Terror of all Lands, the Ocean's Pride.
From hence his Kingdom's Happy now at last,
Happy, if Wise by their Misfortunes past)
rom hence may Omens take of that succes
Vhich both their future Wars and Peace shall bless:
'he Peacefull Mother on mild *Thames* does build,
Vith her Son's Fabriks the rough *Sea* is fill'd.

The Complaint.

1.

IN a deep Vision's intellectual scene;
Beneath a Bow'r for sortow made;
Th' uncomfortable shade,
Of the blak Yew's unlucky green,
Mixt with the mourning VVillow's careful gray,
VVhere Reverend *Cham* cuts out his Famous way.
The Melancholy *Cowley* lay:
And Lo! a Muse appear'd to his closed sight,
(The Muses oft in Lands of Vision play)
Bodied, arrayed, and seen, by an internal Light;
A golden Harp, with silver strings she bore,
A wondrous Hieroglyphick Robe she wore,
In which all Colours, and all figures were,
That Nature or that Fancy can create,
That art can never imitate;
And with loose pride it wanton'd in the Air.
In such a Dress, in such a well cloath'd Dream;
She us'd, of old; near fair *Ismenus* Stream,
Pindar her *Theban* Favourite to meet;
A Crown was on her Head, and wings were on her Feet.

2.

She touch'd him with her Harp, and rais'd him from the Ground;
The shaken strings Melodiously Resound.
Art thou return'd at last, said she,
To this forsaken place and me?
Thou Prodigal, who didst so loosely waste
Of all thy Youthful years, the good Estate;
Art thou return'd here, to repent too late?
And gather husks of Learning up at last,
Now the rich harvest time of Life is past,
And *Winter* marches on so fast!
But, when I meant t'adopt Thee for my Son,
And did as learn'd a Portion assign,
As ever any of the mighty Nine.

Had

Had to their dearest Children done;
When I resolv'd t'exalt thy anointed Name,
mong the Spiritual Lords of peaceful Fame,
hou Chāgling, thou, bewitcht with noise and show,
Wouldst into Courts and Cities from me go;
Wouldst see the VVorld abroad, and have a share
all the follies, and the Tumults there,
hou would'st, forsooth, be something in a State,
id business thou would'st find, and would'st
Create;
Business! the frivolous pretence
f humane lusts to shake off Innocence;
Business! the grave impertinence:
isiness! the thingh which I of all things hate,
isiness! the contradiction of thy Fate.

3.

), Renegado, cast up thy Account,
And see to what Amount
Thy foolish gains by quitting me:
e sale of Knowledge, Fame, and Liberty;
ie frāits of thy unlearn'd Apostasy.
iou thought'st if once the publick storm were past,
l thy remaining Life should sun-shine be:
hold the publick storm is spent at last,
ie Sovereign is tost at Sea no more,
id thou, with all the Noble Company,
Art got at last to shore.
it whilst thy fellow Voyagers, I see
l marcht up to possess the promis'd Land,
iou still alone (alas) dost gaping stand,
pon the naked Beach, upon the Barren Sand.

4.

: a fair morning of the blessed spring,
After a tedious stormy night:
eh was the glorious entry of our King,
iriching moysture drop'd on every thing;
enty he sow'd below, and cast about him light.
But then (alas) to thee alone,
ne of Old *Gideons* Miracles was shown,
or every Tree, and every Herb around,

With Pearly dew was crown'd,
And upon all the quickned ground,
The fruitfull seed of Heaven did brooding lye;
And nothing but the Muses Fleece was dry.
It did all other Threats surpass,
When God to his own People said,
(The Men whom through long wandrings he had led)
That he would give them ev'n a Heaven of Brass:
They look'd up to that Heaven in vain,
That Bounteous Heaven, which God did not restrain
Upon the most unjust to Shine and Rain.

5.

The *Rachel*, for which twice seven years and more
Thou didst with Faith and Labour serve,
And didst (if Faith and labour can) deserve,
Though she contracted was to thee,
Giv'n to another than didst see,
Giv'n to another who had store
Of fairer, and of Richer Wives before,
And not a *Leah* left, thy recompence to be.
Go on, twice seven years more, thy fortune try;
Twice seven years more, God in his bounty may
Give thee, to fling away
Into the Courts deceitful Lottery.
But think how likely 't is, that thou
With the dull work of thy unwieldy Plough,
Shouldst in a hard and Barren season thrive,
Shouldst even able be to live,
Thou, to whose share so little bread did fall,
In the miraculous year, when *Manna* rain d' or all.

6.

Thus spake the Muse, and spake it with a smile,
That seem'd at once to pity and revile.
And to her thus, raising his thoughtful head,
The Melancholy *Cowley* said,
Ah wanton foe, dost thou upbraid
The Ills which thou thy self hast made?

When

When in the Cradle, Innocent I lay,
Thou, wicked Spirit, stolest me away,
And my abused Soul didst bear,
Into thy new-found Worlds I know not where,
Thy Golden Indies in the Air,
And ever since I strive in vain
My ravisht freedom to regain;
Still I Rebel, still thou dost Reign;
Lo, still in verse against thee I complain.
There is a sort of stubborn VVeeds,
VVhich, if the Earth but once, it ever breeds;
No wholsom Herb can near them thrive,
No useful Plant can keep alive:
The foolish sports I did on the bestow,
Make all my Art and Labour fruitless now;
VVhere once such Fairies dance, no grass doth ever grow.

7.

VVhen my new mind had no infusion known;
Thou gav'st so deep a tincture of thine own,
That ever since I vainly try
To wash away th'inherent dye:
Long work perhaps may spoil thy Colours quite;
But never will reduce the Native white:
To all the Ports of Honour and of Gain,
I often steer my course in vain,
Thy Gale comes cross, and drives me back again;
Thou stack'nest all my Nerves of Industry,
By making them so oft to be
The thinkling strings of thy loose minstrelsie.
VVho ever this worlds happiness would see,
Must as entirely cast off thee,
As they who only Heaven desire,
Do from the world retire.
This was my Errour, This my gross mistake;
My self a demy-votary to make.
Thus with *Saphira*, and Husbands fate,
A fault which I like them, am taught too late)
For all that I gave up, I nothing gain,
And perish for the part which I retain.

8.

Teach me not then, O thou fallacious Muse,
The Court, and better King t'accuse;
The Heaven under which I live is fair;
Thine, thine is all the Barrenness; if thou
Mak'st me sit still and sing, when I should plough
When I but think, how many a tedious year
Our patient Soveraign did attend
His long misfortunes fatal end;
How chearfully, and how exempt from fear;
On the Great Soverains Will he did depend:
I ought to be accurst, if I refuse
To wait on his, O thou fallacious Muse!
Kings have long hands (they say) and though I be
So distant, they may reach at length to me.
However of all Princes thou
Shouldst not reproach Rewards for being small
slow;
Thou who rewardest but with popular breath,
And that too after death.

The Adventures of Five hours.

AS when our Kings (Lords of the spacious Main)
Take in just wars a rich Plate Fleet of *Spain*;
The rude unshapen Ingots they reduce
Into a form of Beauty and of use;
On which the Conquerors Image now does shine
Not His whom it belong'd to in the Mine;
So in the mild Contentions of the Muse
(The War which Peace it self loves and persues)
So have you home to us in triumph brought,
This Cargazon of *Spain* with Treasures fraught;
You have not basely gotten it by stealth,
Nor by Translation borrow'd all its wealth,
But by a pow'rful Spirit made it your own
Metal before, Money by you 't is grown.
'T is currant now, by your adorning it
With the fair stamp of your victorious wit;

ut though we praise this voyage of your Mind,
nd though our selves enricht by it we find,
/e're not contented yet, because we know
/hat greater stores at home within it grow;
/e're seen how wel you forrain Oars refine,
oduce the Gold of your own Nobler Mine.
he World shall then our Native plenty view,
id fetch materials for their wit from you,
hey all shall watch the travails of your Pen,
id *Spain* on you shall make Reprisals then.

)n the Death of Mrs. Catherine Philips.

1 Ruel disease? Ah, could it not suffice
' Thy old and constant spight to exercise
ainst the gentlest and the faireſt Sex,
hich still thy Depredations most do vex?
Where still thy Malice most of all
hy Malice or thy Lust) does on the faireſt fall?
d in them most assault the fareſt place,
e Throne of Empress Beauty, ev'n the Face?
ere was enough of that here to asswage,
ne would have thought) either thy Lust or Rage:
as't not enough, when thou, prophane Disease,
Didst on this Glorious Temple seize.
as't not enough, like a wild Zealot, there,
the rich outward Ornaments to tear,
face the innocent pride of beauteous Images?
as't not enough thus rudely to defile
: thou must quite destroy the goodly Pile?
d thy unbounded Sacriledge commit
th' inward Holiest Holy of her Wit?
uel disease! There thou mistook'st thy power;
No Mine of Death can that devour,
her embalmed Name it will abide
An everlasting Pyramide,
high as Heav'n the top as Earth, the Basis wide.

2.

All Ages past, record, all Countreys now,
In various kinds such equal Beauties show,
That ev'n Judge *Paris* would not know
On whom the Golden Apple to bestow,
Though Goddesses to'his sentence did submit
Women and Lovers would appeal from it:
Nor durst he say, Of all the female race,
This is the Sovereign Face,
And some (though these be of a kind that's Rare,
That's much, ah, much less frequent than the Fair)
So equally renown'd for Virtue are,
That it the Mother of the Gods might pose,
When the best Woman for her guide she chose.
But if *Apollo* should design
A Woman *Laureat* to make,
Without dispute he would *Orinda* take,
Though *Sappho* and the famous Nine
Stood by, and did repine.
To be a Princess or a Queen
Is Great; but 'tis a Greatness always seen;
The world did never but two Women know,
Who, one by fraud, th'other by wit did rise
To the two tops of Spiritual Dignities,
One Female Pope of old, one Female Poet now.

3.

Of Female Poets who had names of old
Nothing is shown, but only Gold.
And all we hear of them perhaps may be
Male Flatt'ry only, and Male-Poetry.
Few minutes did their Beauties Lightning waste,
The Thunder of their voice did longer last,
But that too soon was past.
The certain proofs of our *Orinda's* wit,
In her own lasting Characters are writ,
And they will long my praise of them survive,
Though long perhaps too that my live.
The Trade of Glory managed by the Pen
Though great it be, and every where is found
Does bring in but small profit to us Men;

'Tis by the number of the sharers drown'd.
Orinda on the Female coasts of Fame,
Ingrosses all the Goods of a Poetique Name.
She does not Partner with her see,
Does all the business there alone, which we
Are forc'd to carry on by a whole Company.

4.

But wit's like a Luxurian Vine;
Unless to Virtue's prop it joyn,
Firm and Erect towards Heaven bound;
Though it with beauteous Leaves and pleasant Fruit be crown'd,
It lies deform'd, and rotting on the Ground.
Now Shame and Blushes on us all,
Who our own Sex Superior call!
Orinda does our boasting Sex out-do,
Not in Wit only, but in Virtue too.
She does above our best Examples rise;
In Hate of Vice, and scorn of Vanities.
Never did spirit of the Manly make,
And dipt all o're in Learnings Sacred Lake;
A temper more Invulnerable take.
No violent Passion could an entrance find,
Into the tender Goodness of her Mind
Through walls of Stone those furious Bullets may Force their impetuous way
When her soft Breast they hit, powerless and dead they lay.

5.

The Fame of Friendship which so long had told
Of three or four illustrious Names of old,
Till hoarse and weary with the tale she grew
Rejoyces now t'have got a new,
A new, and more surprizing story,
Of fair *Leucasias* and *Orindas* Glory.
As when a prudent Man does once perceive
That in some Forrain Countrey he must live,
The Language and the Manners he does strive
To understand and practise here,
That he may come, no stranger there

So well *Orinda* did her self prepare
In this much different Clime for her remove
To the glad VVorld of Poetry and Love.

Hymn. To light.

1.

FIrst born of *Chaos*, who so fair didst come
From the old *Negro's* darksome womb:
VVhich when it saw the lovely Child,
The melancholly Mass put on kind looks and smil'd.

2.

Thou Tide of Glory which no rest dost know,
But ever Ebb, and ever Flow!
Thou Golden shower of a true *Jove!*
VVho does in thee descend, and Heav'n to Earth make Love!

3.

Hail active Natures watchful Life and Health!
Her Joy, her Ornament and VVealth!
Hail to thy Husband Heat, and Thee!
Thou the worlds beauteous Bride, the lusty Bridegroom He!

4.

Say from what Golden Quivers of the Sky,
Do all thy winged Arrows fly;
Swiftness and Power by Birth are thine:
From thy Great Sire they came, thy Sire the word Divine.

5.

'Tis, I believe, this Archery to show,
That so much cost in Colours thou,
And skill in Painting dost bestow,
Upon thy ancient Arms, the Gawdy Heav'nly Bow.

6.

Swift as light Thoughts their empty Carriere run,
Thy Race is finisht, when begun;
Let a Post-Angel start with Thee

And Thou the Goal of Earth shalt reach as soon as
He:

7.

Thou in the Moons bright Chariot proud and gay,
Dost thy bright wood of Stars survay;
And all the year dost with thee bring
Of thousand flowry Lights thine own Nocturnal
Spring.

8.

Thou *Scythian*-like dost round thy Lands above
The Suns gilt Tent for ever move,
And still as thou in pomp dost go
The shining Pageants of the VVorld attend thy
show.

9.

Nor amidst all these Triumphs dost thou scorn
The humble Glow worms to adorn,
And with those living spangles gild,
(O Greatness without Pride!) the Bushes of the Field.

10.

Night, and her ugly Subjects thou dost fright,
And sleep, the lazy Owl of Night;
Asham'd and fearful to appear
They skreen their horrid shapes with the black He-
misphere.

11.

VVith'em there hasts, and wildly takes the Alarm;
Of pointed Dreams, a busie swarm,
At the first opening of thine eye,
The various Clusters break the antick Atomes fly.

12.

The guilty Serpents, and obscener Beasts
Creep conscious to their secret rests:
Nature to thee does reverence pay,
Ill Omens, and ill Sights removes out of thy.

13.

At thy appearance, Grief it self is said,
To shake his VVings, and rowse his Head.
And cloudy care has often took
A gentle beamy Smile reflected from thy Look.

14.

At thy Appearance, Fear it self grows bold;
Thy Sun-shine melts away his Cold.
Encouraged at the sight of Thee,
To the cheek Colour comes, and firmness to the knee.

15.

Even Lust the Master of a hardned Face;
Blushes if thou beest in the place,
To darkness' Curtains he retires,
In Sympathizing Night he rowls his smoaky Fires.

16.

When, Goddess, thou liftst up thy wakened Head,
Out of the Mornings purple bed,
Thy Quire of Birds about thee play,
And all thee joyful world salutes the rising day.

17.

The Ghosts, and Monster Spirits, that did presume
A Bodies Priv'lege to assume,
Vanish again invisibly,
And Bodies gain again their visibility.

18.

All the Worlds bravery that delight our Eyes
Is but thy sev'ral Liveries,
Thou the Rich Dy on them bestowest,
Thy nimble Pencil Paints this Landskape as thou go'st.

19.

A Crimson Garment in the Rose thou wear'st;
A Crown of studded Gold thou bear'st,
The Virgin Lilies in their White,
Are clad but with the Lawn of almost Naked Light.

20.

The Violet, springs little Infant, stands,
Girt in they purple Swadling-bands:
On the fair Tulip thou dost dote;
Thou cloath'st it in a gay and party colour'd Coat.

21. With

21.

With Flame condenst thou dost the Jewels fix,
And solid Colours in it mix:
Flora her self envyes to see
owers fairer than her own, and durable as she.

22.

Ah, Goddess! would thou could'st thy hand withhold,
And be less Liberall to Gold;
Didst thou less value to it give.
f how much care (alas) might'st thou poor Man relieve!

23.

To me the Sun is more delightful farr,
And all fair Dayes much fairer are.
But few, ah wondrous few there be,
ho do not Gold preferr, O Goddess, ev'n to Thee.

24.

Through the soft wayes of Heaven, and Air, and Sea,
Which open all their Pores to Thee;
Like a cleer River thou dost glide,
nd with thy LivingStream through the closeChannels slide.

25.

But where firm Bodies thy free course oppose,
Gently thy source the Land oreflowes;
Takes there possession, and does make,
f Colours mingled, Light, a thick and standing Lake.

26.

But the vast Ocean of unbounded Day
In th'Empyræan Heaven does stay.
Thy Rivers, Lakes and Springs below
rom thence took first their Rise, thither at last must Flow.

To the Royal Society.

1.

PHilosophy the great and only Heir
Of all that Human Knowledge which has bin
Unforfeited by Mans rebellious Sin,
Though full of years He do appear,
(Philosophy, I say, and call it, He,
For whatsoe're the Painters Fancy be,
It a Male-virtue seemes to me)
Has still been kept in Nonage till of late,
Nor manag'd or enjoy'd his vast Estate:
Tree or four thousand years one would have thought.
To ripeness and perfection might have brought
A Science so well bred and nurst,
And of such hopefnl parts too at the first,
But, oh, the Guardians and the Tutors then,
(Some negligent, and some ambitious men)
VVould ne're consent to set him Free,
Or his own Natural Powers to let him see,
Lest that should put an end to their Autoritie.

2.

That is own business he might quite forget,
They'amus'd him with the sports of wanton VVit,
VVith the Desserts of Poetry they fed him,
In stead of solid meats t'encrease his force:
Instead of vigorous exercise they led him,
Into the pleasant Labyrinths of ever-fresh Discourse:
Instead of carrying him to see
The Riches which doe hoorded for him lie
In Natures endless Treasurie,
They chose his Eye to entertain
(His curious but not covetous Eye)
VVith painted Scenes, and Pageants of the Brain.
Some few exalted Spirits this latter Age has shown,
That labour'd to assert the Liberty

(From

om Guatdians, who were now U surpers grown)
his old *Minor* still, Captiv'd Philosophy;
ut 'twas Rebellion call'd to fight
or such a long-oppressed Right.
on at last, a mighty Man, arose
Whom a wise Kind and Nature chose
ord Chancellour of both their Lawes,
l boldly undertook the injur'd Pupils cause.

3.

ority, which did a Body boast,
ough 'twas but Air condens'd, and stalk'd about,
some old Giants more Gigantic Ghost,
o terrifie the Learned Rout
h the plain Magick of true Reasons Light,
e chac'd out of our sight,
suffer'd Living *Men* to be misled
y the vain shadows of the Dead:
Graves, from whence it rose, the conquer'd Phantome fled;
e broke that Monstrous God which stood
idst of th'Orchard, and the whole did claim,
Which with a useless Sith of Wood,
nd something else not worth a name,
Both vast for shew, yet neither fit
r to Defend, or to Beget;
idiculous and senseless Terrors!) made
ldren and superstitious Men afraid.
he Orchard's open now, and free;
on has broke that Scar-crow Deitie;
ome, enter, all that will,
old the rip'ned Fruit, come gather now your Fill.
et still, methinks, we fain would be
atching at the Forbidden Tree,
We would be like the Deitie,
en Truth and Falshood, Good and Evil, we
hout the senses aid within our selves would see:
or 'tis God only who can find
ll Nature in his Mind.

4. From

4.

From Words, which are but Pictures of th
Thought,
(Though we our Thoughts from them perverſl
drew)
To things, the Minds right Object, he it brought,
Like fooliſh Birds to painted Grapes we flew;
He ſought and gather'd for our uſe the True;
And when on heaps the choſen Bunches lay,
He preſt them wiſely the Mechanick way,
Till all their juyce did in one Veſſel joyn,
Ferment into a Nouriſhment Divine,
The thirſty Souls refreſhing Wine.
Who to the life an exact Piece would make,
Muſt not from others Work a Copy take;
No, not from *Rubens* or *Vandike*;
Much leſs content himſelf to make it like
Th'Ideas and the Images which lie
In his own Fancy, or his Memory.
No, he before his ſight muſt place
The Natural and Living Face;
The real object muſt command
Each Judgment of his Eye, and motion of h
Hand.

5.

From theſe and all long Errors of the way,
In which our wandring Predeceſſors went,
And like th'old *Hebrews* many years did ſtray
In Deſarts but of ſmall extent,
Bacon, like *Moſes*, led us forth at laſt,
The barren Wilderneſs he paſt,
Did on the very Border ſtand
Of the bleſt promis'd Land,
And from the Mountains Top of his Exalte
Wit,
Saw it himſelf, and ſhew'd us it.
But Life did never to one Man allow
Time to Diſcover Worlds, and Conquer too;
Nor can ſo ſhort a Line ſufficient be
To ſadome the vaſt depths of Natures Sea?

T

The work he did we ought t'admire,
nd were unjust if we should more require
om his few years, divided 'twixt th'Excess
flow Affliction, and high Happiness.
or who on things remote can fix his sight,
hat's always in a Triumph, or a Fight?

6.

om you, great Champions, we expect to get
hese spacious Countries but discover'd yet;
ountries where yet in stead of Nature, we
er Images and Idols worship'd see!
hese large and wealthy Regions to subdue,
hough Learning has whole Armies at command,
Quarter'd about in every Land;
better Troop she ne're together drew.
Methinks, like *Gideon's* little Band,
God with Design has pickt out you,
o do these noble Wonders by a Few:
When the whole Host he saw, They are (said he)
Too many to O'rcome for Me;
And now he chuses out his Men,
Much in the way that he did then:
Not those many whom he found
Idely extended on the ground,
To drink with their dejected head
he Stream just so as by their Mouths it fled:
No, but those Few who took the waters up,
nd made of their laborious Hands the Cup.

7.

hus you prepar'd; and in the glorious Fight
Their wondrous pattern too you take.
heir old and empty Pitchers first they brake;
nd with their Hands then lifted up the Light.
Io! Sound too thee Trumpets here!
lready your victorious Light appear:
New Scenes of Heaven already we espy,
nd Crowds of golden Worlds on high;
Which from the spacious Plains of Earth and Sea;
Could never yet discover'd be
By Sailers or *Chaldæans* watchful Eye,

Na-

Natures great Workes no distance can obscure,
No smalness her near Objects can secure
Y'have taught the curious Sight to press
Into the privatest recess
Of her imperceptible Littleness.
Y'have learn'd to Read her smallest Hand,
And well begun her deepest Sense to understand

8.

Mischief add true dishonour fall on those
Who would to laughter or to scorn expose
So Virtuous and so noble a Design,
So Human for its Use, for Knowledge so Divin
The things which these proud men despise, and
Impertinent, and vain, and small,
Those smallest things of Nature let me know,
Rather than all their greatest Actions Doe.
Whoever would Deposed Truth advance
Into the Throne usurp'd from it,
Must feel at first the Blows of Ignorance,
And the sharp Points of Envious Wit.
So when by various turns of the Celestial Dance
In many thousand years
A Star, so long unknown, appears,
Though Heaven it self more beauteous by it gro
It troubles and alarms the World below,
Does to the Wise a Star, the Fools a Meteor sh

9.

With Courage and success you the bold work b
Your Cradle has not Idle bin:
None e're but *Hercules* and you could be
At five years Age worthy a History.
And ne're did Fortune better yet
Th'Historian to the Story fit:
And you from all Old Errors free
And purge the Body of Philosophy;
So from all moderns Folies He
Has vindicated Eloquence and Wit.
His candid Stile like a clean Stream does slide;
And his bright Fancy all the way
Does like the Sun-shine in it play;

does like *Thames*, the best of Rivers, glide,
here the God does not rudely overturn,
but gently pour the Chrystal Urn,
d with judicious hand does the whole Current
Guide.
has all the Beauties Nature can impart,
d all the comely Dress without the paint of Art.

---

on the Chair made out of Sir Francis Drakes *Ship, Presented to the University Library in* Oxford, *by* John Davis *of* Deptford, *Esqnire.*

TO this great Ship which round the Globe has
run,
d matcht in Race the Chariot of the Sun,
is *Pythagorean* Ship for it may claim
ithout presumption so deserv'd a Name,
knowledge once and transformation now)
her New Shape this sacred Port allow.
ake and his Ship could not have wish'd from Fate,
more blest Station, or more blest Estate.
r (Lo!) a Seat of endless Rest is given,
her in *Oxford*, and to him in Heaven.

A PROPOSITION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

The Colledge.

THat the *Philosophical Colledge* be scituated within one, two or (at farthest) three miles of *London*, and, if it be possible to find that convenience, upon the side of the River, or very near it.

That the Revenue of this Colledge amount to four thousand pounds a year.

That the Company received into it be as follows.

1. Twenty Philosophers or Professors. 2. Sixty young Scholars, Servants to the Professors. 3. A Chaplain. 4. Baily for the Revenue. 5. A Manciple or Purveyor for the provisions of the House. 6. Two Gardeners 7. A Master Cook. 8. An Under-Cook. 9. A Butler. 10. An Under Butler. 11. A Chirurgeon. 12. Two Lungs, or Chymist Servants. 13. A Library-keeper who is likewise to be Apothecary, Druggist, and keeper of Instruments, Engines &c. 14. An Officer to feed and take care of all Beasts Fowl, &c. kept by the Colledge. 15. A Groom of the Stable. 16. A Messenger to send up and down for all use of the Colledge. 17. Four old Women to tend the Chambers, keep the House clean, and such like Services

That the annual allowance for this Company be as follow

rs. 1. To every Professor, and to the Chaplain, One dred and twenty pounds. 2. To the sixteen Scholars enty pounds a piece, Ten pounds for their Diet, and pounds for their Entertainment. 3. To the Baily, rty pounds besides allowance for his Journeys. 4. To Purveyor or Manciple, Thirty pounds. 5. To each he Gardeners, Twenty pounds. 6. To the Master-k, Twenty pounds. 7. To the Under-Cook, Four nds 8. To the Butler, Ten pounds. 9. To the Un-Butler, Four pounds 10. To the Chirurgeon, Thir-ounds. 11. To the Library-keeper, Thirty pounds. To each of the Lungs twelve pounds. 13. To the per of the Beasts, Six pounds. 14. To the Groom, pounds. 15. To the Messenger, Twelve pounds. To the four necessary Women, Ten pounds. For Manciples Table at which all the Servants of the House there to eat, except the Scholars, one hundred sixty, nds. For three Horses for the service of the Colledge, irty pounds.

All which amountes to Three thousand two hundred hty five pounds. So that there remains for keeping of House and Gardens, and Operatories, and Instruments Animals, and Experiments of all sorts, and all other ences, Seven hundred and fifteen pounds.

Which were a very inconsiderable sum for the great u-to which it is designed, but that I conceive the Indu-y of the Colledge will in a short time so enrich it self as get a far better stock for the advance and enlargement of work when it is once begun; neither is the continuan-of particular mens liberality to be despaired of, when it all be encouraged by the sight of that publick benefit ich will accrue to all Mankind, and chiefly to our Na-n, by this Foundation. Something likewise will arise m Leases and other Casualties: that nothing of which ay be diverted to the private gain of the Professors, or any ner use besides that of the search of Nature, and by it the neral good of the world, and that care may be taken for e certain performance of all things ordained by the insti-ion, as likewise for the protection and encouragement of Company, it is proposed.

That some person of Eminent Quality, a Lover of L
Learning, and no Stranger in it, be chosen Chancel
or President of the Colledge, and that eight Govern
more, men qualified in the like manner, be joyned
him, two of which shall act account of all expences
to the smallest, and of the true estate of their publi
Treasure, under the hands and oaths of the Profess
sident.

That the choice of the Professors in any vacancy bel
to the Chancellour and the Governours, but that the
fessors (who are likeliest to know what men of the Na
are most proper for the duties of their Society) direct t
choice by recommending two or three persons to t
at every Election. And that if any learned Person wi
His Majesties Dominions discover or eminently impr
any useful king of knowledge, he may upon that gro
for his reward and the encouragement of others,
preferr'd, if he pretend to the place, before any b
else.

That the Governours have power to turn out any P
fessor who shall be proved to be either scandalous or unp
fitable to the Society.

That the Colledge be built after this, or some such m
ner: That it consist of three fair Quadrangular Courts,
three large grounds, enclosed with good walls beh
them. That the first Court be built with a fair Cloyst
and the Professors Lodgings or rather little Houses, f
on each side at some distance from one another, and w
little Gardens behind them, just after the manner of
Chartreux beyond Sea. That the inside of the Cloyste
lined with a Gravel-walk, that walk with a row of Tre
and that in the middle there be a Parterre of Flowers, a
a Fountain.

That the second Quadrangle just behind the first, be
contrived, as to contain these parts. 1. A Chappel. 2.
Hall with two long Tables on each side for the Schol
and Officers of the House to eat at, and with a Pulpit a
Forms at the end for the publick Lectures. 3. A large a
pleasant Dining-Room within the Hall for the Profess
to eat in, and to hold their Assemblies and Conferenc

4.

A publick School-house. 5. A Library. 6 A Gallery to alk in, adorned with the Pictures or Statues of all the Inntors of any thing useful to Humane Life; as Printing, ans; *America*, *&c.* and of late in Anatomy, the Circlation of the Blood, the Milky Veins, and such like scoveries in any Art, with short Elogies under the Porictures, As likewise the Figures of all sorts of Creatus, and the stuft skins of as many strange Animals as can gotten. 7. An Anatomy Chamber adorned with Skeleons and Anatomical Pictures, and prepared with all conniences for Dissection. 8. A Chamber for all manner of ruggs, and Apothecaries Materials. 9. A Mathematical namber furnisht with all sorts of Mathematical Instruents, being an Appendix to the Library. 10. Lodgings for e Chaplain, Chirurgeon, Library-Keeper and Purveyour, ar the Chappel, Anatomy Chamber; Library and all.

That the third Court be on one side of these, very lar-, but meanly built, being designed only for use and t for beauty too, as the others, That it contain the tchin, Butteries, Brew house, Bake house, Dairy, rdry, Stables, *&c.* and especially great Laboratories Chymical Operations, and Lodgings for the Underrvants.

That behind the second Court be placed the Garden, ntaining all sorts of Plants that our Soil will bear, and at e end a little House of pleasure, a Lodge for the Gardeer, and a Grove of Trees cut out into Walks.

That the second enclosed ground be a Garden, destid only to the tryal of all manner of Experiments conrning Plants, as their Melioration, Acceleration, Reidation, Conservation, Composition, Transmutation, oloration, or whatsoever else can be produced by Art her for use or curiosity, with a Lodge in it for the Garner.

That the third Ground be employed in convenient reptacles for all sorts of Creatures which the Professors all judge necessary for their more exact search into e nature of Animals, and the improvement of their Uses us.

That there be likewise but in some place of the Coll where it may serve most for Ornament of the whole, ry high Tower for observation of Celestial Bodies, a ned with all sorts of Dyals and such like Curiosit es; that there be very deep Vaults made under ground, Experiments most proper to such places, which wi undoubtedly very many.

Much might be added, but truly I am afraid this is much already for the charity or generosity of this Ag extend to; and we do not design this after the Mod *Solomons* House in my Lord *Bacon* (which is a Projec Experiments that can never be Experimented, but prop within such bounds of Expence as have often been ex ded by the Buildings of private Citizens.

Of the Professors, Scholars, Chaplain and other Officers.

THat of the twenty Professors four be alwayes tra ling beyond Seas, and sixteen alwayes Resident, less by permission upon extraordinary occasions, and ry one so absent, leaving a Deputy behind him to su his Duties.

That the four Professors Itinerant be assigned to the parts of the World. *Europe*, *Asia*, *Afrique*, and *A rica*, there to reside three years at least, and to gi constant account of all things that belong to the Learn and especially Natural Experimental Philosophy of t parts.

That the expence of all Dispatches, and all Books, S ples, Animals, Stones, Metals, Minerals, *&c.* an curiosities whatsoever, Natural or Artificial, sen them to the Colledge, shall be defrayed out of the T sury, and an additional allowance (above the 120 *l.*) de to them as soon as the Colledges Revenue shall be proved.

That at their going abroad they shall take a solemn
h never to write any thing to the Colledge,
what after very diligent Examination, they shall fully
eve to be true, and to confess and recant it as soon as
find themselves in an Error.

That the sixteen Professors Resident shall be bound to
y and teach all sorts of Natural, Experimental Philoso-
, to consist of the Mathematiks, Mechanicks, Medi-
, Anatomy, Chymistry, the History of Animals,
ts, Minerals, Elements, *&c.* Agriculture, Archi-
ure, Art Military, Navigation, Gardening; The
teries of all Trades, and Improvement of them; the
ure of all Merchandizes, all Natural Magick or Divi-
on; and briefly all things contained in the Catalogue
atural Histories annexed to my Lord *Bacon's Organon.*
h it once a day from *Easter* till *Michaelmas*; and twice
ek from *Michaelmas* to *Easter*, at the houres in the af-
oon most convenient for Auditors from *London* accor-
to the time of the year, there shall be a Lecture read
e Hall, upon such parts of Natural Experimental Phi-
phy, as the Professors shall agree on among themsel-
nd as each of them shall be able to perform usefully
honourably.

That two of the Professors by daily, weekly, or Mo-
ly turns shall teach the publick Schools according to
Rules hereafter prescribed

That all the Professors shall be equal in all respects (ex-
precedency, choice of Lodging, and such like privi-
es, which shall belong to Seniority in the Colledge)
that all shall be Masters and Treasurers by annual
s, which two Officers for the time being shall take
e of all the rest, and shall be *Arbitri duarum Mensarum.*

That the Master shall command all the Officers of the
ledge, appoint Assemblies or Conferences upon occa-
, and preside in them with a double voice, and in his
nce the Treasurer, whose business is to receive and
urse all moneys by the Masters order in writting, (if
an extraordinary) after consent of the other Professors.

That all the Professors shall sup together in the Parlour
in the Hall every night, and shall dine there twice a

week (to wit *Sundays* and *Thursdays*) at two round T-
bles for the convenience of discourse, which shall e
for the most part of such matters as may improve th
Studies and Professions; and to keep them from fall
into loose or unprofitable talk shall be the duty of
two *Arbitri Mensarum*, who may likewise command
of the Servant-Scholars to read to them what he sh
think fit, whilst they are at Table: That it shall
long likewise to the said *Arbitri Mensarum* only, to
vite Strangers, which they shall rarely do, unless th
be men of Learning of great Parts, and shall not inv
above two at a time to one Table; nothing being m
re vain and unfruitful than numerous Meetings of Acqua
tance.

That the Professors Resident shall allow the Colle
twenty Pounds a year for their Diet, whether conti
there all the time or not.

That they shall have once a week an Assembly or Con
rence concerning the Affaires of the Colledge and the p
gress of their Experimental Philosophy.

That if any one find out any thing which he co
ceives to be examined, experimented, approved or
jected.

That is any be Author of an Invention that m
bring in profit, the third part of it shall belong to
Inventor, and the two other to the Society; and be
des if the thing be very considerable, his Statue or Pi
ure with an Elogy under it, shall be placed in the G
lery, and made a Denison of that Corporation of fam
Men.

That all the Professors shall be alwayes assigned to
me particular Inquisition (besides the ordinary cou
of their Studies) of which they shall give an accou
to the Assembly, so that by this means, there may
every day some operation or other made in all the Ar
as Chymistry, Anatomy, Mechanicks, and the like, a
that the Colledge shall furnish for the charge of the op
ration.

That there shall be kept a Register under lock a
key, and not to be seen but by the Professors, of
t

ne Experiments that succeed, signed by the persons who ade the tryal.

That the popular and received Errours in Experimenl Philosophy (with which, like Weeds in a neglected Garden it is now almost all over-grown) shall e evinced by tryal, and taken notice of in the publik Lectres, that they may no longer abuse the credulous, and get new ones by consequence or similitude.

That every third year (after the full settlement of the oundation) the Colledge shall give an account in Print, proper and antient Latine, of the Fruits of their triennal dustry.

That every Professor Resident shall have his Scholar to ait upon him in his Chamber and at Table, whom he all be obliged to breed up in Natural Philosophy, and nder an account of his progress to the Assembly, from hose Election he received him, and therefore is responble to it, both for the care of his Education, and the just d civil usage of him.

That the Scholar shall understand Latine very well, and moderately initiated in the Greek before he be capable being chosen into the Service, and that he shall not reain in it above seven years.

That his Lodging shall be with the Professor whom he rves.

That no Professor shall be a married man, or a Dine, or Lawyer in practice, only Physick he may be allwed to prescribe, because the study of that Art is a great rt of the duty of his place, and the duty of that is so reat, that it will not suffer him to lose much time in merenary practice.

That the Professors shall in the Colledge wear the habit ordinary Masters of Art in the Universities, or of Doctis, if any of them be so.

That they shall all keep an inviolable and Exemplafriendship with one another, and that the Assembly all lay a considerable pecuniary mulct upon any one ho shall be proved to have entered so far into a quarl as to give uncivil Language to his Brother-Professors,

and that the perseverance in any enmity shall be punisl
by the Governours with expulsion.

That the Chaplain shall eat at the Masters Table, (pa
ing his twenty pounds a year as the others do) and that h
shall read Prayers once a day at least, at little before Su
per-time; that he shall Preach in the Chappel every *Sund*
Morning, and Catechize in the After-noon the Schola
and the School-boys; that he shall every Moneth adm
nister the Holy Sacrament; that he shall not trouble hin
self and his Auditors with the Controversies of Divinity, b
only Teach God in his just Commandments, and in h
wonderful Works.

The School.

THat the School may be built so as to contain about tw
hundred Boys.

That it be divided into four Classes, not as othe
are ordinarely into six or seven, because we suppo
that the Children sent hither to be initiated in Things
well as Words, ought to have past the two or three firs
and to have attained the age of about thirteen years, beir
already well advanced in the Latine Grammar, and son
Authors.

That none, though never so rich, shall pay a
thing for their teaching; and that if any Professor sh
be convicted to have taken any money in consideratic
of his pains in the School, he shall be expelled wi
ignominie by the Governours; but if any persons of gre
estate and quality, finding their Sons much better Pro
cients in Learning here, than Boys of the same age com
monly are at other Schools, shall not think fit to rece
ve an obligation of so near concernment without return
some marks of acknowledgment, they may if they ple
se (for nothing is to be demanded) bestow some litt
rarity or curiosity upon the Society in recompence of the
trouble.

And because it is deplorable to consider the loss whic
Children make of their time at most Schools, employing

r rather casting away six or seven years in the learning of words only, and that too very imperfectly:

That a Method be here established for the infusing knowledg and Language at the same time into them; and hat this may be their Apprenticeship in Natural Philosophy. This we conceive may be done, by breeding hem up in Authors, or pieces of Authors, who treat of ome parts of Nature, and who may be understood with s much ease and pleasure, as those which are commonly aught; Such are in Latine *Varro*, *Cato*, *Columella*, *Pliy*, part of *Celsus*, and of *Seneca*, *Cicero de Divinatione*, e *Naturâ Deorum*, and several scattered pieces, *Virgil's Georgicks*, *Grotius*, *Nemesianus*, *Manilius*; and because the truth is we want good Poets (I mean we have ut few) who have purposely treated of solid and learned, that is, Natural Matters (the most part indulging o the weakness of the world, and feeding it either with the follies of Love, or with the Fables of Gods nd Heroes) we conceive that one Book ought to be ompiled of all the scattered little parcels among the ntient Poets that might serve for the advancement of Natural Science, and which would make no small or nuseful or unpleasant volumn. To this we would have dded the Morals and Rhetoricks of *Cicero*, and the nstitutions of *Quintilian*; and for the Comedians, rom whom almost all that necessary part of common liscourse, and all the most intimate proprieties of the Language are drawn, we conceive the Boys may be nade masters of them, as a part of their Recreation and ot of their task, if once a moneth, or at least once in two, hey act one of *Terences* Comedies, and afterwards (the nost advanced) some of *Plautus* his, and this is for many reasons one of the best exercises they can be enoyned, and most innocent pleasures they can be allowed. As for the *Greek* Authors, they may study *Nicander*, *Oppianus* (whom *Scaliger* does not doubt to prefer above *Homer* himself, and place next to his adored *Virgil*) *Aristotles* History of Animals, and others parts, *Theophrastus* and *Dioscorides* of Plants, and a Collection made out of several both Poets and other Grecian Writers. For

the Morals and Rhetorick *Aristotle* may suffice, or *Hermogenes* and *Longinus* be added for the latter; with th History of Animals they should be shewed Anatomy a a Divertisement, and made to know the Figures and Natu res of those Creatures which are not common among us disabusing them at the same time of those Errors whic are universally admitted concerning many. The same Me thod should be used to make them acquainted with al Plants, and to this must be added a little of the ancien and modern Geography, the understanding of the Glo bes, and the Principles of Geometry and Astronomy They should likewise use to declaim in *Latine* and *En glish*, as the *Romans* did in *Greek* and *Latine*; and in al this travel be rather led on by Familiarity, Encourage ment, and Emulation, than driven by Severity, Punish ment, and Terror. Upon Festivals and Play-times the should exercise themselves in the Fields by Riding, Lea ping, Fencing, Mustering and Training after the manne of Souldiers, *&c.* And to prevent all dangers and all disor der, there should always be two of the Scholars with them to be as witnesses and directors of their actions; In fou weather it would not be amiss for them to learn to dance that is, to learn just so much (for all beyond is superfluous if not worse) as may give them a graceful comportment o their bodies.

Upon *Sundays*, and all days of Devotion, they are t be a part of the Chaplains Province.

That for all these ends the Colledge so order it, a that there may be some convenient and pleasant House thereabouts, kept by Religious, Discreet, and Carefu persons, for the lodging and boarding of young Scho lars, that they have a constant eye over them to see that they be bred up there Piously, Cleanly, and Plen tifully, according to the proportion of their Parents expen ces.

And that the Colledge when it shall please God either by their own industry and success, or by the benevolence of Patrons, to enrich them so far, as that it may come to their turn and duty to be charitable to others, shall at their own charges erect and maintain some House or Hou ses

es for the Entertainment of such poor mens Sons whose good Natural Parts may promise either Use or Ornament to the Commonwealth, during the time of their abode at School, and shall take care that it shall be done with the same conveniences as are enjoyed even by rich Mens Children (though they maintain the fewer for that cause) there being nothing of eminent and illustrious to be expected from a low, sordid and Hospital-like Education.

Conclusion.

IF I be not much abused by a natural fondness to my own Conceptions (that φορμη of the Greeks, which no other Language has a proper word for) there was never any Project thought upon, which deserves to meet with so few Adversaries as this, for who can without impudent folly oppose the establishment of twenty well selected persons in such a condition of Life, that their whole business and sole profession may be to study the improvement and advantage of all other Professions, from that of the highest General even to the lowest Artisan? Who shall be obliged to employ their whole time, wit, learning, and industry, to these four, the most useful that can be imagined, and to no other Ends; First, to weigh, examine, and prove all things of Nature delivered to us by former ages, to direct, explode, and strike a censure through all falseMoneys with which the World has been paid and cheated so long, and (as I may say) to set the mark of the Coledge upon all true Coms that they may pass hereafter without any farther Tryal. Secondly, to recover the lost Inventions, and, as it were, Drown'd Lands of the Ancients. Thirdly, to improve all Arts which we now have; And lastly, to discover others which we yet have not. And who shall besides all this (as a Benefit by the by) give the best Education in the World (purely *gratis*) to as many mens Children as shall think fit to make use of the Obligation. Neither does it at all chek or interfere with any parties in State or Religion, but is indifferently to be embraced by all Differences in opinion, and can hardly be

conceived capable (as many good Institutions have done even of Degeneration into any thing harmful. So that, a things considered, I will suppose this proposition sha encounter with no Enemies; the only Question is, whe ther it will find Friends enough to carry it on from Discou se and Design to Reality and Effect; the necessary Exper ces of the Beginning (for it will maintain it self well enoug afterwards) being so great (though I have set them as lo as it possible in order to so vast a work) that it may seer hopeless to raise such a sum out of those few dead Relique of Humany Charity and Publick Generosity which are y remaining in the World.

A

DISCOURSE

By way of

VISION,

Concerning the Government of *Oliver Cromwell.*

IT was the Funeral day of the late man who made himself to be called *Protectour.* And though I bore but little affection, either to the memory of him, or to the trouble and folly of all publick Pageantry, yet I was forced by the Importunity of my company to go along with them, and be a Spectator of that solemnity, the expectation of which had been so great, that it was said to have brought some very curious persons (and no doubt singular Virtuoso's as far as from the Mount in *Cornwall*, and from the *Orcades.* I found there had been much more cost bestowed than either the dead man, or indeed Death it self could deserve. There was a mighty train of black assistants, among which too divers Princes in the persons of their Ambassadors (being infinitely afflicted for the loss of their Brother) were pleased to attend; the Herse was Magnificent, the Idol Crowned, and (not to mention all other Ceremonies which are practised at Royal interments, and therefore by no means could be omitted here) the vast multitude of Spectators made up, as it uses to do, no small part of the Spectacle it self. But yet I know not how, the whole was so managed, that, methoughts, it somewhat represented the life of him for whom it was made; Much noise, much tumult, much expence, much magnificence, much vain-glory; briefly, a great Show, and yet after all this, but an ill sight. At last, (for it seemed long to me, and like is short Reign

too, very tedious) the whole Scene past by, and I retired back to my Chamber, weary, and I think more melancholy than any of the Mourners. Where I began to reflect on the whole life of this Prodigious Man, and sometimes I was filled with horror and detestation of his actions, and sometimes I inclined a little to reverence and admiration of his courage, conduct and success; till by these different motions and agitations of mind, rocked, as it were, asleep, I fell at last into this Vision, or if you please to call it but a Dream, I shall not take it ill, because the Father of Poets tells us, Even Dreams too are from God.

But sure it was no Dream; for I was suddenly transported afar off (whether in the body, or out of the body, like St. *Paul*, I know not) and found my self on the top of that famous Hill in the Island *Mona*, which has the prospect of three Great, and Not-long-since most happy Kingdoms. As soon as ever I lookt on them, the Not-long since strook upon my Memory, and called forth the representation of all the Sins, and all the Miseries that had overwhelmed them these twenty years. And I wept bitterly for two or three hours, and when my present stock of moisture was all wasted, I fell a sighing for an hour more and as soon as I recovered from my passion the use of speech and reason, I broke forth, as I remember (looking upon *England*) into this complaint.

1.

Ah, happy Isle, how art thou chang'd and curst,
Since I was born, and knew thee first!
When Peace, which had forsook the World around,
(Frighted with noise, and the shrill Trumpets sound)
Thee for a private place of rest,
And a secure retirement chose
Wherein to build her *Halcyon* Nest;
No wind durst stir abroad the Air to discompose.

2.

When all the riches of the Globe beside
Flow'd in to Thee with every Tide;
When all that Nature did thy Soil deny,

The Growth was of thy fruitfull Industry,
When all the proud and dreadfull Sea,
And all his Tributary-streams,
A constant Tribute paid to thee.
Ween all the Liquid World was one extended Thames.

3.

When Plenty in each Village did appear,
And Bounty was it's Steward there;
When Gold walkt free about in open view,
Ere it one Conquering parties Prisoner grew;
When the Religion of our State
Had Face and Substance with her Voice,
Ere she by'er foolish Loves of late,
Like Eccho (once a Nymph) turn'd onely into Noise.

4.

When Men to Men respect and friendship bore,
And God with Reverence did adore;
When upon Earth no Kingdom could have shown
A happier Monarch to us than our own,
And yet his Subjects by him were
(Which is a Truth will hardly be
Receiv'd by any vulgar Ear,
A secret known to few) made happi'r ev'en than He.

5.

Thou doest a *Chaos*, and Confusion now,
A *Babel*, and a *Bedlam* grow,
And like a Frantick person thou dost tear
The Ornaments and Cloaths which thou shouldst wear,
And cut thy Limbs; and if we see
(Just as thy Barbarous *Britons* did)
Thy Body with Hypocrisie
Painted all o're, thou think'st, Thy naked shame is hid.

6.

The Nations, which envied thee erewhile,
Now laugh (too little 'tis to smile):
They laugh, and would have pitty'd thee (alas!)

But

But that thy Faults all Pity do surpass.
Art thou the Country which didst hate,
And mock the *French* Inconstancy?
And have we, have we seen of late
Less change of Habits there, than Governments in Thee?

7.

Unhappy Isle! No ship of thine at Sea,
Was ever tost and torn like thee.
Thy naked Hulk loose on the Waves does beat,
The Rocks and Banks around her ruin threat;
What did thy foolish Pilots ail,
To lay the Compass quite aside?
Without a Law or Rule to sail,
And rather take the winds, than Heavens to be their Guide

8.

Yet, mighty God, yet, yet, we Humbly crave,
This floating Isle from shipwrack save;
And though to wash that Bloud which does it stain,
It well deserves to sink into the Main;
Yet for the Royal Martyr's prayer
(The Royal Martyr pray's we know)
This guilty, perishing Vessel spare;
Hear but his Soul above, and not his bloud below.

If I think, I should have gone on, but that I was interrupted by a strange and terrible Apparition, for there appeared to me (arising out of the earth, as I conceived) the figure of a man taller than a Gyant, or indeed, than the shadow of any Gyant in the evening. His body was naked but that nakedness adorn'd, or rather deform'd all over with several figures, after the manner of the antient *Britons* painted upon it: and I perceived that most of them were the representation of the late battels in our civil Wars, and (if I be not much mistaken) it was the battle of *Naseby* that was drawn upon his Breast. His Eyes were like burning Brass, and there were three Crowns of the same metal (as I guess) and that lookt as red-hot too, upon his head. He held in his right hand a Sword that was yet bloody, and

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everthelefs the Motto of it was *Pax quæritur bello*, and in is left hand a thick Book, upon the back of which was vritten in Letters of Gold, Acts, Ordinances, Proteſtaions, Covenants, Engagements, Declarations, Reonſtrances, &c. Though this ſuddain, unuſual, and readful object might have quelled a greater courage than ine, yet ſo it pleaſed God (for there is nothing bolder han a man in a Viſion) that I was not at all daunted, but skt him reſolutely and briefly; What art thou? And he iid; I am called The North-weſt Principality, His Highefs, the Protector of the Common-wealth of *England*, *cotland* and *Ireland*, and the Dominions belonging theunto, for I am that Angel, to whom the Almighty has ommitted the Government of thoſe three Kingdoms hich thou ſeeſt from this place. And I anſwered and ſaid. f it be ſo, Sir, it ſeems to me that for almoſt theſe twenty ears paſt, your Highneſs has been abſent from your charge: for not only if any Angel, but if any wiſe and honeſt ſen had ſince that time been our Gouvernour, we ſhould ot have wandred thus long in theſe laborious and endleſs abyrinths of confuſion, but either not have entered at all nto them, or at leaſt have returned back ere we had abolutely loſt our way; but inſtead of your Highneſs, we ave had ſince ſuch a Protector as was his Predeceſſor *Richard* the Third to the King his Nephew; for he preſently lew the Common wealth; which he pretended to proect, and ſet up himſelf in the place of it: a little leſs guily indeed in one reſpect, becauſe the other ſlew an Innoent, and this Man did but Murderer. Such a Protector ve have had as we would have been glad to have charged or any Enemy, and rather received a conſtant Turk, than his every moneths Apoſtate, ſuch a Protector as Man is to his Flocks, which he ſ heers, and ſells, or devours himſelf; nd I would fain know, what the Wolf, which he protects him from, could do more. Such a Protector --- and as I was proceeding, me-thoughts, his Highneſs began to put on a diſpleaſed and threatning countenance, as men uſe to do whē their deareſt friends happē to be traduced in their cōpany, which gave me the firſt riſe of jealouſy againſt him, for I did

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not believe that *Cromwel* among all his forein Correspondences had ever held any with Angels. However, I was not hardned enough yet to venture a quarrel with him then; and therefore (as if I had spoken to the Protector himself in White-hall) I desired him that his Highness would please to pardon me, if I had unwittingly spoken any thing to the disparagement of a person, whose relations to his Highness I had not the honour to know. Which he told me, that he had no other concernment for his late Highness, than as he took him to be the greatest man that ever was of the *English* Nation, if not (said he) of the whole World, which gives me a just title to the defence of his reputation, since I now account my self, as it were a naturalized *English* Angel, by having had so long the management of the affairs of that Country And prais Countryman, (said he, very kindly and very flatteringly for I would not have you fall into the general errour of the World, that detests and decryes so extraordinary Vertue, what can be more extraordinary than that a person of mean birth, no fortune, no eminent qualities of Body, which have sometimes, or of Mind, which have often raised men to the highest dignities, should have the courage to attempt, and the happiness to succeed in so improbable a design, as the destruction of one of the most antient, and most solidly founded Monarchies upon the Earth? that he should have the power or boldness to put his Prince and Master to an open and infamous death? to banish that numerous, and strongly-allied Family? to do all this under the name and wages of a Parliament; to trample upon them too as he pleased, and spurn them out of doors when he grew weary of them; to raise up a new and un-heard of Monster out of their Ashes; to stifle that in the very infancy, and set up himself above all things that ever were called Sovereign in *England*; to oppress all his Enemies by Armes, and all his Friends afterwards by Artifice; to serve all parties patiently for a while, and to command them victoriously at last; to over-run each corner of the three Nations, and overcome with equal facility both the riches of the South, and the poverty of the North to be feared and courted by all forein Princes, and adopted

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ed a Brother to the gods of the earth; to call together Parliaments with a word of his Pen, and scatter them again with the Breath of his Mouth; to be humbly and daily petitioned that he would please to be hired at the rate of two millions a year, to be the Master of those who had hired him before to be their Servant; to have the Estates and Lives of three Kingdomes as much at his disposal, as was the little inheritance of his Father and to be at as noble and liberal in the spending of them; and lastly (for there is no end of all the particulars of his glory) to bequeath all this with one word to his Posterity; to die with peace at home, and triumph abroad; to be buried among Kings, and with more than Regal solemnity; and to leave a name behind him, not to be extinguisht, but with the whole World which as it is now too little for his praises, so might have been too for his Conquests, if the short line of his Humane Life could have been stretcht out to the extent of his immortal designs?

By this speech I began to understand perfectly well what kind of Angel his pretended Highness was, and having fortified my self privately with a short mental Prayer, and with the sign of the Cross (not out of any superstition to the sign, but as a recognition of my Baptism in Christ) I grew a little bolder, and replyed in this manner; I should not venture to oppose what you are pleased to say in commendation of the late great, and (I confess) extraordinary person, but that I remember Christ forbids us to give assent to any other doctrine but what him self has taught us, even though it should be delivered by an Angel; and if such you be, Sir, it may be you have spoken all this rather to try than to tempt my frailty; For sure I am, that we must renounce or forget all the Laws of the New and Old Testament, and those which are the foundation of both, even the Laws of Moral and Natural Honesty, if we approve of the actions of that man whom I suppose you commend by Irony. There would be no end to instance in the particulars of all his wickedness; but to sum up a part of it briefly; What can be more extraordinarily wicked, than for a person, such as your self, qualifie him rightly, who endeavour not only to exalt himself above, but to trample

ple upon all his equals and betters? to pretend freedom for all men, and under the help of that pretence to make all men his servants? to take Armes against Taxes of scarce two hundred thousand pounds a year, and to raise them himself above two Millions? to quarrel for the losse of three or four Eares, and strike off three or four hundred Heads? to fight against an imaginary suspition of I know not what, two hundred Guards to be fetcht for the King, I know not from whence, and to keep up for himself no lesse than fourty thousand? to pretend the defence of Parliaments, and violently to dissolve all even of his own calling, and almost choosing? to undertake the Reformation of Religion, to rob it even to the very skin, and then to expose it naked to the rage of all Sects and Heresies? to set up Counsels of Rapine, and Courts of Murder? to fight against the King under a commission for him; to take him forceably out of the hands of those for whom he had conquered him; to draw him into his Net, with protestations and vows of fidelity, and when he had caught him in it, to butcher him, with as little shame, as Conscience, or Humanity, in the open face of the whole World? to receive Commission for King and Parliament, to murder (as I said) the one, and destroy no lesse impudently the other? to fight against Monarchy when he declared for it, and declare against it when he contrived for it in his own person? to abandon perfideously and supplant ingratefully his own Generall first, and afterwards most of those Officers, who with the loss of their Honour, and hazard of their Souls had lifted him up to the top of his unreasonable ambitions? to break his faith with all Enemies, and with all friends equally? and to make no lesse frequent use of the most solemn Perjuries than the looser sort of People do of customary Oaths? to usurp three Kingdoms with out any shadow of the least pretensions, and to govern them as unjustly as he got them? to set himself up as an Idol (which we know as St. *Paul* sayes, in it self is nothing) and make the very streets of *London*, like the Valley of *Hinnon*, by burning the bowels of men as a sacrifice to his *Moloch-ship*? to seek to entail this usurpation upon his Posterity, and with it an endless War upon the Nation? And lastly,

lastly, by the severest Judgment of Almighty God, to dye hardned, and mad and unrepentant, with the curses of the present Age; and the detestation of all to succeed.

Though I had much more to say (for the Life of man is so short, that it allows not time enough to speak against a Tyrant) yet because I had a mind to hear how my strange Adversary would behave himself upon this subject, and to give even the Devil (as they say) his right, and fair play in a Disputation, I stopt here, and expected (not without the frailty of a little fear) that he should have broke into a violent passion in behalf of his Favourite, but he on the contrary very calmly, and with the Dovelike innocency of a Serpent that was not yet warm'd enough to sting, thus replyed to me;

It is not so much out of my affection to that person whom we discourse of (whose greatness is too solid to be shaken by the breath of any Oratory) as for you own sake (honest Countryman) whom I conceive to err, rather by mistake than out of malice; that I shall endeavour to reform your uncharitable and unjust opinion. And in the first place I must needs put you in mind of a Sentence of the most antient of the Heathen Divines, that you men are acquainted withall,

οὐχ ὅσιον κταμενίοσιν ἐπ' ἄνδρασιν εὐχεταάσθαι,

'Tis wicked with insulting feet to tread
Upon the Monuments of the Dead.

And the intention of the reproof there, is no less proper for this Subject; for it is spoken to a person who was proud and insolent against those dead to whom he had been humble and obedient whilst they lived Your Highness may please (said I) to add the Verse that follows, as no less proper for this Subject,

Whom God's just doom and their owns sins have sent
Already to their punishment.

But I take this to the rule in the case, that when we fix any infamy upon deceased persons, it should not be done out of hatred to the Dead, but out of love and charity

to

to the Living, that the curses which onely remain in mer thoughts, and dare not come forth against Tyrants (be cause they are Tyrants whilst they are so, may at least b for ever setled and engraven upon their Memories; to de terr all others from the like wickedness, which else in th time of their foolish prosperity, the flattery of their ow hearts, and of other mens Tongues, would not suffer ther to perceive. Ambition is so subtil a Tempter, and th corruption of humane nature so susceptible of the tempta tion, that a man hardly resist it, be he never so much fe rewarn'd of the evil consequences, much less if he fin not onely the concurrence of the present, but the appro bation too of following ages, which have the liberty t judge more freely The mischief of Tyranny is too grea even in the shortest time that it can continue. It is endle and insupportable, if the Example be to reign too, and if *Lambert* must be invited to follow the steps of a *Cromwe* as well by the voice of Honour, as by the sight of powe and riches. Though it may seem to some fantastically, y was it wisely done of the *Syracusians*, to implead with th forms of their ordinary justice, to condemn, and destro even the Statues of all their Tyrants; If it were possible t cut them out of all History, and to extinguish their ver names, I am of opinion that it ought to be done; but sin ce they have left behind them too deep wounds to be eve closed up without a Scar, at least let us set such a Mark u pon their memory, that men of the same wicked inclina tions may be no less affrighted with their lasting Ignomin than enticed by their momentary glories. And that you Highness may perceive that I speak not all this out of an private animosity against the person of the late *Protector*, assure you upon my faith, that I bear no more hatred t his name, than I do to that of *Marius* or *Sylla*, who neve did me or any friend of mine the least injury; and wit that transported by a holy fury, I fell into this sudden rap ture.

I.

Curst be the Man (what do I wish? as though
The wretch already were not so;
But curst on let him be) who thinks it brave,

An

And great, his Countrey to enslave.
Who seeks to overpoise alone
The Balance of a Nation;
Against the whole but naked State,
ho in his own light scale makes up with Arms the weight.

2.

ho of his Nation loves to be the first,
Though at the rate of being worst.
ho would be rather a great Monster, than
A well proportion'd man
The Son of Earth with hundred hands
Upon his three-pil'd Mountain stands,
Till Thunder strikes him from the sky;
e Son of Earth again in his Earths womb does lie.

3.

hat Bloud, Confusion, Ruine, to obtain
A short and miserable Reign?
what oblique and humble creeping wise
Does the mischievous Serpent rise?
But even his forked Tongue strikes dead,
When h'as rear'd up his wicked Head,
He murders with his mortal frown,
Basilisk he grows if once he get a Crown.

4.

t no Guards can oppose assaulting Ears,
Or undermining Tears.
) more than doors, or close drawn Curtains keep
The swarming Dreams out when we sleep.
That bloudy Conscience too of his
(For, oh, a Rebel Red-Coat'tis)
Does here his early Hell begin,
: sees his Slaves without, his Tyrant feels within.

5.

t, Gracious God, let never more thine hand
Lift up this rod against our Land.
Tyrant is a Rod and Serpent too,

And

And brings worse Plagues than *Egypt* knew.
What Rivers stain'd with blood have been?
What Storm and Hail-shot have we seen?
What Sores deform'd the Ulcerous State?
What darkness to be felt has buried us of late?

6.

How has it snatcht our Flocks and Herds away?
And made even of our Sons a prey?
What croaking Sects and Vermin has it sent
The restless Nation to torment?
What greedy Troups, what armed power
Of Flies and Locust to devour
The Land which every where they fill?
Nor flie they, Lord away; no, they devour it still.

7.

Come the eleventh Plague, rather than this should be
Come sink us rather in the Sea.
Come rather Pestilence and reap us down;
Come Gods sword rather than our own.
Let rather *Roman* come again,
Or *Saxon*, *Norman*, or the *Dane*,
In all the bonds we ever bore,
We griev'd, we sigh'd, we wept; we never blusht befo

8.

If by our sins the Divine Justice be
Call'd to this last extremity,
Let some denouncing *Jonas* first be sent;
To try if *England* can repent.
Methinks at least some Prodigy,
Some dreadful Comet from on high,
Should terribly forewarn the Earth,
As of good Princes Death, so of a Tyrants birth.

Here the spirit of Verse beginning a little to fail stopt, and his Highness smiling, said, I was glad to you engaged in the Enclosures of *Meeter*, for if you h staid in the open plain of Declaiming against the word T rant, I must have had patience for half a dozen hours,

y

ur self as well as me. But pray, Countrey-man, to oid this sciomachy, or imaginary Combat with words, t me know fit, what you mean by the name of Tyrant, r I remember, that among your ancient Authors not on- all Kings, but even *Iupiter* himself (your *Iuvans Pater*) so termed, and perhaps as it was used formerly in a good ise, so we shall find it upon better consideration to be ll a good thing for the benefit and peace of mankind, at ist it will appear whether your interpretation if it may be tly applied to the person who is now the subject of our iscourse. I call him (said I) a Tyrant, who either intru- s himself forcibly into the Government of his fellow Ci- ens without any legal Authority over them, or who ha- ig a just Tittle to the Government of a people, abuses it to e destruction, or tormenting of them. So that all Tyrants e at the same time Usurpers, either of the whole or at ist of a part of that power which they assume to themsel- s, and no less are they to be accounted Rebels, since no in can usurp Authority over others, but by rebelling ag- ist them who had it before, or at least against those Laws ich were his Superiors, and in all these senses no Histo- can afford us a more evident example of Tyranny, or ore out of all possibility of excuse, or palliation, than it of the person whom you are pleased to defend, whe- r we consider his reiterated rebellions against all his Su- iors, or, his usurpation of the Supream power to him- f, or his Tyranny in the exercise of it; and if lawful nces have been esteemed Tyrants by not containing mselves within the bounds of those Laws which have en left them as the sphere of their Authority by their fo- fathers, what shall we say of that man, who having right no power at all in this Nation, could not content nself with that which had satisfied the most ambitions our Princes? may, not with those vastly extended li- ts of Soverainty, which he (disdaining all that had been scribed and observed before) was pleased (but of great desty) to set to himself? not abstaining from Rebellion l Usurpation even against his own Laws as well as those the Nation.

Hold friend (said his Highness, pulling me by my Arm for I see your zeal is transporting you again) whether the Protector were a Tyrant in the exorbitant exercise of his power we shall see anon, it is requisite to examine first whether he were so in the usurpation of it. And I say, that not only He, but no man else ever was, or can be so; and that for these reasons. First, Because all power belongs only to God, who is the source and fountain of it, as Kings are of all Honours in their Dominions. Princes are but Viceroys in the little Provinces of this World, and to me he gives their places for a few years, to some for their lives, and to others (upon ends or deserts best known himself, or meerly for his undisputable good pleasure) bestows as it were Leases upon them, and their posterity for such a date of time as is prefixt in that Patent of their Destiny, which is not legible to you men below. Neither is it more unlawful for *Oliver* to succeed *Charles* in the Kingdom of *England*, when God so disposes of it, than it had been for him to have succeeded the Lord *Strafford* in the Lieutenancy of *Ireland*, if he had been appointed to it by the King then reigning. Men are in both the cases obliged to obey him whom they see actually invested with the Authority by that Sovereign from whom he ought to derive it, without disputing or examining the causes, either for the removal of the one, or the preferment of the other. Secondly, because all power is attained either by the Election and Consent of the people, and that takes away the objection of forcible intrusion; or else by a Conquest over them; and that gives such a legal Authority as you mention to be wanting in the usurpation of a Tyrant; so that either this Title is right, and then there are no Usurpers at all; or else it is a wrong one, and then there are none else but Usurpers, if you examine the Original pretences of the Princes of the World. Thirdly, (which quitting the dispute in general, is a particular justification of his Highness) the Government of *England* was totally broken and dissolved, and extinguisht by the confusions of a Civil War, so that his Highness could not be accused to have possest himself violently of the antient building of the Common-wealth, but to have prudently and peaceably bu

up a new one out of the ruines and ashes of the former; and he who after a deplorable shipwrack can with extraordinary Industry gather together the disperst and broken planks and pieces of it, and with no less wonderful Art and Felicity so rejoyn them as to make a new Vessel more right and beautiful than the old one, deserves, no doubt, to have the command of her (even as his Highness had) by the desire of the Seamen and passengers themselves. And do but consider Lastly (for I omit a multitude of weighty things that might be spoken upon this noble argument) do but consider seriously and impartially with your self, what admirable parts of wit and prudence, what indefatigable diligence and invincible courage must of necessity have concurred in the person of that man who from so contemptible beginnings (as I observed before) and through so many housand difficulties, was able not only to make himself the greatest and most absolute Monarch of this Nation, but to add to it the entire conquest of *Ireland* and *Scotland* which the whole force of the World joyned with the *Roman* virtue could never attain to) and to Crown all this with illustrious and Heroical undertakings, and successes upon all our foreign Enemies; do but (I say again) consider this, and you will confess, that this prodigious merits were a better Title to Imperial Dignity, than the bloud of an hundred Royal Progenitors; and will rather lament that he lived not to overcome more Nations, than envy him the Conquest and Dominion of these. Who ever you are said I, my indignation making me somewhat bolder) your discourse methinks becomes as little the person of a Tutelar Angel, as *Cromwels* actions did that of a Protector, it is upon these principles, that all the great Crimes of the world have been committed, and most particularly those which I have had the misfortune to see in my own time, and in my own Countrey. If these be to be allowed, we must break up humane society, retire into the Woods, and equally there stand upon our Guards against our Brethren Mankind, and our Rebels the Wild Beasts. For if there can be no Usurpation upon the rights of a whole Nation, there can be none most certainly upon those of a private person; and if the robbers of Countreys be Gods Vicegerents,

gerents, there is no doubt but the Thives and Bandito's, and Murderers are his under Officers. It is true which you say, that God is the source and fountain of all power, and it is no less true that he is the Creator of Serpents as well as Angels; nor does his goodness fail of its ends even in the malice of his own Creatures. What power he suffers the Devil to exercise in this world, is too apparent by our daily experience, and by nothing more than the late monstrous iniquities which you dispute for, and patronize in *England*; but would you inferr from thence, that the power of the Devil is a just and lawful one, and that all men ought, as well as most men do, obey him? God is the fountain of all powers; but some flow from the right hand (as it were) of his Goodness, and others from the left hand of his Justice; and the World, like an Island between these two Rivers, is sometimes refresht and nourisht by the one, and sometimes overrun and ruined by the other; and (to continue a little farther the Allegory) we are never overwhelmed with the latter, till either by our malice or negligence we have stopt and damm'd up the former. But to come a little closer to your argument, or rather the Image of an Argument, your similitude; If *Cromwel* had come to command in *Ireland* in the place of the late Lord *Strafford*, I should have yielded obedience, not for the equipage, and the strength, and the guards which he brought with him, but for the Commission which he should first have shewed me from our common Sovereign that sent him; and if he could have done that from God Almighty, I would have obeyed him too in *England*; but that he was so far from being able to do, that on the contrary, I read nothing but commands, and even publick Proclamations from God Almighty, not to admit him. Your second Argument is, that he had the same right for his Authority, that is the foundation of all others even the right of Conquest. Are we then so unhappy as to be conquered by the person, whom we hired at a daily rate, like a labourer, to conquer others for us? did we furnish him with Arms, only to draw and try upon our Enemies (as we, it seems, falsely thought them) and keep them for ever sheath'd in the bowels of his Friends? did we fight for Liberty against our Prince, that

we

we might become Slaves to our Servant? this is such an impudent pretence, as neither He nor any of his flatterers for him had ever the face to mention. Though it can hardly be spoken or thought of without passion, yet I shall, if you please, argue it more calmly than the case deserves. The right certainly of Conquest can only be exercised upon those against whom the War is declared, and the Victory obtained. So that no whole Nation can be said to be conquered but by foreign force. In all Civil wars men are so far from stating the quarrel against their Countrey, that they do it only against a person or party which they really believe, or at least pretend to be pernicious to it, neither can there be any just cause for the destruction of a part of the body, but when it is done for the perservation and safety of the whole. 'Tis our Countrey that raises men in the quarrel, our Countrey that arms, our Countrey that pays them, our Countrey that authorises the undertaking, and by that distinguishes it from rapine and murder; Lastly, 'tis our Countrey that directs and commands the Army, and is indeed their General. So that to say in Civil Wars that the prevailing party conquers their Countrey, is to say, the Countrey conquers it self. And if the General only of that party be the Conquerour, the Army by which he is made so, is no less conquered than the Army which is beaten, and have as little reason to triumph in that Victory, by which they lose both their Honour and Liberty. So that if *Cromwel* conquer'd any party, it was only that against which he was sent, and what that was, must appear by his Commission. It was (says that) against a company of evil Counsellors, and disaffected persons, who kept the King from a good intelligence and conjunction with his People. It was not then against the People. It is so far from being so, that even of that party which was beaten, the Conquest did not belong to *Cromwel* but to the Parliament which employed him in their Service, or rather indeed to the King and Parliament, for whose Service, (if there had been any faith in mens vows and protestations) the Wars were undertaken. Merciful God! did the right of this miserable Conquest remain then in His Majesty, and didst thou suffer him to be destroyed with more barbarity than if he had been conquered even by Sava-

ges and Cannibals? was it for King and Parliament that we fought, and has it fared with them just as with the Army which we fought against, the one part being slain, and the other fled? It appears therefore plainly, that *Cromwel* was not a Conqueror, but a Thief and Robber of the Rights of the King and Parliament, and an Usurper upon those of the People. I do not here deny Conquest to be sometimes (though it be very rarely) a true tittle but I deny this to be a true Conquest. Sure I am, that the race of our Princes came not in by such a one. One Nation may conquer another sometimes justly, and if it be unjustly; yet still it is a true Conquest, and they are to answer for the injustice only to God Almighty (having nothing else in authority above them) and not as particular Rebels to their Countrey, which is, and ought always to be their Superior and their Lord. If perhaps we find Usurpation in stead of Conquest in the Original Tittles of some Royal Families abroad (as no doubt there have been many Usurpers before ours, though none in so impudent and execrable a manner) all I can say for them is, that their Title was very weak, till by length of time, and the death of all juster pretenders, it became to be the true, because it was the onely one. Your third defence of his Highness (as your Highness pleases to call him) enters in most seasonably after his pretence of Conquest, for then a man may say any thing. The Government was broken? Who broke it? I was dissolved; Who dissolved it? It was extinguisht; Who was it but *Cromwell*, who not onely put out the Light, but cast away even the very snuff off it? As if a man should murder a whole Family, and then possesse himself of the House, because 'tis better that He, than that onely Rats should live there. Jesus God! (said I, and at that word I perceived my pretended Angel to give a start and trembled, but I took no notice of it, and went on) this were a wicked pretension even though the whole Family were destroyed, but the Heirs (blessed be God) are yet surviving, and likely to out-live all Heirs of their dispossessors, besides their Infamy. *Rode Caper vitem*, &c. There will be yet wine enough left for the Sacrifice of those wild Beasts that have made so much spoil in the Vineyard. But did

Cromwell

Cromwell think, like *Nero*, to set the City on fire, onely that he might have the honour of being founder of a new and more beautiful one? He could not have such a shadow of Virtue in his wickedness; he meant onely to rob more securely and more richly in midst of the combustion; he little thought then that he should ever have been able to make himself Master of the Palace, as well as plunder the Goods of the Common-wealth. He was glad to see the publick Vessel (the Sovereign of the Seas) in as desperate a condition as his own little Canon, and thought onely with some scattered planks of that great shipwrack to make a better Fisherboat for himself. But when he saw that by the drowning of the Master (whom he himself treacherously knockt on the head as he was swimming for his life) by the flight and dispersion of others, and cowardly patience of the remaining company, that all was abandoned to his pleasure, with the old Hulck and new mis-shapen and disagreeing pieces of his own, he made up with much adoe that Piratical Vessel which we have seen him command, and which, how tight indeed it was, may best be judged by it's perpetual Leaking. First then (much more wicked than those foolish daughters in the Fable, who cut their old Father into pieces, in hope by charms and witchcraft to make him young and lustly again) this man endeavoured to destroy the Building, before he could imagine in what manner, with what materials, by what workmen, or what Architect it was to be rebuilt. Secondly, if he had dreamt himself to be able to revive that body which he had killed yet it had been but the insupportable insolence of an ignorant Mountebanck; And Thirdly (which concerns us nearest) that very new thing which he made out of the ruines of the old, is no more like the Original, either for beauty, use, or duration, than an artificial Plant raised by the fire of a Chymist is comparable to the true and natural one which he first burnt, that out of the ashes of it he might produce an imperfect similitude of his own making. Your last argument is such [when reduced to Syllogism] that the Major Proposition of it would make strange work in the World, if it were received for truth; to wit, that he who has the best parts in a Nation, has the right of being King

over it. We had enough to do here of old with the contention between two branches of the same Family, what would become of us when every man in *England* should lay his claim to the Government? and truely if *Cromwel* should have commenced his plea when he seems to have begun his ambition, there were few persons besides that might not at the same time have put in theirs too. But his Deserts I suppose you will date from the same terme that I do his great Demerits; that is, from the beginning of our late calamities, (for, as for his private faults before, I can only wish (and that with as much Charity to him as to the publick) that he had continued in them till his death, rather than changed them for those of his latter dayes) and therefore we must begin the consideration of his greatness from the unlucky *Æra* of our own misfortunes, which puts me in mind of what was said less truely of *Pompey* the Great, *Nostra Miseria Magnus es.* But because the general ground of your argumentation consists in this, that all men who are the effecters of extraordinary mutations in the world, must needs have extraordinary forces of Nature by which they are enabled to turn about, as they please, so great a Wheel; I shall speak first a few words upon this universal proposition, which seems so reasonable, and is so popular, before I descend to the particular examination of the eminences of that person which is in question.

I have often observed [with all submission and resignation of spirit to the inscrutable mysteries of Eternal Providence] that when the fulness and maturity of time is come that produces the great confusions and changes in the World, it usually pleases God to make it appear by the manner of them, that they are not the effects of humane force or policy, but of the Divine Justice and Predestination, and though we see a man, like that which we call Jack of the Clock-house, striking, as it were, the Hour of that fulness of time, yet our reason must needs be convinced, that his hand is moved by some secret, and to us who stand without, invisible direction. And the stream of the Current is then so violent, that the strongest men in the World cannot draw up against it, and none are so weak, but they may sail down with it. These are the Sprig. Tides of publick affairs

affairs which we see often happen, but seek in vain to discover any certain causes,

——— * *Omnia fluminis*
Ritu feruntur, medio alveo
Cum pace delabentis Etruscum
In mare, nunc lapides adesos
Stirpesque raptas, & pecus & domos
Volventis una, non sine montium
Clamore, vicinaque silvæ;
Cum fera Diluvies quietos
Irritat omnes, ———

and one man then, by malitiously opening all the Sluces that he can come at, can never be the sole Author of all this (though he may be as guilty as if really he were, by intending and imagining to be so) but it is God that breaks up the Flood-Gates of so general a Deluge, and all the art then and industry of mankind is not sufficient to raise up Dikes and Ramparts against it. In such a time it was as this, that not all the wisdom and power of the Roman Senate, nor the wit and eloquence of *Cicero*, nor the Courage and Virtue of *Brutus* was able to defend their Country or themselves against the unexperienced rashness of a breardless Boy, and the loose rage of a voluptuous Madman. The valour and prudent Counsels on the one side are made fruitless, and the errours and cowardize on the other hamless, by unexpected accidents. The one General saves his life, and gains the whole World, by a very dream; and the other loses both at once by a little mistake of the shortness of his sight. And though this be not alwaies so, for we see that in the translation of the great Monarchies from one to another, it pleased God to make choice of the most Eminent men in Nature, as *Cyrus*, *Alexander*, *Scipio* and his contemporaries, for chief instruments and actors in so admirable a work (the end of this being not only to destroy or punish one Nation, which may be done by the worst of mankind, but to exalt and bless another, which is only to be effected by great and virtuous persons) yet when God only intends the temporary chastisement

* *Hom. Car.* 3. 289.

of a people, he does not raise up his servant *Cyrus* [as he himself is pleased to call him] or an *Alexander* [who had as many virtues to do good, as vices to do harm] but he makes the *Massanelloes*, and the *Johns* of *Leyden* the instruments of his vengeance, that the power of the Almighty might be more evident by the weakness of the means which he chooses to demonstrate it. He did not assemble the Serpents and the Monsters of Afrique to correct the pride of the *Egyptians*, but called for his Armies of Locusts out of *Æthiopia*, and formed new ones of Vermine out of the very dust; and because you see a whole Country destroyed by these, will you argue from thence they must needs have had both the craft of the Foxes, and the courage of Lions? It is easie to apply this general observation to the particular case of our troubles in *England*, and that they seem only to be meant for a temporary chastisement of our sins, and not for a total abolishment of the old, and introduction of a new Government, appears probably to me from these considerations, as far as we may be bold to make a judgment of the will of God in future events. First, because he has suffered nothing to settle or take root in the place of that which hath been so unwisely and unjustly removed, that one of these untempered Mortars can hold out against the next blast of Wind, nor any stone stick to a stone, till that which these Foolish Builders have refused, be made again the Head of the Corner. For when the indisposed and long fermented Commonwealth has wearied and spent it self almost to nothing with the chargeable, various, and dangerous experiments of several Mountebanks, it is to be supposed, it will have the wit as last to send for a true Physician, especially when it sees (which is the second consideration) most evidently (as it now begins to do, and will do every day more and more, and might have done perfectly long since) that no usurpation [under what name or pretext soever) can be kept up without open force, nor force without the continuance of those oppressions upon the people, which will at last tire out their patience, though it be great even to stupidity. They cannot be so dull (when poverty and hunger begins to wher their understanding] as not to find out this no extraordi-

nary

nary mystery, that 'tis madness in a Nation to pay three Millions a year for the maintaining off their servitude under Tyrants, when they might live free for nothing under their Princes, This, I say, will not always ly hid, even to the slowest capacities, and the next truth they will discover afterwards, is, that a whole people can never have the will without having at the same time the power to redeem themselves. Thirdly, it does not look (me-thinks) as if God had forsaken the family of that man, from whom he has raised up five Children, of as Eminent virtue, and all other commendable qualities, as ever lived perhaps (for so many together, and so young) in any other family in the whole world. Especially, if we adde hereto his consideration, that by protecting and preserving some of them already through as great danger as ever were past with safety, either by Prince or private person, he has given them already (as we may reasonably hope it to be meant) a promise and earnest of his future favours. And lastly [to return closely to the discourse from which I have a little digrest] because I see nothing of those excellent parts of nature. and mixture of Merit with their Vices in the late disturbers of our peace and happiness, that uses to be found in the persons of those who are born for the erection of new Empires. And I confess I find nothing of that kind, no not any shadow (taking away the false light of some prosperity] in the man whom you extol for the first example of it. And certainly all Virtues being rightly divided into Moral and Intellectual, I know not how we can better judge of the former than by mens actions, or of the latter than by their Writings of Speeches. And for these latter (which are least in merit, or rather which are only the instruments of mischief where the other are wanting] I think you can hardly pick out the name of a man who ever was called Great, besides him we are now speaking of, who never left the memory behinde him of one wise or witty Apothegm even amongst his Domestique Servants or greatest Flatterers. That little in print which remains upon a sad record for him, in such, as a Satyre against him would not have made him

him say, for fear of transgressing too much the rules o Probability. I know not what you can produce for th justification of his parts in this kind, but his having bee able to deceive so many particular persons, and so man whole parties; which if you please to take notice of for th advantage of his Intellectuals, I desire you to allow m the liberty to do so too, when I am to speak of his Morals The truth of the thing is this, That if Craft be Wisdom and Dissimulation Wit, (assisted both and improved wit Hypocrisies and Parjuries) I must not deny him to have been singular in both; but so gross was the manner in which he made use of them, that as wise men ought o not have believed him at first, so no man was Fool enough to believe him at last; neither did any man seem to do it, but those who thought they gained as much by that dissembling, as he did by his. His very actings of Godliness grew at last as ridiculous, as if a Player, by putting on a Gown, should think he represented exellently a Woman, though his Beard at the same time were seen by all the Spectators. If you ask me why they did not hiss, and explode him off the stage, I can only answer, that they durst not do so, because the Actors and the Door-keepers were too strong for the Company. I must confess that by these arts (how grosly soever managed, as by Hypocritical praying, and silly preaching, by unmanly tears and whinings, by falshoods and perjuries even Diabolical) he had at first the good fortune (as men call it, that is the ill-Fortune) to attain his ends; but it was because his ends were so unreasonable, that no humane reason could foresee them: which made them who had to do with him believe that he was rather a well meaning and deluded Bigot, than a crafty and malicious Impostor, that these arts were helpt by an Indefatigable industry (as you term it) I am so far from doubting, that I intended to object that diligence as the worst of his Crimes. It makes me almost mad when I hear a man commended for his diligence in wickedness. If I were his Son, I should wish to God he had been a more lazy person, and that we might have found him sleeping at the hours when other men are ordinarily waking, rather than waking for those ends of his when other men were ordinarily

dinarily asleep; how diligent the wicked are the Scripture often tell us; Their feet run to evill, and they make haste to shed innocent bloud, *Isa* 59. 7. He travels with iniquity, *Psal.* 7. 14. He deviseth mischief upon his bed, *Psal.* 34. 4. They search out iniquity, they accomplish a diligent search, *Psal.* 64. 6. and in a multitude of other places And would it not seem ridiculous to praise a Wolf for his watchfulness, and for his indefatigable industry in ranging all night about the Countrey, whilst the sheep, and perhaps the shepherd, and perhaps the very Dogs too are all asleep?

The *Chartreux* wants the warning of a Bell
To call him to the duties of his Cell
There needs no noise at all t'awaken sin,
Th'Adulterer and the Thief his Larum has within.

And if the diligence of wicked persons be so much to be blamed, as that it is only an Emphasis and Exaggeration of their wickedness, I see not how their courage can avoid the same censure. If the undertaking bold, and vast, and unreasonable designs can deserve that honourable name, I am sure *Faux* and his fellow Gun-powder Fiends will have cause to pretend, though not an equal, yet at least the next place of Honour, neither can I doubt but if they too had succeeded, they would have found their Applauders and Admirers. It was bold unquestionably for a man in defiance of all Humane and Divine Laws (and with so little probability of a long impunity) so publiquely and so outragiously to murder his Master; It was bold with so much insolence and affront to expel and disperse all the chief Partners of his guilt, and Creators of his power; It was bold to violate so openly and so scornfully all Acts and Constitutions of a Nation, and afterwards even of his own making; it was bold to Assume the Authority of calling, and holder yet of breaking so many Parliaments; It was bold to trample upon the patience of his own, and provoke that of all neighbouring Countreys; It was bold, I say, above all boldnesse, to Usurp this Tyranny to himself, and impudent above all impudences.

to endeavour to transmit it to his posterity. But all this boldness is so far from being a sign of manly courage, [which dares not transgress the rules of any other Virtue] that it is only a Demonstration or Brutish Madness or Diabolical Possession. In both which last cases there uses frequent examples to appear of such extraordinary force as may justly seem more wonderful and astonishing than the actions of *Cromwel*, neither is it stranger to believe that a whole Nation should not be able to govern Him and a Mad Army, than that five or six Men should not be strong enough to bind a distracted Girl. There is no man ever succeeds in one wickedness but it gives him the boldness to attempt a greater; 'T was boldly done of *Nero* to kill his Mother, and all the chief Nobility of the Empire; 'twas boldly done to set the Metropolis of the Whole world on fire, and undauntedly play upon his Harp whilst he saw it burning; I could reckon up five hundred boldnesses of that great person [for why should not He too be called so?] who wanted when he was to die, that courage which could hardly have failed any Woman in the like necessity. It would look [I must confess] like Envy or too much partiality if I should say that personal kind of courage had been deficient in the man we speak of; I am confident it was not, and yet I may venture I think to affirm, that no man ever bore the honour of so many victories, at the rate of fewer wounds or dangers of his own body, and though his valour might perhaps have given him a just pretension to one of the first charges in an Army, it could not certainly be a sufficient ground for a Title to the command of three Nations. What then shall we say? That he did all this by Witchcraft? He did so indeed in a great measure by a sin that is called like it in the Scriptures. But truely and unpassionately reflecting upon the advantages of his person which might be thought to have produced those of his Fortune, I can espy no other but extraordinary Diligence and infinite Dissimulation; and believe he was exalted above his Nation, partly by his own Faults, but chiefly for Ours. We have brought him thus briefly (not through all his Labyrinths) to the Supreme Usurpt Authority, and because you say it

was

was great pity he did not live to command more Kingdoms, be pleased to let me represent to you in a few words, how well I conceive he governed these. And we will divide the consideration into that of his foreign and domestique Actions. The first of his foreign was a peace with our Brethren of *Holland* (who were the first of our neighbours that God chastised for having had so great a hand in the encouraging and abetting our troubles at home) who would not imagine at first glympse that this had been the most virtuous and laudable deed that his whole life could have made any parade of? but no man can look upon all the circumstances without perceiving, that it was purely the sale and sacrificing of the greatest advantages that this Countrey could ever hope, and was ready to reap from a foreign War, to the private Interests of his Covetousness and Ambition, and the security of his new and unsetled Usurpation. No sooner is that danger past, but this *Beatus Pacificus* is kindling a fire in the Northern World, and carrying a War two thousand miles off Westwards. Two millions a year (besides all the Vales of his Protectorship) is as little capable to suffice now either his Avarice or Prodigality, as the two hundred pounds were that he was born to. He must have his prey of the whole *Indies* both by Sea and Land, this great Aligator. To satisfie our Anti-*Solomon* (who has made Silver almost as rare as Gold? and Gold as precious stones in his new *Jerusalem*] we must go, ten thousand of his slaves, to fetch him riches from his fantastical *Ophir*. And because his flatterers brag of him as the most fortunate Prince [the *Faustus* as well as *Sylla* of our Nation, whom God never forsook in any of his undertakings] I desire them to consider, how since the *English* name was ever heard of, it never received so great and so infamous a blow as under the imprudent conduct of this unlucky *Faustus*; and herein let me admire the justice of God in this circumstance, that they who had enslaved their Country [though a great Army, which I wish may be observed by ours with trembling] should be so shamefully defeated by the hands of forty slaves. It was very ridiculous to see how prettily they endeavoured to hide this ignominy under the great

great name of the Cóquest of *Jamaica*, as if a defeated Army should have the impudence to brag afterwards of the Victory, because, though they had fled out of the Field of Battel, yet they quartered that night in a Village of the Enemies. The War with *Spain* was a necessary consequence of this folly, and how much we have gotten by it, let the Custom-house and Exchange inform you; and if he please to boast of the taking a part of the Silver Fleet, (which indeed no body else but he, who was the sole gainer, has cause to do) at least, let him give leave to the rest of the Nation (which is the only loser) to complain of the loss of twelve hundred of her ships. But because it may here perhaps be answered, that his successes nearer home have extinguisht the disgrace of so remote miscarriages, and that *Dunkirk* ought more to be remembred for his glory, than St. *Domingo* for his disadvantage; I must confess, as to the honour of the *English* courage, that they were not wanting upon that occasion (excepting only the fault of serving at least indirectly against their Master) to the upholding of the renown of their warlike Ancestors. But for his particular share of it, who sate still at home, and exposed them so frankly abroad, I can only say, that for less money than he in the short time of his Reign exacted from his fellow Subjects, some of our former Princes (with the daily hazard of their own persons have added to the Dominion of *England* not only one Town, but even a greater Kingdom than it self. And this being all considerable as concerning his enterprises abroad, let us examine in the next place, how much we owe him for his Justice and good Government at home. And first he found the Common-wealth [as they then called it] in a ready stock of about 800000 pounds, he left the Common-wealth (as he had the impudent raillery still to call it) some two Millions and an half in debt. He found out Trade very much decayed indeed, in comparison of the golden times of our late Princes; He left it as much again more decay'd than he found it; and yet not only no Prince in *England*, but no Tyrant in the World ever sought out more base or infamous means to raise moneys. I shall only instance in one that he put in practice, and another that he attempted, but was frighted from the execution (even

He)

He) by the infamy of it. That which he put in practice, was decimation; which was the most impudent breach off all publick Faith that the whole Nation had given, and all private capitulations which himself had made, as the Nations General and Servant, that can be found out (I believe) in all History, from any of the most barbarous Generals of the most barbarous People. Which because it has been most excellently and most largely laid open by a whole Book written upon that Subject, I shall only desire you here to remember the thing in general, and to be pleased to look upon that Author when you would recollect all the particulars and circumstances of the iniquity. The other design of raising a present sum of money, which he violently persued, but durst not put in execution, was by the calling in and establishment of the *Jews* at *London*; from which he was rebuted by the universal outcry of the Divines, and even of the Citizens too, who took it ill that a considerable number at least amongst themselves were not thought *Jews* enough by their own *Herod*. And for this design, they say, he invented (Oh Antichrist? Πονηρὸν and Πονηρός!) to sell St. *Pauls* to them for a Synagogue, if their purses and devotions could have reacht to the purchase. And this indeed if he had done only to reward that Nation which had given the first noble example of crucifying their King, it might have had some appearance of Gratitude, but he did it only for love of their Mammon; and would have sold afterwards for as much more St. *Peters* (even at his own *Westminster*) to the Turks for a *Mosquito*. Such was his extraordinary Piety to God, that he desired he might be worshipped in all manners, excepting only that heathenish way of the Common-Prayer Book. But what do I speak of his wicked inventions for getting money? when every penny that for almost five years he took every day from every man living in *England*, *Scotland* and *Ireland*, was as much Robbery as if it had been taken by a Thief upon the High-ways. Was it not so? or can any man think that *Cromwell* with the assistance of his Forces and Mosse-Troopers, had more right to the command of all mens purses, than he might have had to any ones whom he had met and been too strong for upon

upon a Road? and yet when this came in the case of Mr *Coney*, to be disputed by a legal tryal, he (which was the highest act of Tyranny that ever was seen in *England*) not only discouraged and threatned, but violently imprisoned the Council of the Plaintiff; that is, he shut up the Law it self close Prisoner, that no man might have relief from or access to it. And it ought to be remembred, that this was done by those men, who a few years before had so bitterly decried, and openly opposed the Kings regular and formal way of proceeding in the trial of a little Ship money. But though we lost the benefit of our old Court of Justice, it cannot be denied that he set new ones and such they were, that as no virtuous Prince before would, so no ill one durst erect. What, have we lived so many hundred years under such a form of Justice as has been able regularly to punish all men that offended against it, and is it so deficient just now, that we must seek out new ways how to proceed against offenders? The reason which can only be given in nature for a necessity of this, is because those things are now made Crimes, which were never esteemed so in former ages; and there must needs be a new Court set up to punish that, which all the old ones were bound to protect and reward. But I am so far from de claiming (as you call it) against these wickednesses (which if I should undertake to do, I should never get to the Peroration] that you see I only give a hint of some few, and pass over the rest as things, that are too many to be numbred, and must onely be weighed in gross. Let any man shew me [for though I pretend not to much reading, I will defie him in all History) let any man shew me [I say] an Example of any Nation in the World [though much greater than ours] where there have in the space of four years been made so many Prisoners only out of the endless jealousies of one Tyrants guilty imagination. I grant you that *Marius* and *Sylla*, and the accursed Triumvirate after them put more People to death [but the reason I think partly was, because in those times that had a mixture of some honour with their madness, they thought it a more civil revenge against a *Roman* to take away his life, than to take away his Liberty.) But truly in the point of murder too

ve have little reason to think that our late Tyranny has been deficient to the examples that have ever been set it in other Countreys, Our Judges and our Courts of justice have not been idle; And to omit the whole reign of our late King [till the beginning of the War] in which no drop of blood was ever drawn but from two or three Ears, I think the longest time of our worst Princes scarce saw many more Executions than the short one of our blest Reformer. And we saw, and smelt in our open streets, [as markt to you at first, the broyling of humane bowels as burnt Offering of a sweet Savour to our Idol; but all murdering, and all roturing [though after the subtilest invention of his Predecessors of *Sicilie*] is more humane and more Supportable, than his selling, of Christians, English-men, Gentlemen; his selling of them (oh monstrous! th incredible!] to be slaves in *America*. If his whole life could be reproacht with no other action, yet this alone would weigh down all the multiplicity of Crimes in any of our Tyrants; and I dare only touch, without stopping or insisting upon so insolent and so execrable a cruelty, for fear of falling into so violent [though a just] Passion, as would make me exceed that temper and moderation which I resolve to observe in this Discourse with you. These are great calamities; but even these are not the most insupportable that we have indured, for so it is, that the scorn and mockery and insultings of an Enemy, are more painful than the deepest wounds of his serious fury. This man was wanton and merry (unwittily and ungracefully merry) with our sufferings; He loved to say and do senseless and fantastical things, onely to shew his power of doing or saying any thing. It would ill befit mine; or any Civil Mouth, to repeat these words which he spoke concerning the most sacred of our *English* Laws, the Petition of Right, and *Magna Charta*. To day you should see him ranting so wildly that no body durst come near him, the morrow flinhing of cushions, and playing at snow-balls with his Servants. This moneth he assembles a Parliament, and professes himself with humble tears to be onely their Servant and their Minister; the next moneth he swears By the Living God, that he will turn them

them out of dores, and he does so, in his princely way c
threatning, bidding them, Turn the buckles of thei
girdles behind them. The representative of a whole, na
of three whole Nations, was in his esteem so contempti
ble a meeting, that he thought the affronting and expellin
of them to be a thing of so little consequence, as not to de
serve that he should advise with any mortal man about i
What shall we call this? Boldness, or Bruitishness? Rash
ness, or Phrensie? there is no name can come up to it
and therefore we must leave it without one. Now a Parlia
ment must be chosen in the new manner? next time in th
old form, but all cashiered still after the newest mod
Now he will govern by Major Generals, now by On
House, now by Another House, now by No House; no
the freak takes him, and he makes seventy Peers of th
Land at one clap (*Ex tempore* and *stans pede in uno*) and t
manifest the absolute power of the Porter, he chooses n
onely the worst Clay he could find, but picks up even th
Durt and Mire, to form out of it his Vessels of Honou
It was said antiently of Fortune, that when she had a min
to be merry and to divert her self, she was wont to rai
up such kind of people to the highest Dignities. This Sc
of fortune, *Cromwell* (who was himself one of the pri
mest of her Jests) found out the true haut-goust of this ple
sure, and rejoyced in the extravagance of his wayes as th
fullest demonstration of his uncontroulable Soveraint
Good God! What have we seen? and what have w
suffer'd? What do all these actions signifie? What do the
say aloud to the whole Nation, but this (even as plainl
as if it were proclaimed by Heralds through the streets o
London) You are Slaves and Fools, and so tle use you
These are briefly a part of those merits which you lamen
to have wanted the reward of more Kingdomes, and sup
pose that if he had lived longer he might have had then
Which I am so far from concurring to, that I believe h
seasonable dying to have been a greater good fortune t
him than all the victories and prosperities of his Life. Fo
he seemed evidently (methinks) to be near the end of h
deceitfull Glories; his own army grew at last as weary o
him as the rest of the People; and I never past of late befor

h.

Palace (His do I call it? I ask God and the King par-
n) but I never paſt of late before Whitehall without rea-
ng upon the Gate of it, *Mene, Mene, Tekel, Uphar-*
. But it pleaſed God to take him from the ordinary Courts
Men, and Juries of his Peers, to his own High Court
Juſtice, which being more mercifull than Ours below,
re is a little room yet left for the hope of his friends, if
have any; though the outward unrepentance of his
ath afford but ſmall materials for the work of Charity,
ecially if he deſigned even then to Entail his own injus-
e upon his Children, and by it inextricable confuſions
d Civil Wars upon the Nation. But here's at laſt an end
him; And where's now the fruit of all that blood and
amity which his ambition has coſt the World? Where
t? Why, his Son (you'l ſay) has the whole Crop; I doubt
will find it quickly Blaſted; I have nothing to ſay againſt
Gentleman, or any living of his Family, on the con-
ry I wiſh him better fortune than to have a long and un-
ict poſſeſſion of his Maſters inherirance. Whatſoever
ave ſpoken againſt his Father, is that which I ſhould
ve thought (though Decency perhaps might have hin-
d me from ſaying it) even againſt mine Own, if I had
en ſo unhappy, as that Mine by the ſame wayes ſhould
ve left me three Kingdoms.

Here I ſtopt; and my pretended Protector, who, I
pected, ſhould have been very angry, fell a laughing;
ſeems at the ſimplicity of my diſcourſe, for thus he re-
ed: You ſeem to pretend extremely to the old obſolete
es of Virtue and Conſcience, which makes me doubt
y much whether from this vaſt proſpect of three King-
ms you can ſhow me eny acres of your own. But theſe
ſo far from making you a Prince, that I am afraid your
nds will never have the contentment to ſee you ſo much
a Juſtice of Peace in your own Countrey. For this I
ceive which you call Virtue, is nothing elſe but either
frowardneſs of a Cynick, or the lazineſs of an Epicu-
n. I am glad you allow me at leaſt Artfull Diſſimula-
n, and unwearied Diligence in my *Hero*, and I aſſure you
t he whoſe Life is conſtantly drawn by thoſe two, ſhall
ver be miſſed out of the way of Greatneſs. But I ſee you are

a Pe-

a Pedant, and Platonical Statesman, a Theoretical Com-
mon-wealths-man, an Utopian Dreamer Was ever R
ches gotten by your Golden Mediocrities? or the Supreme
place attained to by Virtues that must not stir out of t
middle? Do you study *Aristotles* Politiques, and write,
you please, Comments upon them, and let anoth
but practise *Machiavil*, and let us see then which of y
two will come to the greatest preferments. If the desi
of rule and superiority be a Virtue) as sure I am it
more imprinted in human Nature than any of your L
thargical Morals; and what is the Virtue of any Cre
ture but the exercise of those powers and inclinatio
which God has infused into it? (if that I say) be Virtu
we ought not to esteem any thing Vice; which is the mo
proper, if not the onely means of attaining of it.

It is a Truth so certain, and so clear,
That to the first born Man it did appear;
Did not, the mighty Heir, the noble *Cain*,
By the fresh Laws of Nature taught, disdain
That (though a Brother) any one should be
A greater favourite to God than He?
He strook him down; and, so (said He) so fell
The Sheep which thou didst Sacrifice so well.
Since all the fullest Sheaves which I could bring
Since all were Blasted in the Offering,
Lest God should my next Victime too despise,
The acceptable Priest I'le Sacrifice.
Hence Coward Fears; for the first Blood so spilt
As a Reward, He the first City built.
'T was a beginning generous and high,
Fit for a Grand-Child of the Deity.
So well advanc'd 'twas pit there he staid;
One step of Glory more he should have made,
And to the utmost bounds of Greatness gone;
Had *Adam* too been kill'd, He might gave Reign
Alone.
One Brother's death; What do I mean to name,
A small Oblation to Revenge and Fame?
The mighty-soul'd *Abimelec* to shew

Wh

What for high place a higher Spirit can do,
A Hecatomb almost of Brethern slew,
And seventy times in neerest blood he dy'd
(To make it hold) his Royal purple Pride.
Why do name the Lordly Creature Man?
The weak, the mild, the Coward Woman, can,
When to a Crown the cuts her sacred way,
All that oppose with Manlike Courage slay.
So *Athaliah*, when she saw her son,
And with his Late her dearer Greatness gone,
With a Majest queforv slaughter'd all
Whom high birth might to high pretences call.
Since he was dead who all her power sustain'd,
Resolv'd to reign alone; Resolv'd, and Reign'd.
In vain her Sex, in vain the Laws withstood,
In vain the sacred plea of *David's* Blood,
A noble, and a bold contention, She,
(One Woman) undertook with Destiny.
She to pluck down, Destiny to uphold
(Oblig'd by holy Oracles of old)
The great *Jessaan* race on *Juda's* Throne;
Till 'twas at last an equal Wager grown,
Scarce Fate, with much adoe, the Better got by One.
Tell me not she her self at last was slain;
Did she not first seven years (a Life time) reign?
Seven royal years t'a publick spirit will seem
More than the private Life of a *Methusalem*.
'Tis Godlike to be Great; and as they say
A thousand years to God are but a day:
So to a Man, when once a Crown he wears,
The Coronation Days more than a thousand years.

He would have gone on I perceiv'd in his blasphemies, that by Gods Grace I became so bold as thus to interhim. I understand now perfectly (which I guest long before) what kind of Angel and Protector you are; though your stile in verse be very much mended since were wont to deliver Oracles, yet your Doctrine is ch worse than ever you had formerly (that I heard of) the

the face to publish; whether your long practice with mankind has encreast and improved your malice, or whether you think Us in this age to be grown so impudent wicked, that there needs no more Art or Disguises draw us to your party. My Dominion [said he hastily and with a dreadful Furious look] is so great in this World and I am so powerful a Monarch of it, that I need not b ashamed that you should know me; and that you ma see I know you too, I know you to be an obstinate and inve erate Malignant; and for that reason I shall take you alon with me to the next Garrison of Ours; from whenc you shall go to the Tower, and from thence to th Court of Justice, and from thence you know whither. was almost in the very pounces of the great Bird of prey:

When, Lo, e're the last words were fully spoke,
From a fair Cloud, which rather ope'd, than broke,
A flash of Light rather than Lightning came,
So swift, and yet so gentle was the Flame.
Upon it rode, and in his full Career,
Seem'd to my Eyes no sooner There than Here,
The comliest Youth of all th'Angelique Race,
Lovely his shape, ineffable his Face.
The frowns with which he strook the trembling Fien
All smiles of Humane Beauty did transcend,
His Beams of Locks fell part dishevel'd down,
Part upwards curld, and form'd a nat'ral Crown,
Such as the *Brittish* Monarchs us'd to wear;
If Gold might be compar'd with Angels Hair.
His Coat and flowing Mantle were so bright,
They seem'd both made of woven Silver Light:
Across his Breast an azure Ruban went,
At which a Medal hung that did present
In wondrous living figures to the sight,
The mystick Champions, and old Dragon's fight,
And from his Mantles side there shone afar,
A fixt, and, I believe, a real Star.
In his fair hand (what need was there of more?)
No Arms but th'*English* bloody Cross he bore,
Which when he towards th'affrighted Tyrant bent,

A

nd some few words pronounc'd (but what they meant,
r were, could not, alas, by me be known,
nly I well perceiv'd Iesus was one)
e trembled, and he roar'd, and fled away;
ad to quit thus his more than hop'd for prey.
ich Rage inflames the Wolves wild heart and eyes
Rob'd as he thinks unjustly of his prize)
Whom unawares the Shepherd spies, and draws
he bleating Lamb from out his ravenous jaws.
he Shepherd fain himself would he assail,
ut Fear above his Hunger does prevail,
e knows his Foe too strong, and must be gone;
e grins as he looks back, and howls as he goes on.

FINIS.

Several Discourses by way of Essays, in Verse and Prose.

1. *Of Liberty.*

THe Liberty of a people consi in being governed by Laws whi they have made themselves unc whatsoever form it be of Gover ment. The Liberty of a priva man in being Master of his own Time and Actior as far as may consist with the Laws of God and his country. Of this latter only we are here to d course, and to enquire what estate of Life does b seat us in the possession of it. This Liberty of c own Actions is such a Fundamental Priviledge of h man Nature, that God himself notwithstanding his infinite power and right over us, permits us enjoy it, and that too after a Forfeiture made by t Rebellion of *Adam*. He takes so much care for t intire preservation of it to us, that he suffers neith his Providence nor Eternal Decree to break or infri ge it. Now for our Time, the same God, to who we are but Tenants-at-will for the whole, requir but the seventh part to be paid to him at as a sma Quit-Rent in acknowledgment of his Title. It is ma onl

only that has the impudence to demand our whole time, though he neither gave it, nor can restore it, nor is able to pay any considerable valew for the least part of it. This Birth-right of mankind above all other creatures, some are forced by hunger to sell, like *Esau*, for Bread and Broth, but the greatest part of men make such a Bargain for the delivery up of themselves, as *Thamar* did with *Judah*, instead of a Kid, the necessary provisions for humane life, they are contented to do it for Rings and Bracelets. The great dealers in this world may be divided into the Ambitious, the Covetous, and the Voluptuous, and that all these men sell themselves to be slaves, though to the vulgar it may seem a Stoical Paradox, will appear to the wise so plain and obvious that they will scarce think it deserves the labour of Argumentation. Let us first consider the Ambitious, and those both in their progress to Greatness, and after the attaining of it. There is nothing truer than what *Sallust* saies, *Dominationis in alios servitium suam Mercedem dant*, They are content to pay so great a price as their own Servitude to purchase the domination over others. The first thing they must resolve to sacrifice, is their whole time, they must never stop, nor ever turn aside whilst they are in the race of Glory, no not like *Atalanta* for Golden Apples, Neither indeed can a man stop himself if he would when he's in this Career. *Fertur equis Auriga neque audit Currus habenas.*

Pray, let us but consider a little, what mean servil things men do for this Imaginary Food. We cannot fetch a greater example of it, than from the chief men of that Nation which boasted most of Liberty. To what pitiful baseness did the noblest *Romans* submit themselves for the obtaining of a Prætorship, or the Consular dignity: they put on the Habit of Suppliants, and ran about on foot, and in durt, through all the Tribes to beg voices, they flattered the poorest Artisans, and carried a *Nomenclator* with them, to whisper in their ear every mans name, least

they should mistake it in their salutations: they shook the hand, and kist the cheek of every popular Tradesman; they stood all day at every Market in the publick places to shew and ingratiate themselves to the rout; they imploy'd all their friends to sollicite for them, they kept open Tables in every street, they distributed wine and bread and money, even to the vilest of the people. *En Romanos rerum Dominos! Behold the Masters of the World beginning from door to door.* This particular humble way to Greatness is now out of fashion, but yet every Ambitious person is still in some sort a *Roman* Candidate. He must feast and bribe, and attend and flatter, and adore many Beasts, though not the Beast with many heads. *Cataline* who was so proud that he could not content himself with a less power than *Sylla's*, was yet so humble for the attaining of it, as to make himself the most contemptible of all Servants, to be a publique Bawd, to provide whores, and something worse, for all the young Gentlemen of *Rome*, whose hot lusts and courages, and heads he thought he might make use of And since I happen here to propose *Cataline* for my instance (though there be thousand of Examples for the same thing) give me leave to transcribe the Character which *Cicero* gives of this noble Slave, because it is a general description of all Ambitious men, and which *Machiavil* perhaps would say ought to be the rule of their life and actions. This man (saies he, as most of you may well remember] had many Artificial touches and stroakes that look'd like the beauty of great Virtues, his intimate conversation was with the worst of men, and yet he seem'd to be an Admirer and Lover of the best, he was furnish't with all the nets of Lust and Luxury, and yet wanted not the Arms of Labour and Industry: neither do I believe that there was ever any monster in nature, composed out of so many different and disagreeing parts. Who more acceptable, sometimes, to the most honorable persons, who more a favourite

Orat. pro M. Calio.

te to the most Infamous? Who, sometimes, appear'd a braver Champion, who at other times, a bolder Enemy to his Countrey? who more dissolute in his pleasures, who more patient in his toiles? who more rapacious in robbing, who more profuse in giving? Above all things, this was remarkable and admirable in him, The arts the had to acquire the good opinion and kindness of all sorts of men, to retain it with great complaisance, to communicate all things to them, to watch and serve all the occasions of their fortune, both with his money and his interest, and his industry, and if need were, not by sticking at any wickedness whatsoever that might be useful to them, to bend and turn about his own Nature and laveer with every wind, to live severely with the melancholy, merrily with the pleasant, gravely with the aged, wantonly with the young, desperately with the bold, and debauchedly with the luxurious: with this variety and multiplicity of his nature, as he had made a collection of Friendships with all the most wicked and reckless of all Nations, so by the artificial simulation of some vertues, he made a shift to ensnare some honest and eminent persons into his familiarity; neither could so vast a design as the destruction of this Empire have been undertaken by him, if the immanity of so many vices had not been covered and disguised by the appearances of some excellent qualities.

I see, methinks, the Character of an *Anti-Paul*, who became all things to all men, that he might destroy all; who only wanted the assistance of Fortune to have been as great as his Friend *Cæsar* was a little after him. And the ways of *Cæsar* to compass the same ends (I mean till the Civil War, which was but another manner of setting his Countrey on Fire) were not unlike these, though he used afterward his unjust Dominion with more moderation than I think the other would have done. *Salust* therefore who was well acquainted with them both, and with many such like Gentlemen of his time, sayes,

De Del. Catil.

That it is the nature of ambition (*Ambitio multos mortales falsos fieri coegit &c.*) to make men Lyers and Cheaters, to hide the Truth in their breasts, and show, like juglers, another thing in their Mouths, to cut all friendships and enmities to the measure of their own Interest and to make a good Countenance without the help of good will. And can there bee Freedom with this perpetual constraint? What is it but a kind of Rack that forces men to say what they have no mind to? I have wondred at the extravagant and barbarous stratagem of *Zopirus*, and more at the praises which I finde of so deformed an action; who though he was one of the seven Grandees of *Persia*, and the Son of *Megabises*, who had freed before his Countrey from an ignoble Servitude, slit his own Nose and Lips; cut of his own Ears, scourged and wounded his whole body, that he might, under pretence of having been mangled so inhumanly by *Darius*, be received into *Babylon* (then besieged by the *Persians*) and get into the command of it by the recommendation of so cruel a Sufferance, and their hopes of his endeavouring to revenge it. It is great pity the *Babylonians* suspected not his falshood; that they might have cut off his hands too, and whipt him back again. But the design succeeded, he betrayed the City, and was made Governour of it. What brutish master ever punished his offending Slave with so little mercy as Ambition did this *Zopirus*? and yet how many are there in all nations who imitate him in some degree for a less reward? who though they indure not so much corporal pain for a small preferment or some honour (as they call it) yet stick not to commit actions, by which they are more shamefully and more lastingly stigmatized? But you may say, Though these be the most ordinary and open waies to the greatness, yet there are narrow, thorney; and little-trodden paths too? through which some men finde a passage by vertuous industry. I grant, sometimes they may; but

it then that industry must be such, as cannot con-
t with Liberty, though it may with Honesty.
Thou 'rt carefull, frugal, painful; we commend
Servant so, but not a Friend.

Well then, we must acknowledg the toil and
udgery which we are forced to endure in this Af-
nt, but we are Epicures and Lords when once we
e gotten up into the High Places. This is but a
ort Apprentiship after which we are made free of
Royal Company. If we fall in love with any beau-
ous woman, we must be content that they should
: our Mistresses whilst we woo them, as soon
we are wedded and enjoy, 'tis we shall be the
asters.

I am willing to stick to this similitude in the case
Greatness; we enter into the Bonds of it, like
ose of Matrimony; we are bewitcht with the out-
ard and painted Beauty, and take it for Better or
orse, before we know its true nature and interiour
coveniences. A great Fortune (saies *Seneca*) in a
eat Servitude, But many are of that Opinion which
urus imputes (I hope unruly) even to that Patron
Liberty: his Friends *Cicero*, We fear (saies he to
rticus) Death, and Banishment, and Poverty,
great deal too much. *Cicero*, I am afraid, thinks
ese to be the worst of evils, and if he have but so-
e persons, from whom he can obtain what he has
mind to; and others who will flatter and worship
m, seems to be well enough contented with an
onorable servitude, if any thing indeed ought to
e called honorable, in so base and contumelious a
ondition. This was spoken as became the bravest
an who was ever born in the bravest Common-
ealth: But with us generally, no condition pas-
s for servitude, that is accompanied with great ri-
hes, with honors, and with the service of many
nferiours. This is but a Deception of the sight
rough a false medium, for if a Groom serve a
entleman is his chamber, that Gentleman a Lord,
nd that Lord a Prince; The Groom, the Gentleman,

and the Lord, are as much servants one as the othe
the circumstantial difference of the ones getting on
his Breath and wages, the second a plentifull, and th
third a superfluous estate, is no more intrinsecal
this matter than the difference between a plain,
rich and gaudy Livery. I do not say, That he wh
sells his whole time, and his own will for one hu
dred thousand, is not a wiser Merchant than he wh
does is for one hundred pounds, but I will swea
they are both Merchants, and that he is happier th
both, who can live contentedly without selling th
estate to which he was born. But this dependan
upon Superiours is but one chain of the Lovers
Power, *Amatorem Trecentæ Peritho um cohibent c*
tenæ. Let's begin with him by break of day: For h
that time he's besieged by two or three hundred St
tors; and the Hall and Antichambers (all the Ou
works) possest by the Enemy as soon as his Char
ber opens, they are ready to break into that,
to corrupt the Guards, for entrance. This is
essential a part of Greatnes, that whosoever is with
out it; looks like a Fallen Favorite, like a perso
disgraced, and condemned to do what he please
the morning. They are some who rather then wa
this, are contented to have their rooms fil'd
every day with murmuring and Cursing Creditor
and to charge bravely through a Body of them to g
to their Coach. Now I would fain know which
the worst duty, that of any one particular perso
who waits to speak with the Great man, or th
Great mans, who waits every day to speak with
the company. *Aliena negotia centum Per caput*
circumsaliunt latus, A hundred businesses of oth
men (many unjust and most impertinent) fly con
nually about his Head and Ears, and strike him i
the Face like Dorres; Let's contemplate him a li
le at another special Scene of Glory, and that is, h
Table Here he seems to be the Lord of all Nature
The Earth affords him her best Metals for his dishe
her best Vegetables and Animals for his food; th

A

Air and Sea supply him with their choicest Birds and Fishes: and a great many men who look like Masters, attend upon him, and yet when all this is done, even all this it but Table d'Hoste, 'T is crowded with people for whom he cares not, with many Parasites, and some Spies, with the most burdensome sort of Guests, the Endeavoures to be witty.

But every body pays him great respect, every body commends his Meat, that is, his mony; every body admires the exquisite dressing and ordering of it, that is, his Clark of the kitchin, or his Cook; every body loves his Hospitality, that is, his Vanity. But I desire to know why the honest In-keeper who provides a publick Table for his Profits, should be but of a mean profession, and he who does it for his Honour, a munificent Prince; You'l say, Because one sels, and the other gives: Nay, both sell, though for different things, the one for plain Money, the other for I know not what Jewels, whose value is in Custom and in Fancy. If then his Table be made a Snare (as the Scripture speakes) to his Liberty, where can he hope for Freedom, there is alwaies, and every where some restraint upon him. He's guarded with Crowds, and shackled with Formalities. The half hat, the whole hat, the half smile, the whole smile, the nod, the embrace, the Positive parting with a little bow, the Comparative at the middle of the room, the Superlative at the door; and if the person be *Pan huper sebastus*, there's a *Huper superlative* ceremony them of conducting him to the bottome of the stairs, or to the very gate: as if there were such rules set to these *Leviathans* as are to the Sea, *Hitherto shalt thou go, and no further. Perditur hac inter misero Lux.* Thus wretchedly the precious day is lost.

How many impertinent Letters and Visits must he receive, and sometimes answer both too as impertinently? he never sets his foot beyond his Threshold, unless, like a Funeral he have a train to follow him, as if, like the dead Corps, he could not stir, till the Bearers were all ready. My life, (sayes *Horace*).

speaking to one of these *Magnifico's*) is a great deal more easie and commodious than thine, In that I can go into the Market and cheapen what I please without being wondred at; and take my Horse and ride as far as *Tarentum*, without being mist. 'Tis an unpleasant constraint to be alwayes under the sight and observation, and censure of others; as there may be Vanity in it, so methinks, there should be Vexation too of spirit: And I wonder how Princes can endure to have two or three hundred men stand gazing upon them whilst they are at dinner, and taking notice of every bit they eat. Nothing seems greater and more Lordly than the multitude of Domestick Servants, but, even this too, if weighed seriously, is a piece of Servitude; unless you will be a Servant to them (as many men are) the Trouble and care of yours in the Government of them all, is much more than that of every one of them in their observation of you. I take the Profession of a School-master to be one of the most usefull, and which ought to be of the most honourable in a Commonwealth, yet certainly all his Fasces and Tyrannical Authority over so many Boys, takes away his own Liberty more than theirs.

I do but slightly touch upon all these particulars of the slavery of Greatness: I shake but a few of their outward Chains; their Anger, Hatred, Jealousie, Fear, Envy, Grief, and all the *Etcætera* of their Passions, which are the secret, but constant Tyrants and Torturers of their life, I omit here, because though they be symptomes most frequent and violent in this Disease; yet they are common too in some degree to the Epidemical Disease of Life it self. But, the Ambitious man, though he be so many wayes a slave (*O toties servus*! yet he bears it bravely and heroically; he struts and looks big upon the Stage; he thinks himself a real Prince in his Masking Habit, and deceives too all the foolish part of his Spectators: He's a slave in *Saturnalibus*. The Covetous Man is a down-right Servant, a

Draught

Draught Horse without Bells or Feathers; *ad metalla damnatus*, a man condemned to work in Mines, which is the lowest and hardest condition of servitude; and, to encrease his Misery, a worker there for he knows not whom. He heapeth up Riches and knows not who shall enjoy them; T'is onely that he himself neither shall nor can injoy them. He's an indigent needy slave, he will hardly allow himself Cloaths, and Board-Wages; *Unciatim vix demenso de suo suum defraudans Genium comparsit miser*; He defrauds not only other Men, but his own Genius; He cheats himself for Mony. But the servile and miserable condition of this wretch is so apparent, that I leave it, as evident to every mans sight, as well as judgment. It seems a more difficult work to prove that the Voluptuous Man too is but a servant: What can be more the life of a Freeman, or as we say ordinarily, of a Gentleman, than to follow nothing but his own pleasures? Why, I'le tell you who is that true Freeman, and that true Gentleman; Not he who blindly follows all his pleasures (the very name of Follower is servile) but he who rationally guides them, and is not hindred by outward impediments in the conduct and enjoyment of them. If I want skill or force to restrain the Beast that I ride upon, though I bough it, and call it my own, yet in the truth of the matter I am at that time rather his Man, than he my Horse. The Voluptuous Men (whom we are fallen upon) may be divided, I think, into the Lustful and Luxurious, who are both servants of the Belly; the other whom we spoke of before, the Ambitious and the Covetous, were κακὰ θηρία, Evil wilde Beasts, these are Γαστέρες ἀργαί, slow Bellies, as our Translation renders it; but the world Ἀργαὶ (which is a fantastical word, with two directly opposite significations) will bear as well the translation of Quick or Diligent Bellies, and both Interpretations may be applyed to these men. *Metrodorus* said, That he had learnt Ἀληθῶς γαστρὶ χαρίζεσθαι, to give his Belly just thanks

Phorm. Act. 1. Scen. 1.

for all his pleasures This by the Calumniators of *Epicurus* his Philosophy was objected as one of the most scandalous of all their sayings; which, according to my Charitable understanding may admit a very virtuous sence, which is, that he thanked his own Belly for that moderation in the customary appetites of all which can only give a Man Liberty and Happiness in this World. Let this suffice at present to be spoken of those great Triumviri of the World; the Covetous Man, who is a mean villain, like *Lepidus*; the Ambitious, who is a brave one, like *Octavius*. and the Voluptuous, who is a loose and debauched one, like *Mark Antony*. *Quisnam igitur Liber? Sapiens, sibi qui Imperiosus*: Not *Oenomaus*, who commits himself wholly to a Charioteer that may break his Neck, but the Man.

Who governs his own course with steddy hand,
Who does Himself with Sovereign Power command;
Whom neither Death, nor Poverty does fright,
Who stands not awkwardly in his own light
Against the Truth: who can when Pleasures knock
Loud at his door, keep firm the bolt and lock.
Who can though Honour at his gate should stay
In all her Masking Cloaths, send her away,
And cry; be gone, I have no mind to play.

This I confess is a Freeman: but it may be said, That many persons are so shackled by their Fortune, that they are hindred from enjoyment of that Manumission which they have obtained from Virtue. I do both understand, and in part feel the weight of this objection: All I can Answer to it, is, That we must get as much Liberty as we can, we must use our utmost endeavours, and when all that is done, be contented with the Length of that Line which is allow'd us. If you ask me in what condition of Life I think the most allow'd; I should pitch upon that sort of People whom King *James* was wont to call the Happiest of our Nation; the Men placed in the

he Countrey by their Fortune above an High-Constable, and yet beneath the trouble of a Justice of Peace, in a moderate plenty, without any just argument for the desire of encreasing it by the care of many relations, and with so much knowledge and love of Piety and Philosophy (that is of the study of Gods Laws, and of his Creatures) as may afford him matter enough never to be Idle though without Business; and never to be Melancholy though without Sin or Vanity.

I shall conclude this tedious Discourse with a Prayer of mine in a Copy of Latin Verses, of which I remember no other part, and (*pour faire bonne bouche*) with some other Verses upon the same Subject.

Magne Deus, quod ad has vitæ brevis attinet horas,
Da mihi, da Panem Libertatemque, nec ultrà
Sollicitas effundo preces, siquid datur ultrà
Accipiam gratus; si non, Contentus abibo.

For the few Houres of Life allotted me,
Give me (great God) but Bread and Liberty,
I'le beg no more; if more thou'rt pleas'd to give,
I'le thankfully that Overplus receive:
If beyond this no more be freely sent,
I'le thank for this, and go away content.

Martial. Lib. 2.

Vota tui breviter, &c.

WEll then, Sir, you shall know how far extend
The Prayers and Hopes of your Poetick Friend:
He does not Palaces nor Manors crave,
Would be no Lord; but less a Lord would have
The ground he holds, if he his own, can call;
He quarrels not with Heaven because 'tis small:
Let gay and toilsome Greatness others please,

He:

He loves of homely Littleness the Ease.
Can any man in guilded rooms attend,
And his dear houres in humble visits spend;
When in the fresh and beauteous Field he may
With various healthful pleasures fill the day?
If there be Man (ye Gods) I ought to Hate
Dependance and Attendance be his Fate.
Still let him Busie be, and in a crow'd,
And very much a Slave, and very Proud:
Thus he perhaps Pow'rful and Rich may grow;
No matter, O ye Gods! that I'le allow.
But let him Peace and Freedome never see;
Let him not love this Life, who loves not Me.

Martial. L.

Vis fieri Liber? &c.

WOuld you be Free? 'Tis your chief wish, you say,
Come on; I'le shew thee, Friend, the certain way:
If to no Feasts abroad thou lov'st to go;
Whilst bounteous God does Bread at home bestow;
If thou the goodness of thy Cloaths dost prize
By thine own Use, and not by others Eyes.
(If onely safe from Weathers) thou can'st dwell,
In a small House, but a convenient Shell,
If thou without a Sigh, or Golden wish,
Canst look upon thy Beechen Bowl, and Dish;
If in thy Mind such power and greatness be,
The *Persian* King's a Slave compar'd with Thee.

Mart. L. 2.

Quod te nomine? &c.

THat I do you with humble Bowes no more;
And danger of my naked Head adore.

That

That I who Lord and Master cry'd erewhile,
Salute you in a new and different Stile;
By your own Name, a scandal to you now,
Think not that I forget my self or you:
By loss of all things by all others sought
This Freedome, and the Freemans Hat is bought.
A Lord and Master no man wants but He
Who o're Himself has no Autoritie.
Who does for Honours and for Riches strive,
And Follies, without which Lords cannot Live.
If thou from Fortune dost no Servant crave,
Believe it, thou no Master need'st to have.

Ode.

Upon Liberty.

1.

FReedome with Virtue takes her seat,
Her proper place, her onely Scene,
Is in the Golden Mean,
She lives not with the Poor, nor with the Great.
The wings of those Necessity has clipt,
And they'r in Fortunes Bridewell whipt,
To the laborious task of Bread;
These are by various Tyrants Captive lead.
Now wild Ambition with imperious force
Rides, raines, and spurs them like th' unruly Horse.
And servile Avarice yoakes them now
Like toilsome Oxen to the Plow.
And sometimes Lust, like the Misguiding Light.
Drawes them through all the Labyrinths of Night.
If any Few among the Great there be
From the insulting Passions free,
Yet we ev'n those too fetter'd see
By Custom, Business, Crowds, and formal Decency.

And

And whereso're they stay, and whereso're they go,
Impertinencies round them flow:
These are the small uneasie things
Which about Greatness still are found,
And rather it Molest then Wound:
Like Gnats which too much heat of summer brings;
But Cares do swarm there too, and those have stings:
As when the Honey does too open lie,
A thousand Wasps about it fly:
Nor will the Master ev'n to share admit;
The Master stands aloof; and dares not Taste of it.

2.

'Tis morning; well; I fain would yet steep on;
You cannot now; you must be gone
To Court, or to the noisy Hall:
Besides, the Rooms without are crowded all;
The steam of Business does begin,
And a Spring-Tide of Clients is come in.
Ah cruel Guards, which this poor Prisoner keep
Will they not suffer him to sleep
Make an Escape; out at the Postern flee,
And get some blessed Houres of Libertie,
With a few Friends, and a few Dishes dine,
And much of Mirth and moderate Wine.
To thy bent Mind some relaxation give,
And steal one day out of thy Life to Live.
Oh happy man (he cries) to whom kind Heaven
Has such a Freedome alwayes given!
Why, mighty Madman, what should hinder thee
From being every day as Free?

3.

In all the Freeborn Nations of the Air,
Never did Bird a spirit so mean and sordid bear,
As to exchange his Native Liberty
Of soaring boldly up into the sky,
His Liberty to Sing, to Perch, or Fly,
When, and where'ver he thought good,
And all his innocent pleasures of the Wood;

For

For a more plentiful or constant Food.
Nor ever did Ambitious rage
Make him into a painted Cage;
Or the false Forest of a well-hung Room,
For Honour and Preferment come,
Now, Blessings on ye all, ye Heroick Race,
Who keep their Primitive powers and rights so well
Though Men and Angels fell
Of all Material Lives the highest place,
To you is justly given;
And wayes and walkes the neerest Heaven.
Whilst wretched we, yet vain and proud, think fit
To boast, That we look up to it.
Even to the Universal Tyrant Love,
You Homage pay but once a year:
None so degenerous and unbirdly prove,
As his perpetual yoke to bear.
None but a few unhappy Houshold Foul,
Whom human Lordship does controul;
Who from their birth corrupted were
By Bondage, and by mans Example here.

4.

He's no small Prince who every day
Thus to himself can say,
Now will I sleep, now eat, now sit, now walk,
Now meditate alone, now with Acquaintance talk.
This I will do, here I will stay,
Or if my Fancy call me away,
My Man and I will presently go ride;
(For we before have nothing to provide,
Nor after are to render an account)
To *Dover*, *Barwick*, or the *Cornish* Mount.
If thou but a short journey take,
As if thy last thou wert to make,
Business must be dispatch'd e're thou canst part.
Nor canst thou stir unless there be
A hundred Horse and Men to wait on thee,
And many a Mule, and many a Cart;
What an unwildy man thou art!

The

The *Rhodian Colossus* so
A Journey too might go.

5.

Where Honour or where Conscience does not bind
No other Law shall shackle me?
Slave to my self I will not be,
Nor shall my future Actions be confin'd
By my own present Mind.
Who by Resolves and Vows engag'd does stand
For days that yet belong to Fate,
Does like an unthrift Morgage his Estate
Before it falls into his Hand,
The Bondman of the Cloister so
All that he does receive does always owe.
And still as Time come in, it goes away
Not to Enjoy, but Debts to pay.
Unhappy Slave, and Pupil to a Bell!
Which his hours work as well as hours does tell:
Unhappy till the last, the kind releasing Knell.

6.

If Life should a well-order'd Poem be
(In which he only hits the white
Who joyns true Profit with the best Delight)
The more Heroique strain let others take,
Mine the Pindarique way I'le make.
The Matter shall be Grave, the Numbers loose and free.
It shall not keep one setled pace of Time,
In the same Tune it shall not always Chime,
Nor shall each day just to his Neighbour Rhime,
A thousand Liberties it shall dispense,
And yet shall manage all without offence;
Or to the sweetness of the Sound, or greatness of the Sence,
Not shall it never from one Subject start,
Nor seek Transitions to depart,
Nor its set way o're Stiles and Bridges make,
Nor thorough Lanes a Compass take

As

it fear'd some trespass to commit,
When the wide Air's a Road for it.
he Imperial Eagle does not stay
Till the whole Carkass he devour
That's fallen into its power.
his generous Hunger understood
the can never want plenty of Food,
He only sucks the tastful Blood
to fresh Game flies cheerfully away;
Kites and meaner Birds he leaves the mangled Prey.

Of Solitude.

Umquam minus solus, quam cum solus, is now become a very vulgar saying. Every Man and ost every Boy for these seventeen hundred years, had it in his mouth. But it was at first spoken by Excellent *Scipio*, who was without question a a Worthy, most Happy, and the Greatest of all ikind. His meaning no doubt was this, That he nd more satisfaction to his mind, and more imvement of it by Solitude than by Company, and hew that he spoke not this loosly or out of vaniafter he had made *Rome*, Mistriss of almost the ole World, he retired himself from it by a volun- exile, and at a private house in the middle of a od neer *Linternum*, passed the remainder of his *Epist.* 86. orious life no less Gloriously. To his House *Seneca* nt to see so long after with great veneration, and ong other things describes his Bath to have been o mean a structure, that now, says he, the baof the people would despise them, and cry out, or *Scipio* understood not how to live. What an thority is here for the credit of Retreat? and hap- had it been for *Hannibal*, if Adversity could hi- aught him as much wisdom as was learnt by *Sci*from the highest prosperities. This would be no

won-

wonder if it were as truly as it is colourably and tily said by Monsieur *de Montagne*. That Am it self might teach us to love Solitude; there's ing does so much hate to have Companions. true, it loves to have it Elbows free, it dete have Company on either side, but it delights all things in a Train behind, I, and Ushers to fore it. But the greatest part of men are far fro opinion of that noble *Roman*, that if they cha any time to be without company, they're like calmed Ship, they never move but by the wir other mens breath, and have no Oars of their to steer withal. It is very fantastical an contrad ry in humane Nature; that men should love t selves above all the rest of the world, and yet endure to be with themselves. When they love with a Mistriss, all other persons are imp nate and burdensome to them. *Tecum vivere an tecum obeam Lubens*, They would live and dye her alone.

Sic ego secretis possum bene vivere silvis
Quæ nulla humano sit via trita pede,
Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atrâ
Lumen, & in solis tu mihi turba locis.

With thee for ever I in woods could rest,
Where never humane foot the ground has pr
Thou from all shades the darkness canst excl
And from a Desart banish Solitude.

And yet our Dear Self is so wearisome to us, we can scarcely support its conversation for an h together. This is such an odd temper of mind as *tullus* expresses towards one of his Mistresses, wh we may suppose to have been of a very unsocia humour.

Odi & Amo, quanam id faciam ratione requiris
Nescio, sed fieri sentio, & excrucior.

IE

ate, and yet I Love thee to;
w can that be? I know not how;
ly that so it is I know,
I feel with torment that 'is so.

a deplorable condition, this, and drives a man
imes to pittiful shifts in seeking how to avoid
elf.

e truth of the matter is, that neither he who
pin the world, is a fit man to be alone; nor
no has set his heart much upon the world,
h he have never so much understanding; so
olitude can be well fitted and set right, but
a very few persons They must have enough
ledge of the World to see the vanity of it;
rough Virtue to despise all Vanity; if the
be possest with any Lust or Passions, a man
etter be in a Faire, than in a Wood alone. They
ike petty Thieves cheat us perhaps, and pick
ckers in the midst of company, but like Rob-
ey use to strip and bind, or murder us when
atch us alone. This is but to retreat from Men,
all into the hands of Devils. 'Tis like the pu-
ent of Parricides among the *Romans*, to be
into a Bag with an Ape, a Dog, and a Ser-
The first work therefore that a man must do to
himself capable of the good of Solitude, is,
ry Eradication of all Lusts, for how is it pos-
or a Man to enjoy himself while his Affections
ed to things without Himself? In the second
, he must learn the Art and get the Habit of
ting; for this too, no less than well speaking,
ids upon much practice, and Cogitation is
ing which distinguishes the Solitude of a God
a wild Beast. Now because soul of Man is
y its own Nature or observation furnisht with
ient Materials to work upon; it is necessary for
ave continual recourse to Learning and Books
esh supplies, so that the solitary Life will grow
ent, and be ready to starve without them; but

if

if once we be throughly engaged in the Love of ters, instead of being wearied with the lenght of day, we shall only complain of the shortness of whole Life.

O vita, stulto longa, sapienti brevis!

O Life, long to the Fool, short to the Wi

The first Minister of State has not so much bus in publique, as a wise man has in private; i one have little leasure to be alone, the other ha leasure to be in company, the one has but pa the affairs of one Nation, the other all the worl God and Nature under his consideration. The no saying shocks me so much as that which I very often, That a man does not know how to his time. 'Twould have been but ill spoken by *Thusalem* in the Nine hundred sixty ninth year Life, so far it its from us, who have not time en to attain to the utmost perfection of any part o Science, to have cause to complain that we are ced to be idle for want of work. But this you' is work only for the Learned, others are not ble either of the employments or divertisements arrive from Letters I know they are not; and th fore cannot much recommend Solitude to a ma tally illiterate. But if any man be so unlearned want entertainment of the little Intervals of acc tal Solitude, which frequently occurr in alm conditions (except the very meaneſt of the pe who have business enough in the necessary p sions for Life) it is truly a great shame both Parents and Himself, for a very small portion Ingenious Art will stop up all those gaps of ou me, either Musique, or Painting, or Desig or Chymistry, or History, or Gardening. or t other things will do it usefully and pleasantly; if he happen to set his affections upon Poetry (w I do not advise him too immoderately) tha

over do it; no wood will be thick enough to hide him from the importunities of company or business, which would abstract him from his Beloved.

——— *O quis me gelidis sub montibus Æmi*
Sistat, & ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ?

1.

Hail, old *Patrician* Trees, so great and good!
Hail ye *Plebeian* under wood!
Where the Poetique Birds rejoyce,
And for their quiet Nests and plenteous Food,
Pay with their grateful voice.

2.

Hail, the poor Muses richest Mannor Seat!
Ye Countrey Houses and Retreat.
Which all the happy Gods so Love,
That for you oft they quit their Bright and Great
Metropolis above.

3.

Here Nature does a House for me erect,
Nature the wisest Architect,
Who those fond Artists does despise
That can the fair and living Trees neglect;
Yet the Dead Timber prize.

4.

Here let me careless and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the soft winds above me flying,
With all their wanton Boughs dispute,
And the more tuneful Birds to both replying
Nor be my self too Mute.

5.

A Silver stream shall roul his waters neer,
Guilt with the Sun-beams here and there
On whose enamel'd Bank I'll walk,

And

And see how prettily they Smile, and hear
How prettily they Talk.

6.

Ah wretched, and to Solitary Hee
Who loves not his own Company!
He'l feel the weight of't many a day
Unless he call in Sin or Vanity
To help to bear't away.

7.

Oh Solitude, first state of Humain-kind!
Which blest remain'd till man did find
Even his own helpers Company.
As soon as two (alas!) together joyn'd,
The Serpent made up Three.

8.

Though God himself, through countless Ages Thee
His sole Companion chose to be,
Thee, sacred Solitude alone,
Before the Branchy head of Numbers Tree
Sprang from the Trunk of One.

9.

Thou (though men think thine an unactive part)
Dost break and tame th'unruly heart;
Which else would know no setled pace
Making it move, well manag'd by thy Art,
With Swiftness and with Grace.

10.

Thou the faint beams of Reasons scatter'd Light,
Dost like a Burning glass unite,
Dost multiply thee feeble Heat,
And fortifie the strength; till thou dost bright
And noble Fires beget.

11. Whilst

11.

hilst his hard Truth I teach, methinks, I see
The Monster *London* laugh at me;
I should at thee too, foolish City,
it were fit to laugh at Misery,
But thy Estate I pity.

12.

t but thy wicked men from out thee go,
And the Fools that crowd thee so,
Even thou who dost thy Millions boast,
Village less than *Islington* wilt grow,
A Solitude almost.

---

3. *Of Obscurity.*

JAM neque Divitibus contingunt gaudia solis,
Nec vixit male, qui natus moriensque Fefellit. *Hor. Epist. l. 1. 18.*

I made not pleasures only for the Rich,
r have those men without their share too liv'd,
o both in Life and Death the world deceiv'd.

is seems a strange Sentence thus literally transla-, and looks as if it were in vindication of the of busines (for who else can Deceive the world?) ereas it is in commendation of those who live and so obscurely, that the world takes no notice of m. This *Horace* calls deceiving the world, and nother place uses the same phrase.

Secretum iter & Fallentis semita vitæ.
The secret tracks of the Deceiving Life. *Epist. 18.*

It is very elegant in Latine, but our English word l hardly bear up to that sense, and therefore Mr. *om* translates it very well.

Or from a Life, led as it were by stealth.

Yet we say in our Language, a thing deceives o sight, when it passes before us unperceived, and w may say enough out of the same Authour,

Sometimes with sleep, sometimes with wine westrie
The cares of Life and troubles to Deceive.

Declam. e Api. But that is not to deceive the world, but to decei our selves, as *Quintilian* saies, *Vitam fallere*, T draw on still, and amuse, and deceive our Lif till it be advanced insensibly to the fatal Period - ar fall into that Pit which Nature hath prepared for The meaning of all this is no more than that mo vulgar saying, *Bene qui latuit, bene vixit*, He h lived well, who has lain well hidden. Which if be a truth, the world (I'le swear) is sufficiently d ceived: For my part, I think it is, and that the ple santest condition of Life, is *in Incognito*. What brave Priviledge is it to be free from all Contention from all Envying or being Envyed; from receivi and for paying of all kind of Ceremonies? It is in n mind, a very delightfull pastime, for two good ar agreeable friends to travail up and down together places where they are by no body known, nor kno any body. It was the case of *Æneas* and his *Achate* when they walkt invisibly about the fields and stree of *Carthage*, *Venus* her self

Virg. 1. Æn. *A vail of thickned Air around them cast,*
That none might know, or see them as they past.

The common story of *Demosthenes's* confession th he had taken great pleasure in hearing of a Tanke woman say as he past. This is that *Demosthenes*, wonderful ridiculous from so solid an Orator. I m self have often met with that temptation to vanity (it were any) but am so far from finding it any plea sure, that it only makes me run faster from the pla ce, till I get, as it were out of sight shot. *Democritu*

rela

:lates,and in such a manner,as if he gloried in the ood fortune and commodity of it ,that when he ca- ie to *Athens*,no body there did so much as take no- ce of him;and *Epicurus* lived there very well , that ,Lay hid many years in his Gardens, so famous sin- : that time, with his friend *Metrodorus:* after whose : death, making in one of his letters a kind comme- noration of the happiness which they two had in- oyed together , he adds at last,that he thought it no isparagement to those great felicities of their life , nat in the midst of the most talk'd of and Tal- ing Country in the world, they had lived so long , ot only without Fame , but almost without being eard of. And yet within a very few years afterward, nere were no two Names of men more known or nore generally celebrated. If we engage into a large cquaintance and various familiarities , we set open ur gates to the Invaders of most of our time : we xpose our life to *Quotidian Ague* of frigid impertinen- ies , which whould make a wise man tremble to hink of. Now , as for being known much by sight , nd pointed at, I cannot comprehend the honour hat lies in that: Whatsoever it be,every Mountebank nas it more than the best Doctor , and the Hangman nore than the Lord Chief Justice of a City. Every reature has it both of Nature and Art if it be any ways extraordinary. It was as often said , This is that *Bucephalus*,or,This is that *Incitatus*,when they were ed prancing through the streets , as , this is that *Alexander* , or this is that *Domitian*; and truly for he latter , I take *Incitatus* to have bin a much more Honourable Beast then his Master , and more de- erving the Consulship , than he the Empire. I ove and commend a true good Fame , because t is the shadow of Virtue , not that it doth any good o the Body which it accompanies , but 'tis an effica- cious shadow , and like that of St. *Peter* cures the Diseases of others. The best kind of Glory,no doubt, is that which is reflected from Honesty , such as was the Glory of *Cato* and *Aristides* , but it was harmful

to them both, and is seldom beneficial to any m
whilst he lives, what it is to him after his death,
cannot say, because, I love not *Philosophy* mere
notional and conjectural, and no man who has m
de the Experiment has been so kind as to come ba
to inform us. Upon the whole matter, I accou
a person who has a moderate Mind and Fortun
and lives in the conversation of two or thr
agreeable friends, with little commerce in the wor
besides, who is esteemed well enough by his fe
neighbours that know him, and is truly irreproac
able by any body, and so after a healthful quiet li
before the great inconveniencies of old age, go
more silently out of it than he came in, (for I wou
not have him so much as Cry in the *Exit.*) This I
nocent Deceiver of the word, as *Horace* calls hi
this *Muta Persona*, I take to have been more hap
in his Part, than the greatest Actors that fill the St
ge with show and noise, nay, even than *Augusti*
himself, who askt with his last breath, Wheth
he had not played his *Farce* very well.

Seneca, ex Thyeste,
Act. 2. Chor.

Stet quicunque volet, potens
Aulæ culmine lubrico, &c.

Upon the slippery tops of humane State,
The guilded Pinnacles of Fate,
Let others proudly stand, and for a while
The giddy danger to beguile,
With Joy, and with disdain look down on all,
Till their Heads turn, and down they fall.
Me, O ye Gods, on Earth, or else so near
That I no Fall to Earth may fear:
And, O ye gods, at a good distance seat
From the long Ruines of the Great.
Here wrant in th' Arms of Quiet let me ly;
Quiet, Companion of Obscurity.
Here let my Life, with as much silence slide,

As Time that measures it does glide.
Nor let the Breath of Infamy or Fame,
From town to town Eccho about my Name.
Nor let my homely Death embroidered be
With Scutheon or with Elegie.
An old *Plebean* let me Dy,
Alas, all then are such as well as I.
To him, alas, to him, I fear,
The face of Death will terrible appear:
Who in his life flattering his senceless pride
By being known to all the world beside,
Does not him self, when he is Dying know
Nor what he is, nor Whither hee's to go.

---

4. *Of Agriculture.*

THE first wish of *Virgil* (as you will find anon by his Verses) was to be a good Philosopher, the second, a good Husbandman; and God (whom he seem'd to understand better than most of the most learned Heathens) dealt with him just as he did with *Salomon*; because he prayed for wisdom in the first place, he added all things else which were subordinately to be desir'd. He made him one of the best Philosophers, and best Husbandmen, and to adorn and communicate both those faculties, the best Poet: He made him besides all this a rich man, and a man, who desired to be no richer *O Fortunatus nimium, & bona qui sua novit*: To be a Husbandman, is but a retreat from the City to be a Philosopher, from the world, or rather, a Retreat from the world, as it is means; into the world, as it is Gods. But since Nature denies to most men the capacity or appetite, and Fortune allows but to a very few the opportunities or possibility of applying themselves wholy to Philosophy, the best mixture off Humane affairs that we can make, are the employments of a Country life. It is, as *Columella* calls it, *Res sine dubitatione*

dubitatione proxima, & quasi Consanguinea Sapientiæ, The neareſt Neighbour, or rather next i Kindred to Philoſophy. *Varro* ſayes, the Principle of it are the ſame which *Ennius* made to be the Prin ciples of all Nature: Earth, Water, Air, and the Sun It does certainly comprehend more parts of Philoſo phy than any one Profeſſion, Art of Science in th world beſides; and therefore *Cicero* ſaies, The plea
De Sen. ſures of a Husbandman, *Mihi ad ſapientis vitam pro xime videntur accedere*, Come very nigh to thoſe a Philoſopher. There is no other ſort of life that af fords ſo many branches of praiſe to a Panegyriſt: Th Utility of it to a mans ſelf The Uſefulneſs, or rathe Neceſſity of it to all the reſt of Mankind: The Inno cence, the pleaſure. the Antiquity, the Dignity. Th Utility (I mean plainly the Lucre of it) is not ſo gre now in our Nation as ariſes from Merchandiſe an the trading of the City, from whence many of th beſt Eſtates and chief Honours of the Kingdom ar derived: we have no men now fetcht from the Plow to be made Lords, as they were in *Rome* to be mad Conſuls and Dictators, the reaſon of which I con ceive to be from an evil Cuſtom, now grown a ſtrong among us, as if it were a Law, which is that no men put their Children to be bred up Appren tices in Agriculture, as in other Trades, but ſuc two are ſo poor, that when they come to be men they have not wherewithall to ſet up in it, and f can only Farm ſome ſmall parcel of ground, th Rent of which devours all but the bare Subſiſtenc of the Tenant: Whilſt they who are Proprietor of the Land, are either to proud, or, for want o that kind of Education, too ignorant to improv their Eſtates, though the means of doing it be as eaſi and certain in this as in any other track of Commerce If there were alwaies two or three thouſand youths for ſeven or eight years bound to this Profeſſion that they might learn whole Art of it, and after wards be enabled to be Maſters in it, by a moderate ſtock: I cannot doubt but that we ſhould ſee a

many

many Aldermens Estates made in the Country, as now we do out of all kind of Merchandizing in the City. There are as many wayes to be Rich, and which is better, there is no Possibility to be poor without such negligence as can neither have excuse nor Pity; for a little ground will without question feed a little family, and the superfluities of life (which are now in some cases by custome made almost necessary) must be supplyed out of the superabundance of Art and Industry, or contemned by as great a Degree of Philosophy. As for the necessity of this Art, it is evident enough, since this can live without all others, and no one other without this. This is like Speech, without which the Society of men cannot be preserved; the others like Figures and Tropes of Speech which serve only to adorn it. Many Nations have lived, and some do still, without any Art but this; not so Elegantly, I confess, but still they Live, and almost all the other Arts which we here practised, are beholding to the for most of their Materials. The Innocence of this Life is in the next thing for which I commend it, and if Husbandmen preserve not that, they are much to blame, for no men are so free from the Temptations of Iniquity. They live by what they can get by Industry from the Earth, and others by what they can catch by Graft from men. They live upon an Estate given them by their Mother, and others upon an Estate sheared from their Brethren. They live like Sheep and Kine, by the allowances of Nature, and other like Wolves and Foxes by the acquisitions of Rapine. And, I hope, I may affirm (without any offence to the Great) that Sheep and Kine are very useful, and that Wolves and Foxes are pernicious creatures. They are without dispute of all men the most quiet and least apt to be inflamed to the disturbance of the Common-wealth: their manner of Life inclines them, and Interest binds them to love Peace: In our late mad and miserable Civil Wars, all other Trades, even to the meanest, set forth

whole Troopes, and raised up some great Commanders, who became famous and mighty for the mischiefs they had done. But, I do not remember the Name of any one Husbandman who had so considerable a share in the twenty years ruine of his Country, as to deserve the Curses of his Country-men And if great delights be joy'nd with so much Innocence; I think it is ill done of men not to take them here where they are so tame, and ready at hand, rather than hunt for them in Courts and Cities, where they are so wild, and the chase so troublesome and dangerous.

We are here among the vast and noble Scenes of Nature; we are there among the pitiful shifts of Policy: We walk here in the light and open wayes of the Divine Bounty; we grope there in the dark and confused Labyrinths off Human Malice: Our senses are here feasted with the clear and genuine taste of their Objects; which are all Sophisticated there, and for the most part overwhelmed with their contraries. Here Pleasure looks (methinks) like a beautiful, constant; and modest Wife; it is there an impudent, fickle, and painted Harlot. Here is harmless and cheap Plenty, there guilty and expensful Luxury.

I shall onely instance in one Delight more, the most natural and best natur'd of all others, a perpetual companion of the Husbandman; and that is, the satisfaction of looking round about him, and seeing nothing but the effects and improvements of his own Art and Diligence; to be alwayes gathering of some Fruits of it, and at the same time to behold others ripening, and others budding: to see all his Fields and Gardens covered with the beauteous Creatures of his own Industry; and to see, like od, that all his Works are Good.

----- *Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades; ipsi*
Agricolæ tacitum pertentant gaudia Pectus.

On his heart-strings a secret Joy does strike;

The

The Antiquity of his Art is certainly not to be contested by any other. The three first men in the World, were a Gardner, a Ploughman, and a Grazier; and if any man object, That the Second of these was a Murtherer, I desire he would consider, that as soon as he was so, he quitted our Profession, and turn'd Builder. It is for this reason, I suppose, that *Ecclesiasticus* Forbids us to hate Husbandry; because (sayes he) the most High has created it. *Cap. 7.* We were all Born to this Art, and taught by Nature to nourish our bodies by the same Earth out of which they were made, and to which they must return, and pay at last for their sustenance.

Behold the Original and Primitive Nobility of all those great Persons, who are to proud now, not onely to till the Ground, but almost to tread upon it. We may talke what we please of Lilies and Lions Rampant, and Spread Eagles in Fields d'Or, or d'Argent; But if Heraldry were guided by Reason, a Plough in a Field Arable, would be the most Noble and Antient Armes.

All these considerations make me fall into the wonder and complaint of *Columella*, How it should come to pass that all Arts or Sciences, (for the dispute, which is an Art, and which a Science, does not belong to the curiosity of us Husbandmen) *Metaphysick*, *Physick*; *Morality*, *Mathematicks*, *Logick*, *Rhetorick*, &c. which are all, I grant, good and usefull faculties, except onely *Metaphysick* which I do not know whether it be any thing or no) but even *Vaulting*, *Fencing*, *Dancing*, *Attiring*, *Cookery*, *Carving*, and such like Vanities. should all have publick Schools and Masters; and yet that we should never see or hear of any man who took upon him the Profession of teaching this so pleasant, so virtuous, so profitable, so honourable, so necessary Art.

A man would think, when he's in serious humour, that it were but a vain, irrational and ridiculous thing, for a great company of Men and Women to run up and down in a Room together, in a hundred

several pastures and figures, to no purpose, and with no design; and therefore Dancing was invented first, and onely practised anciently in the Ceremonies of the Heathen Religion, which consisted all in Mommery and Madness; the latter being the chief glory of the Worship, and accounted Divine Inspiration: This, I say, a severe Man would think, though I dare not determine so far against so customary a part now of good breeding. And yet, who is there among our Gentry, that does not entertain a Dancing Master for his Children as soon as they are able to walk? But, Did ever any Father provide a Tutor for his Son to instruct him betimes in the Nature and Improvements of that Land which he intended to leave him? That is at least a superfluity, and this a Defect in our manner of Education; and therefore I could wish (but cannot in these times much hope to see it) that one Colledge in each University were erected, and appropriated to this study, as well as there are to Medecin, and the Civil Law: There would be no need of making a Body of Scholars and Fellowes, with certain endowments, as in other Colledges; it would suffice, if after the manner of Halls in *Oxford*, there were only four Professors constituted (for it would be too much work for onely one Master, or Principal, as they call him there) to teach these four parts of it. First, *Aration*, and all things relating to it. Secondly, *Pasturage*. Thirdly, *Gardens*, *Orchards*, *Vineyards* and *Woods*. Fourthly, All parts of *Rural Oeconomy*, which would contain the Government of *Bees*, *Swine*, *Poultry*, *Decoys*, *Ponds*, &c. and all that which *Varro* calls *Villaticas Pastiones*, together with the Sports of the Field [which ought to be looked upon not onely as Pleasures, but as parts of House-keeping) and the Domestical conservation and uses of all that is brought in by Industry abroad. The business of these Professors should not be, as is commonly practised in other Arts, onely to read Pompous and superficial Lectures out of *Virgils Georgickes*, *Pliny*, *Varro*,

or *Columella*, but to instruct their Pupils in the whole Method and course of this study, which might be run through perhaps with diligence in a year or two; and the continual succession of Scholars upon a moderate taxation for their Diet, Lodging, and Learning, would be a sufficient constant revenue for Maintenance of the House and the Professors, who should be men not chosen for the Ostentation of Critical Litterature, but for solid and experimental Knowledge of the things they teach such Men; so industrious and publick spirited as I conceive Mr. *Hartlib* to be; if the Gentleman be yet alive: But it is needless to speak farther of my thoughts of this Design, unless the present Disposition of the Age allowed more probability of bringing it into execution. What I have further to say of the Country Life, shall be borrowed from the Poets, who were alwayes the most faithful and affectionate friends to it. Poetry was Born among the Shepherds.

Nescio qua Natale solum dulcedine Musas
Ducit, & immemores non sinit esse sui.

The Muses still love their own Native place,
T'has secret Charms which nothing can deface.

The truth is, no other place is proper for their work; one might as well undertake to Dance in a Crowd, as to make good Verses in the midst of Noise and Tumult.

As well might Corn as Verse in Cities grow;
In vain the thankless Glebe we Plow and Sow,
Against th'unnatural Soil in vain we strive;
'T is not a Ground in which these Plants will thrive.

It will bear nothing but the Nettles or Thornes of *Satyre*, which grow most naturally in the worst Earth; And therefore almost all Poets, except those who were not able to eat Bread without the boun-

ty of Great men, that is, without what they could get by Flattering of them, have not onely withdrawn themselves from the Vices and Vanities of the Grand World(*Pariter vitiisque Jocisque Altius humanis exeruere caput*) into the innocent happiness of a retired Life; but have commended and adorned nothing so much by their Ever-living Poems. *Hesiod* was the first or second Poet in the World that remaines yet extant (if *Homer*, as some think, preceded him,but I rather believe they were Contemporaries) and he is the first VVriter too of the Art of Husbandry: He has contributed(sayes *Columella*) not a little to our Profession; I suppose he means not a little Honour, for the matter of his Instructions is not very important: His great Antiquity is visible through the Gravity and simplicity of his Stile. The most Acute of all his sayings concerns our purpose very much, and is couched in the reverend obscurity of an Oracle. Πλέον ἥμισυ παντός. The half is more than the whole. The occasion of the speech is this; His Brother *Perses* had by corrupting some great men (Βασιλῆας Δωροφάγους, Great Bribe-eaters he calls them) gotten from him the half of his Estate. It is no Matter, (says he) they have not done me so much prejudice, as they imagine.

Νήπιοι, οὐδ' ἴσασιν ὅσῳ πλέον ἥμισυ παντὸς,

Οὐδ' ὅσον ἐν μαλάχῃ τε καὶ ἀσφοδέλῳ μεγάλ' ὄνειαρ,

Κρύπτουσιν γὰρ ἔχουσι θεοὶ βίον ἀνθρώποισι.

Unhappy they to whom God has not reveal'd
By a stronghLight which must their sece controle,
That half's a great Estate's more than the whole:
Unhappy, from whom still conceal'd does lie
Of Roots and Herbs, the wholesome Luxurie.

This I conceive to have been Honest *Hesiods* mea-

ning.

ning. From *Homer* we must not expect much concerning our affairs. He was Blind and could neither work in the Countrey, nor enjoy the pleasures of it, his helpless Povery was likeliest to be substained in the richest places, he was to delight the *Grecians* with fine tales of the VVars and adventures of their Ancestors; his Subject removed him from all Commerce with us, and yet, methinks, he made a shift to show his good will a little. For though he could do us no Honour in the Person of his *Hero Ulisses* (much less of *Achilles*) because his whole time was consumed in VVars and Voyages, yet he makes his Father *Laertes* a Gardener all that while, and seeking his Consolation for the absence of his son in the Pleasure of Planting and even Dunging his own grounds. Yet see he did not contemn us peasants, nay, so far was he from that insolence, that he always stiles *Eumæus*, who kept the Hogs with wonderful respect Δῖον ὑφορβὸν. The Divine Swine-herd he could ha'done no more for *Menelaus* or *Agamemnon*. And *Theocritus* (a very ancient Poet, but he was one of our own Tribe for he wrote nothing but Pastorals) gave the same Epithete to an Husbandman Ἐκάβιτο Δῖος ἀρώτης. The Divine Husbandman replyed to *Hercules*; who was but Δῖος Himself. These where Civil *Greeks*! and who understood the Dignity of our calling! among the *Romans* we have in the first place, our truly Divine *Virgil*, who, though by the favour of *Mecænas* and *Augustus* he might have been one of the chief men of *Rome*, yet chose rather to employ much of his time in the exercise, and much of his immortal wit in the praise and instructions of a Rustique Life, who though he had written before whole Books of Pastorals and *Georgiques* could not abstain in his great and Imperial Poem from describing *Euander*, one of his best Princes, as living just after the homely manner of an ordinary Countrey-man. He seats him in a Throne of Maple, and lays him but upon a Bears skin, the Kine and Oxen are lowing in his Court yard, the Birds

under

under the Eeves of his Window call him up in the morning, and when he goes abroad, only two Dogs go along with him for his guard: at last when he brings *Æneas* into his Royal Cottage, he makes him say this memorable complement, greater than ever yet was spoken at the *Escurial*, the *Louvre*, or our *Whitehall*.

------- *Hæc (inquit) limina victor*
Alcides subiit, hæc illum Regia cepit,
Aude, Hospes, contemnere opes, & te quoque dignum
Finge Deo, rebusque veni non asper egenis.

This humble Roof, this rustique Court (said He)
Receiv'd *Alcides* crown'd with victory. (trod,
Scorn not (Great Guest) the steps where he has
But contemn Wealth, and imitate a God.

The next Man whom we are much obliged to, both for his Doctrine and Example, is the next best Poet in the world to *Virgil* his dear friend *Horace*, who when *Augustus* had desired *Mecœnas* to perswade him to come and live domestically, and at the same Table with him, and to be Secretary of State of the whole World under him, or rather joyntly with him, for he says, *ut nos in Epistolis scribendis adjuvet*, could not be tempted to forsake his *Sabin*, or *Tiburtin* Mannor, for so rich and so glorious a trouble. There was never, I think, such an example as this in the world, that he should have so much moderation and courage as to refuse an offer of such greatness and the Emperour so much generosity and good Nature as not to be at all offended with his refusal, but to retain still the same kindness, and express it often to him in most friendly and familiar Letters, part of which are still extant. If I should produce all the passages of this excellent Author upon the several Subjects which I treat of in this Book, I must be obliged to transcribe half his works; of which I may say more truly than in my opinion he did of

Homer, Qui quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non plenius, & melius Chrysippo, & Crantore dicit. I shall content my self upon this particular Theme with three only, one out of his *Odes*, the other out of his *Satyrs*, the third out of his *Epistles*, and shall forbear to collect the suffrages of all other Poets, which may be found scattered up and down through all their writings, and especially in *Martials*. But I must not omit to make some excuse for the bold undertaking of my own unskilful Pencil upon the beauties of a Face that has been drawn before by so many great Masters, especially, that I should dare to do it in *Latine* verses (though of another kind) and have the confidence to Translate them. I can only say that I love the Matter, and that ought to cover many faults; and that I run not to contend with those before me, but follow to applaud them.

Virg. Georg.

O fortunatus nimium, &c.

A Translation out of *Virgil.*

OH happy, (if his Happiness he knows)
The Country Swain, on whom kind Heav'n bestows
At home all Riches that wise Nature needs;
Whom the just earth with easie plenty feeds.
'Tis true, no morning Tide of Clients comes,
And fills the painted Channels of his rooms,
A doring the rich Figures, as they pass,
In Tap'stry wrought, or cut in living brass;
Nor is his Wooll superfluously dy'd
With the dear Poyson of *Assyrian* pride:
Nor do *Arabian* Perfumes vainly spoil
The Native Use, and Sweetness of his Oyl.
In stead of these, his calm and harmless life

Free

Free from th' Alarms of Fear, and storms of Strife,
Does with substantial blessedness abound,
And the soft wings of Peace cover him round:
Through artless Grots the murmuring waters glide;
Thick Trees both against Heat and Cold provide,
From whence the Birds salute him; and his ground
With lowing Herds, and bleeting Sheep does sound;
And all the Rivers, and the Forests nigh,
Both Food and Game, and Exercise supply.
Here a well hard'ned active youth we see,
Thaught the great Art of chearful Poverty.
Here, in this place alone, there still do shine
Some streaks of Love, both humane and Divine;
From hence *Astræa* too her flight, and here
Still her last Foot-steps upon Earth appear.
'Tis true, the first desire which does controul
All the inferiour wheels that move my Soul,
Is, that the Muse me her high Priest would make;
Into her holyest Scenes of Myst'ry take,
And open there to my mind's purged eye
Those wonders which to Sense the Gods deny;
How in the Moon such chance of shapes is found:
The Moon, the changing Worlds eternal bound.
What shakes the solid Earth, what strong disease
Dares trouble the firm Centre's antient ease;
What makes the Sea retreat, and what advance:
Varieties too regular for chance.
What drives the Chariot on of Winters light,
And stops the lazy Waggon of the night.
But if my dull and frozen Blood deny,
To send forth Sp'rits that raise a Soul so high;
In the next place, let Woods and Rivers be
My quiet, though unglorious destiny.
In Life's cool vale let my low Scene be laid;
Cover me Gods, with *Tempe's* thickest shade.
Happy the Man, I grant, thrice happy he
Who can through gross effects their causes see:
Whose courage from the deeps of knowledg springs,
Not vainly fears inevitable things;
But does his walk of virtue calmly go,

Through

Through all th'allarms of Death and Hell below.
Happy! but next such conquerours, happy they,
Whose humble Life lies not in fortunes way.
They unconcern'd from their safe distant seat,
Behold the Rods and Scepters of the great.
The quarrels of the mighty without fear;
And the descent of forein Troops they hear.
Nor can even *Rome* their steddy course misguide,
With all the lustre of her perishing Pride.
Them never yet did strife or avarice draw,
Into the noise markets of the Law;
The Camps of Gowned War, nor do they live
By rules or forms that many mad men gave,
Duty for Natures Bounty they repay,
And her sole Laws religiously obey.
Some with bold Labour plow the faithless main;
Some rougher storms in Princes Courts sustain.
Some swell up their sleight sails with pop'ular fame,
Charm'd with the foolish whistlings of a Name,
Some their vain wealth to Earth again commit;
With endless cares some brooding o're it sit.
Country and Friends are by some Wretches sold,
To lie on *Tyrian* Beds and drink in Gold;
No price too high for profit can be shown;
Not Brothers blood, nor hazards of their own.
Around the World in search of it they roam,
It makes ev'n their Antipodes their home;
Mean while, the prudent Husbandman is found,
In mutual duties striving with his ground;
And half the year he care of that does take,
That half the year grateful returns does make.
Each fertill moneth does some new gifts present,
And with new work his industry content.
This, the young Lamb, that the soft Fleece doth yield,
This, loads with Hay, and that, with Corn the Field:
All sorts of Fruit crown the rich *Autumns* Pride:
And on a swelling Hill's warm stony side,
The powerful Princely Purple of the Vine,
Twice dy'd with the retoubled Sun, does shine.

In

In th' Evening to a fair ensuing day,
With joy he sees his Flocks and Kids to play;
And loaded Kyne about his Cottage stand,
Inviting with known sound the Milkers hand;
And when from wholsom labour he doth come,
With wishes to be there, and wish't for home,
He meets at door the softest humane blisses,
His chast Wives welcom, and dear Childrens kisses.

When any Rural Holy dayes invite
His Genius forth to innocent delight,
On Earths fair bed beneath some sacred shade,
Amidst his equal friends carelesly laid,
He sings thee *Bacchus* Patron of the Vine,
The Beechen Boul fomes with a cloud of Wine,
Not to the loss of reason or of strength:
To active games and manly sport at length,
Their mirth ascends, and with fill'd veins they see,
Who can the best at better trials be.
Such was the Life the prudent *Sabins* chose,
From such the old *Hetrurian* virtue rose.
Such, *Remus* and the God his Brother led,
From such firm footing *Rome* grew the World's head.

Such was the Life that ev'n till now does raise
The honour of poor *Saturns* golden dayes:
Before Men born of Earth and buried there,
Let in the Sea their mortal fate to share.
Before new wayes of perishing were sought,
Before unskilful Death on Anvils wrought.
Before those Beasts which humane Life sustain,
By Men, unless to the Gods use were slain.

Horat. Epodon.
Beatus ille qui procul, &c.

HAppy the Man whom bounteous Gods allow
With his own Hand Paternal Grounds to plough!
Like the first golden Mortals Happy he
From Business and the cares of Money free!
No humane storms break off at Land his sleep.
No loud Alarms of Nature on the Deep,
From all the cheats of Law he lives secure,
Nor does th'affronts of Palaces endure;
Sometimes the beauteous Marriagable Vine
He to the lusty Bridegroom Elm does joyn;
Sometimes he lops the barren Trees around,
And grafts new Life into the Fruitful wound;
Sometimes he's heers his Flock, and sometimes he
Stores up the Golden Treasures of the Bee.
He sees his lowing Herds walk o're the Plain,
Whilst neighbouring Hills low back to them again:
And when the Season Rich as well as Gay,
All her Autumnal Bounty does display.
How is he pleas'd th'encreasing Use to see,
Of his well trusted Labours bend the tree?
Of which large shares, on the glad sacred daies
He gives to Friends, and to the Gods repays.
With how much joy do's he beneath some shade
By aged trees rev'rend embraces made,
His careless head on the fresh Green recline,
His head uncharg'd with Fear or with Design.
By him a River constantly complaines,
The Birds above rejoyce with various strains
And in the solemn Scene their *Orgies* keep
Like Dreams mixt with the Gravity of sleep,
Sleep which does alwaies there for entrance wait
And nought within against it shuts the gate.
Nor does the roughest season of the sky,
Or sullen *Jove* all sports to him deny,
He runs the *Mazes* of the nimble Hare,
His well-mouth'd Dogs glad concert rends the air,
Or with game bolder, and rewarded more,
He drives into a Toil, the foaming Bore, Here

Here flies the Hawk t'assault, and there the Net
To intercept the travailing foul is set.
And all his malice, all his craft is shown
In innocent wars, on beasts and birds alone.
This is the life from all misfortune free,
From thee the Great one, Tyrant Love, from Thee;
And if a chaste and clean, though homely wife
Be added to the blessings of this Life,
Such as the antient Sun burn *Sabins* were,
Such as *Apulia*, frugal still, does bear,
Who makes her Children and the house her care,
And joyfully the work of Life does share,
Nor thinks her self too noble or too fine
To pin the sheepfold or to milch the Kine,
Who waits at door against her Husband come
From rural duties, late, and wearied home,
Where she receives him with a kind embrace,
A chearfull Fire, and a more chearful Face:
And fills the Boul up to her homely Lord,
And with domestique plenty loads the board.
Not all the lustful Shel-fish of the Sea,
Drest by the wanton hand of Luxurie,
Nor *Ortalans* nor *Godwits* nor the rest
Of costly names that glorify a Feast,
Are at the Princely tables better cheer,
Than Lamb and Kid, Lettice and Olives here,

The Countrey Mouse.

A Paraphrase upon Horace, 2 *Book*, Satyr. 6.

AT the large foot of a fair hollow tree,
Close to plow'd ground, seated commodiously
His antient and Hereditary House,
There dwelt a good substantial Country-Mouse:
Frugal, and grave, and carefull of the main,
Yet, one, who once did nobly entertain
A City Mouse well coated, sleek, and gay,
A Mouse of high degree, which lost his way,
Wantonly walking forth to take the Air,

And arriv'd early, and belighted there;
For a days lodging: the good hearty Hoast,
(The antient plenty of his hall to boast)
Did all the stores produce, that might excite,
With various tasts, the Courtiers appetite.
Fitches and Beans, Peason, and Oats, and Wheat,
And a large Chesnut, the delicious meat
Which *Jove* himself, were he a Mouse, would eat.
And for a *Haut goust* there was mixt with these
The swerd of Bacon, and the coat of Cheese.
The precious Reliques, which at Harvest, he
Had gather'd from the Reapers luxurie.
Freely (said he) fall on and never spare,
The bounteous Gods will for to morrow care.
And thus at ease on beds of straw they lay,
And to their Genius sacrific'd the day.
Yet the nice guest's Epicurean mind,
(Though breeding made him civil seem and kind)
Despis'd this Country feast, and still his thought
Upon the Cakes and Pies of *London* wrought.
Your bounty and civility (said he)
Which I'm surpriz'd in these rude parts to see,
Shews that the Gods have given you a mind,
Too noble for the fate which here you find.
Why should a Soul, so virtuous, and so great,
Lose it self thus in an Obscure retreat?
Let savage Beasts lodg in a Country Den,
You should see Towns, and Manners know, and men;
And taste the generous Lux'ury of the Court,
Where all the Mice of quality resort;
Where thousand beauteous shees about you move,
And by high fare, are plyant made to love.
We all e're long must render up our breath,
No cave or hole can shelter us from death.
Since Life is so uncertain, and so short,
Let's spend it all in feasting and in sport.
Come, worthy Sir, come with me, and partake,
All the great things that mortals Happy make.
Alas, what virtue hath sufficient Arms,
T'oppose bright Honour, and soft Pleasures charms?

What

What wisdom can their magick force repel?
It draws this reverend Hermit from his Cel.
It was the time, when witty Poets tell,
That Phœbus *into* Thetis *bosom fell:*
She blusht at first, and then put out the light,
And drew the modest Curtains of the night.
Plainly, the troth to tell, the Sun was set,
When to the Town our wearied Travellers get,
To a Lords house, as Lordly as can be
Made for the use of Pride and Luxury,
They come; the gentle Courtier at the door
Stops and will hardly enter in before.
But 't is, Sir, your command, and being so,
I'm sworn t'obedience: and so in they go.
Behind a hanging in a spacious room,
[*The* richest work of *Mortclakes* noble Loom]
They wait a while wearied limbs to rest,
Till silence should invite them to their feast.
About the hour that Chyntia's *Silver light,*
Had touch'd the pale Meridies of the night;
At last the various Supper being done,
It happened that the Company was gone,
Into a room remote, Servants and all,
To please their noble fancies with a Ball.
Our host leads forth his stranger, and do's find,
All fitted to the bounties of his mind.
Still on the Table half-fill'd dishes stood,
And with delicious bits the floor was strow'd.
The courteous mouse presents him with the best,
And both with fat varieties are blest,
Th'industrious Peasant every where does range,
And thanks the gods for his Life's happy change.
Loe, in the midst of a well fraited Pye,
They both at last glutted and wanton lye.
When see the sad Reverse of prosperous fate,
And what fierce storms on mortal glories wait.
With hideous noise, down the rude servants come
Six dogs before run barking into th'room;
The wretched gluttons fly with wild affright,
And hate the fulness which retards their flight.

Ou

Our trembling Pleasant wishes now in vain,
That Rocks and Mountains cover'd him again.
Oh how the change of his poor life he curst!
This, of all lives (said he) is sure the worst.
Give me again, *ye gods*, my Cave and wood;
With peace, let cares and acorns by my food.

A Paraphrase upon the 8o^th. *Epistle of the first Book of* Horace.

Horace *to* Fuscus Aristius.

HEalth, from the lover of the Country me,
Health, to the lover of the City thee,
A difference in our souls, this only proves,
In all things else, w'agree like married doves.
But the warm nest, and crowded dove house thou
Dost like; I loosly fly from bough to bough,
And Rivers drink, and all the shining day,
Upon fair Trees, or mossy Rocks I play;
In fine, I live and reign when I retire
From all that you equal with Heaven admire.
Like one at last from the Priests service fled,
Loathing the honie'd Lakes, I long for Bread.
Could I a house for happiness erect,
Nature alone should be the Architect.
He'd build it more convenient, than great,
And doubtless in the Country choose her seat.
Is there a place, doth better helps supply,
Against the wounds of Winters cruelty?
Is there an Ayr that gent'ler does asswage
The mad Celestial Dogs, or Lyons rage?
Is it not there that sleep (and only there)
Or noise without, nor cares within does fear?
Does art through pipes, a purer water bring,
Than that which nature straines into a spring?
Can all your Tap'stries, or your Pictures show
More beauties than in herbs and flowers do grow?
Fountains and trees our wearied Pride do please,
Even in the midst of gilded Palaces. And

And in your towns that prospect gives delight,
Which opens round the country to our sight.
Men to the good, from which they rashly fly,
Return at last, and their wild Luxury
Does but in vain with those true joyes contend,
Which Nature did to mankind recommend.
The man who changes gold for burnisht Brass,
Or small right Gems, for larger ones of glass:
Is not, at length; more certain to be made
Ridiculous, and wretched by the trade,
Than he, who sells a solid good, to buy
The painted goods of Pride and Vanity.
If thou be wise, no glorious fortune choose,
Which 't is but pain to keep, yet grief to loose.
For, when we place even trifles, in the heart,
With trifles too, unwillingly we part.
An humble Roof, plain bed, and homely board,
More clear, untainted pleasures do afford,
Then all the Tumult of vain greatness brings
To Kings, or to the favorites of Kings.
The horned Deer by Nature arm'd so well,
Did with the Horse in Common pasture dwell;
And when they fought, the field it alwayes wan;
Till the ambitious Horse begg'd help of Man,
And took the bridle, and thenceforth did reign
Bravely alone, as Lord of all the plain:
But never after could the Rider get
From off his back, or From his mouth the bit.
So they, who poverty too much do fear,
T'avoid that weight, a greather burden bear;
That they might Pow'r above their equals have,
To cruel Masters they themselves enslave.
For Gold, their Liberty exchang'd we see,
That fairest flow'r, which crowns Humanity.
And all this mischief does upon them light,
Only, because they know not how, aright,
That great, but secret, Happiness to prize,
That's laid up in a Little; for the Wise:
That is the best, and easiest Estate,
Which to a man fits close, but not too strait;

'Tis

Tis like a shooe; it pinches, and it burns,
Too narrow; and too large it overturns.
My dearest friend, stop thy desires at last,
And chearfully enjoy the wealth thou hast.
And, if me still seeking for more you see,
Chide and reproach, despise and laugh at me.
Money was made, not to command our will,
But all our lawful pleasures to fulfil.
Shame and wo to us, if we our wealth obey;
The Horse doth with the Horse man run away.

The Country Life.

Libr. 4. *Plantarum.*

BLest be the man (and blest he is) whom 'ere
(Plac'd far out of the roads of Hope or Fear)
A little Field, and little Garden feeds;
The Field gives all that Frugal Nature needs,
The wealthy Garden liberally bestows
All she can ask, when she luxurious grows.
The Specious inconveniences, that wait
Upon a life of Business, and of State,
He sees (nor does the sight disturb his rest)
By Fools desir'd, by wicked men possest.
Thus, thus (and this deserv'd great *Virgils* praise)
The old *Corycian* Yeomen past his daies,
Thus his wise life *Abdolonymus* spent:
Th' Ambassadours which the great Emp'rour sent
To offer him a Crown, with wonder found
The reverend Gard'ner howing of his Ground,
Unwillingly and slow and discontent,
From his lov'd Cottage, to a Throne he went?
And oft he stopt in his triumphant way,
And oft lookt back, and oft was heard to say
Not without sighs, Alas, I there forsake
A Happier Kingdom than I go to take.
Thus *Aglaüs* (a man unknown to men,
But the gods knew and therefore lov'd him Then)
Thus liv'd obscurely then without a Name,

Aglaüs now consign'd t'eternal Fame.
For *Gyges*, the rich King, wicked and great,
Presum'd at wise *Apollos Delphick* seat
Presum'd to ask, Oh thou, the whole Worlds Eye,
See'st thou a Man, that Happier is than I?
The God who scorn'd to flatter Man, reply'd,
Aglaüs Happier is. But *Gyges cry'd*,
In a proud rage, Who can that *Aglaüs* be?
We have heard as yet of no such King as Hee.
And true it was through the whole Earth around
No King of such a Name was to be found.
Is some old *Hero* of that name alive,
Who his high race does from the Gods derive?
Is it some mighty General that has done,
Wonders in fight, and God-like honours wone?
Is it some men of endless wealth, said he?
None, none of these; who can this *Aglaüs* bee?
After long search and vain inquiries past,
In an obscure *Arcadian* Vale at last,
(The *Arcadian* life has always shady been.
Near *Sopho's* Town (which he but once had seen)
This *Aglaüs* who Monarchs Envy drew,
Whose Happiness the Gods stood witness too,
This mighty *Aglaüs* was labouring found,
With his own Hands in his own little ground.
So, gracious God, (if it may lawful be,
Among those foolish gods to mention Thee)
So let me act, on such a private stage,
The last dull Scenes of my declining Age;
After long toiles and Voyages in vain,
This quiet Port let my tost Vessel gain,
Of Heavenly rest, this Earnest to me lend,
Let my Life sleep, and learn to love her End.

The Garden.

To J. Evelyn *Esquyre.*

I Never had any other desire so strong, and so like to Covetousness as that one which I have had always, that I might be master at last of a small house and large garden, with very moderate conveni-

veniencies joyned to them, and there dedicate the remainder of my life only to the culture of them and study of Nature,

And there (with no design beyond my wall, whole and intire to lye,
In no unactive Ease, and no unglorious Poverty.

Or as *Virgil* has said, Shorter and Better for me, that I might there *Studiis florere ignobilis otii* (though I could wish that he had rather said, *Nobilis otii*, when he spoke of his own) But several accidents of my ill fortune have disappointed me hitherto, and do still, of that felicity; for though I have made the first and hardest step to it, by abandoning all ambitions and hopes in this World, and by retiring from the noise of all business and almost company, yet I stick still in the Inn of a hired House and Garden, among Weeds and Rubbish; and without that pleasantest work of Human Industry, the Improvement of something which we call (not very properly, but yet we call) Our Own. I am gone out from *Sodom*, but I am not arrived at my Little *Zoar*. *O let me escape thither* (*Is it not a Little one? and my Soul shall live.*) I do not look back yet; but I have been forced to stop, and make too many halts. You may wonder, Sir, (for this seems a little too extravagant and Pindarical for *Prose* what I mean by all this Preface; It is to let you know, That though I have miss't, like a Chymist, my great End, yet I account my affections and endeavours well rewarded by something that I have met with by the by; which is, that they have produced to me some part in your kindness and esteem; and thereby the honour of having my Name so advantagiously recommended to Posterity, by the *Epistle* you are pleased to prefix to the most useful Book that has been written in that kind, and which is to last as long as Moneths and Years.

Among many other *Arts* and *Excellencies* which you enjoy, I am glad to find this Favourite of mine the most predominant, That you choose this for your Wife, though you have hundreds of other Arts

for your Concubines; Though you know them, and beget Sons upon them all (to which you are rich enough to allow great Legacies) yet the issue of this seemes to be designed by you to the main of the Estate; you have taken most pleasure in it, and bestow'd most charges upon its Education: and I doubt not to see that Book, which you are pleased to Promise to the World, and of which you have given us a Large Earnest in your Calendar, as Accomplisht, as any thing can be expected from an *Extraordinary Wit*, and no ordinary Expences, and a long Experience. I know no body that possesses more private happiness than you do in your Garden; and yet no man who makes his happiness more publik, by a free communication of the Art and Knowledge of it to others. All that I my self am able yet to do, is onely to recommend to Mankind the search of that Felicity, which you Instruct them how to Find and to Enjoy.

1.

Happy art Thou, whom God does bless
With the full choice of thine own Happiness;
And happier yet, because thou'rt blest
With prudence, how to choose the best:
In Books and Gardens thou hast plac'd aright
Things which thou well dost understand;
And both dost make with thy laborious hand
Thy noble, innocent delight: (meet
And in thy virtuous Wife, where thou again dost
Both pleasures more refin'd and sweet:
The fairest Garden in her Looks,
And in her Mind the wisest Books.
O; Who would change these soft, yet solid joys,
For empty shows and senceless noys;
And all which rank Ambition breeds,
Which seem such beauteous Flowers, and are such
poisonous Weeds?

2.

When God did Man to his own Likeness make,
As much as Clay, though of the purest kind,

By

By the great Potters art refin'd;
Could the Divine Impression take,
He thought it fit to place him, where
A kind of Heaven too did appear,
As far as Earth could such a Likeness bear:
That man no happiness might want,
Which Earth to her first Master could afford;
He did a Garden for him plant
By the quick Hand of his Omnipotent World.
As the chief Help and Joy of human life,
He gave him the first Gift; first ev'n before a Wife.

3.

For God, the universal Architect,
T'had been as easie to erect
A Louvre or Escurial, or a Tower
That might with Heav'n communication hold,
As *Babel* vainly thought to do of old:
He wanted not the skill or power,
In the Worlds Fabrick those were shown;
And the Materials were all his own.
But well he knew what place would best agree
With Innocence, and with Felicity:
And we elsewhere still seek for them in vain,
If any part of either yet remain;
If any part of either we expect,
This may our Judgment in the search direct;
God the first Garden made, and the first City, *Kain.*

4.

Ohblessed shades! O gentle cool retreat
From all th'immoderate Heat,
In which the frantick World does Burn and Sweat!
This does the Lion Star, Ambitions rage;
This Avarice, the Dogstars Thirst assuage;
Every where else their fatal power we see,
They make and rule Mans wretched Destiny:
They neither Set, nor Disappear,
But tyrannize o're all the Year;
Whilst we ne're feel their Flame or Influence here.
The Birds that dance from Bough to Bough,

And Sing above in every Tree,
Are not from Fears and Cares more free,
Then we who Lie, or Sit, or Walk below,
And should by right be Singers too.
What princes Quire of Musick can excell
That which within this shade does dwell?
To which we nothing Pay or Give,
They like all other Poets live,
Without reward, or thanks for their obliging pains;
'Tis well if they become not Prey:
The whistling Winds add their less artfull strains,
And a grave Base the murmuring Fountains play;
Nature does all this Harmony bestow,
But to our Plants, Arts Musick too,
The Pipe, Theorbo, and Guitarr we owe;
The Lute it self, which once was Green and Mute,
When *Orpheus* strook th'inspired Lute,
The Trees danc'd round, and understood
By Sympathy the Voice of Wood.

5.

These are the Spels that to kind Sleep invite,
And nothing does within resistance make,
Which yet we moderately take;
Who would not choose to be awake,
While he's encompast round with such delight;
To th' Ear, the Nose, the Touch, the Tast & Sight?
When *Venus* would her dear *Ascanius* keep
A Prisoner in the Downy Bands of Sleep,
She Od'rous Herbs and Flowers beneath him spread
As the most soft and sweetest Bed;
Not her own Lap would more have charm'd his Head.
Who, that has Reason, and his Smell,
Would not among Roses and Jasmin dwell,

Rather

Rather than all his spirits choak
With Exhalations of Durt and Smoak?
And all th'uncleanness which does drown
In Pestilential Clouds a populous Town?
The Earth it self breaths better Perfumes here,
Than all the Femal Men or Women there,
Not without cause, about them bear.

6.

When *Epicurus* to the World had taught,
That Pleasure was the chiefest Good,
(And was perhaps i'th'right, of rightly understood)
His Life he to his Doctrine brought,
And in a Gardens shade that Sovereign Pleasure sought:
Whoever a true Epicure would be,
May there find cheap and virtuous Luxurie.
Vetelius his Table, which did hold
As many Creatures as the Ark of old:
That Fiscal Table, to which every day
All Countries did a constant Tribute pay,
Could nothing more delicious afford,
Than Natures Liberalitie,
Helpt with a little Art and Industry,
Allows the meanest Gard'ners board,
The wanton Tast no Fish, or Fowl can choose,
For which the Grape or Melon she would lose,
Though all th'inhabitants of Sea and Air
Be listed in the Gluttons bill of Fare;
Yet still the Fruits of Earth wee see
Plac'd the Third Story high in all her Luxury.

7.

But with no Sence the Garden does comply;
None courts, or flatters, as it does the Eye:
When the great *Hebrew* King did almost strain
The wond'rous Treasures of his Wealth and Brain,
His Royal Southern Guest to entertain;

Though she on Silver Floores did tread,
With bright *Assyrian* Carpets on them spread,
To hide the Metals Poverty.
Though she look'd up to Roofs of Gold,
And nought around her could behold
But Silk and rich Embrodery,
And *Babylonian* Tapestry,
And wealthy *Hirams* Princely Dy:
Though *Ophirs* Starry Stones met every where her Eye;
Though She her self, and her gay Host were drest
With all the shining glories of the East;
When lavish Art her costly work had done,
The honour and the Prize of Bravery
Was by the Garden from the Palace won;
And every Rose and Lilly there did stand
Better attir'd by Natures hand:
The case thus judg'd against the King we see,
By one that would not be so Rich, though Wiser far than He.

S.

Nor does this happy place onely dispence
Such various Pleasures to the Sence;
Here Health it self does live,
That Salt of Life, which does to all a relish give;
Its standing Pleasure, and Intrinsick Wealth,
The Bodies Virtue, and the Souls good Fortune Health.
The Tree of Life, when it in *Eden* stood,
Did its immortal Head to Heaven rear;
It lasted a tall Cedar till the Flood;
Now a small thorny Shrub it does appear;
Nor will it thrive too every where:
It alwayes here is freshest seen;
'Tis onely here an Ever green.
If through the strong and beauteous Fence
Of Temperance and Innocence,
And wholsome Labours, and a quiet Mind,
Any Diseases passage find,

They

They must not think here to assail
A Land unarm'd, or without a Guard;
They must fight for it, and dispute it hard,
Before they can prevail:
Scarce any Plant it growing here
Which against Death some Weapon does not bear.
Let Cities boast, That they provide
For Life the Ornaments of Pride;
But 'tis the Country and the Field,
That furnish it with Staffe and Shield.

9.

Where does the Wisdom and the Power Divine
In a More bright and sweet Reflection shine?
Where do we finer strokes and colours see
Of the Creators Real Poetry,
Than when we with attention look
Upon the Third Dayes Volume of the Book?
If we could open and intend our Eye,
We all like *Moses* should espy
Ev'n in a Bush the radiant Deitie.
But we despise these his Inferiour wayes,
(Though no less full of Miracle and Praise)
Upon the Flowers of Heaven we gaze;
The Stars of Earth no wonder in us raise,
Though these perhaps do more than they,
The life of Mankind sway.
Although no part of mighty Nature be
More stor'd with Beauty, Power, and Mysterie;
Yet to encourage human Industrie,
God has so ordered, that no other part
Such Space, and such Dominion leaves for Art.

10.

We no where Art do so triumphant see,
As when it Grafs or Buds the Tree:
In other things we count it to excell,
If it a Docile Scholar can appear
To nature, and but imitate her well;
It over-rules, and is her Master here.

It imitates her Makers Power Divine,
And changes her sometimes, and sometimes does refine:
It does, like Grace, the Fallen Tree restore
To its blest state of Paradise before:
Who would not joy to see his conquering hand
Ore all the Vegetable World command?
And the wild Giants of the Wood receive
What Laws he's pleas'd to give?
He bids th'il-natur'd Crab produce
The gentler Apples Winy Juice;
The golden fruit that worthy is.
Of *Galatea*'s purple kiss;
He does the savage Hawthorn teach
To bear the Medlar and the Pear,
He bids the rustick Plum to rear
A noble Trunk, and be a Peach.
Even *Daphnes* coyness he does mock,
And weds the Cherry to her stock,
Though she refus'd *Apolloes* suit,
Even she, that chast and Virgin Tree,
Now wonders at her self, to see
That she's a mother made, and blushes in her fruit.

II.

Methinks I see great *Diocletian* walk
In the *Salonian* Gardens noble shade,
Which by his own Imperial hands was made:
I see him smile (methinks) as he does talk
With the Ambassadors, who come in vain,
T'entice him to a throne again.
If I, my Friends (said he) should to you show
All the delights, which in these Gardens grow;
'Tis likelier much, that you should with me stay,
Than 'tis that you should carry me away:
And trust me not, my Friends, if every day
I walk not here with more delight,
Than ever after the most happy fight,
In Triumph, to the Capitol, I rod,
To thank the gods, & to be thought, my self almost a god.

6. Of

6. *Of Greatness.*

SInce we cannot attain to Greatness, (saies the *Sieur de Montaign*) let's have our revenge by railing at it: this he spoke but in Jest. I believe he desired it no more than I do, and had less reason, for he enjoyed so plentiful and honourable a fortune in a most excellent Country, as allowed him all the real conveniences of it, separated and purged from the Incommodities. If I were but in his condition; I should think it hard measure, without being convinced of any crime, to be sequestred from it and made one of the Principal Officers of State. But the Reader may think that what I now say, is of small authority, because I never was, nor ever shall be put to the tryal: I can therefore only make my Protestation,

If ever I more riches did desire
Then Cleanliness and quiet do require.
If e're Ambition did my Fancy cheat,
With any wish, so mean as to be great,
Continue, Heav'n, still from me to remove
The humble Blessings of that Life I love.

I know very many men will despise, and some pity me, for this humour, as a poor spirited fellow, but I am content, and like *Horace* thank God for being so, *Di bene fecerunt inopis me quodque pusilli Finxerunt animi.* I confess, I love Littleness almost in all things. A little convenient Estate, a little chearful House, a little Company, and a very little Feast, and if I were ever to fall in love again (which is a great Passion, and therefore, I hope, I have done with it) it would be, I think, with Prettiness, rather than with Majestical Beauty. I would neither wish that my Mistress, nor my Fortune,

should be a *Bona Roba*, nor as *Homer* uses to describe his Beauties, like a Daughter of great *Iupiter* for the statelineſs and largeneſs of her perſon, but as *Lucretius* ſaies, *Parvula, pumilio, χαριτων μία, tota merum ſal.*

VVhere there is one man of this, I believe there are a thouſand of *Senecio's* mind, whoſe ridiculous affectation of Grandeur, *Seneca* the Elder deſcribes to this effect. *Senecio* was a man of a turbid and confuſed wit, who could not endure to ſpeak any but mighty words and ſentences, till this humour grew at laſt into ſo notorious a Habit, or rather Diſeaſe, as became the ſport of the whole Town: He would have no ſervants, but huge, maſſy fellows; no plate or houſhold-ſtuff, but thrice as big as the faſhion: you may believe me, for I ſpeak it without Railery, his extravagancy came at laſt into ſuch a madneſs, that he would not put on a pair of ſhooes, each of which was not big enough for both his feet: he would eat nothing but what was great; nor touch any Fruit but Horſeplums and Pound-pears: He kept a Concubine that was a very Gyanteſs, and made her walk too alwaies in *Chiopins*, till at laſt, he got the Surname of *Senecio Grandio*, which, *Meſſala* ſaid, was not his *Cognomen*, but his *Cognomentum*: when he declaimed for the three hundred *Lacedæmonians*, who alone oppoſed *Xerxes* his Army of above three hundred thouſand, he ſtretch'd out his armes, and ſtood optiptoes, that he might appear the taller, and cryed out, in a very loud voice; I rejoyce, I rejoyce ---- VVe wondred, I remember, what new great fortune had befaln his Eminence. *Xerxes* (ſaies he) is All mine own. He who took away the ſight of the Sea, with the Canvas Vailes of ſo many ſhips --- and then he goes on ſo, as I know not what to make of the reſt, whither it be the fault of the Edition, or the Orators own burly way of Non-ſence.

This is the character that *Seneca* gives of this *Hyperbolical* Fop whom we ſtand amazed at, and yet there are very few men who are not in ſome things, and to ſome degrees *Grandio's*. Is any thing more cõmon, than to ſee our Ladies of quality wear ſuch high

ſhooes

shooes as they cannot walk in, without one to lead them? and a Gown as long again as their Body, so that they cannot stir to the next room without a Page or two to hold it up? I may safely say, That all the Ostentation of our Grandees is just like a Train of no use in the world, but horribly cumbersome and incommodious. What is all this, but all spice of *Grandio*? how tædious would this be, if we were always bound to it? I do believe there is no King, who would not rather be dispossed, than endure every day of his Reign all the Ceremonies of his Coronation. The mightiest Princes are glad to fly often from these Majestique pleasures (which is, methinks, no small disparagement to them) as it were for refuge, to the most contemptible divertisements, and meanest recreations of the vulgar, nay, even of Children. One of the most powerful and fortunate Prices of the world of late, could finde out no delight so satisfactory, as the keeping of little singing Birds, and hearing of them, and whistling to them. What did the Emperours of the whole world? If ever any men had the free and full enjoyment of all humane Greatness (nay that would nor suffice, for they would be gods too) they certainly possest it: and yet, one of them who stiled himself Lord and God of the Earth; could not tell how to pass his whole day pleasantly, without spending constant two or three hours in catching of Flies, and killing them with a bodkin, as if his Godship had been *Beelzebub*. One of his Predecessors *Nero* (who never put any bounds, nor met with any stop to his Appetite) could divert himself with no pastime more agreeable, than to run about the streets all night in a disguise, and abuse the women, and affront the men whom he met, and sometimes to beat them, and sometimes to be beaten by them: This was one of his Imperial nocturnal pleasures. His chiefest in the day, was to sing and play upon a Fiddle, in the habit of a Minstril, upon the publick stage: he was prouder of the Garlands that were given to his Divine voice (as they called it then) in those kind of Prizes, than all his Forefathers were, of their Triumphs over nations:

He

He did not at his death complain, that so mighty an Emperour and the last of all the *Cæsarian* race of Deities, should be brought to so shameful and miserable an end, but only cryed out, Alas, what pity 'tis that so excellent a Musician should perish in this manner! His Uncle *Claudius* spent half his time at playing at Dice, that was the main fruit of his Soveraignty. I omit the madnesses of *Caligula*'s delights, and the execrable sordidnes of those of *Tiberius*. Would one think that *Augustus* himself, the highest and most fortunate of mankind, a person endowed too with many excellent parts of Nature, should be so hard put to it sometimes for want of recreations, as to be found playing at Nuts and bounding stones, with little *Syrian* and *Moorish* Boyes, whose company he took delight in, for their prating and their wantonness?

Was it for this, that *Romes* best blood he spilt,
With so much Falshood, so much guilt?
Was it for this that his Ambition strove,
To æqual *Cæsar* first, and after *Jove*?
Greatness is barren sure of solid joyes;
Her Merchandize (I fear) is all in toyes;
She could not else sure so uncivil be,
To treat his universal Majesty,
His new-created Deity,
With Nuts and Bounding-stones and Boys.

But we must excuse her for this meager entertainment, she has not really where withall to make such Feasts as we imagine, her Guests must be contended sometimes with but slender Cates, and with the same cold meats served over and over again, even till they become Nauseous. When you have pared away all the Vanity what solid and natural contentment does there remain which may not be had with five hundred pounds a year? not so many servants or horses; but a few good ones, which will do all the business as well: not so many choice dishes at every meal, but at several meals, all of them, which makes them both the more healthy, and the more

pleasant:

pleasant: not so rich garments, nor so frequent changes, but as warm and as comely, and so frequent change too, as is every jot as good for the Master, though not for the Tailor, or *Valet de chambre*: not such a stately Palace, nor guilt rooms, or the costliest sorts of Tapestry; but a convenient brick house, with decent Wainscot, and pretty Forest work hangings. Lastly, (for I omit all other particulars, and will end with that which I love most in both conditions) not whole Woods out in walks, nor vast Parks, nor Fountain, or Cascade-Gardens; but herb, and flower, and fruit-Gardens which are more useful, and the water every whit as clear and wholesome, as if it darted from the breasts of a marble Nymph, or the Urn of a River-God. If for all this, you like better the substance of that former estate of Life, do but consider the inseparable accidents of both; Servitude, Disquiet, Danger, and most commonly Guilt, Inherent in the one; in the other Liberty, Tranquility, Security and Innocence, and when you have thought upon this, you will confess that to be a truth which appeared to you before, but a ridiculous *Paradox*, that a low Fortune is better guarded and attended than an high one, If indeed we look only upon the flourishing Head of the Tree, it appears a most beautiful object,

------- *Sed quantum vertice ad auras*
Æthereas, tantum radice ad Tartara tendit.
As far up to'wards He'ven the Branches grow,
So far the Root sinks down to Hell below.

Another horrible disgrace to greatness is, that is for the most part in pitiful want and distress: what a wonderful thing is this? unless it degenerate into Avarice, and so cease to be Greatness: It falls perpetually into such Necessities, as drive it into all the meanest and most sordid ways of Borrowing, Cousinage, and Robbery; *Mancipiis locuples eget aris Cappadocum Rex*, This is the case of almost all Great men, as well as of the poor King of *Cappadocia*. They abound with slaves; but are indigent of Money.

The

The ancient Roman Emperours, who had the Riches of the whole world for their Revenue, had wherewithal to live (one would have thought) pretty well at ease, and to have been exempt from the pressures of extream Poverty. But yet with most of them, it was much otherwise, and they fell perpetually into such miserable penury, that they were forced to devour or squeeze most of their friends and servants, to cheat with infamous projects, to ransack and pillage all their Provinces. This fashion of Imperial Grandeur, is imitated by all inferiour and subordinate sorts of it, as if it were a point of Honour. They must be cheated of a third part of their Estates, two other thirds they must expend in Vanity, so that they remain Debtors for all the Necessary Provisions of Life, and have no way to satisfie those debts, but out of the succours and supplies of Rapine, as Riches encreases (says Solomon) so do the Mouths that devour it. The Master Mouth has no more than before, The Owner, methinks, is like *Oenus* in the Fable, who is perpetually winding a Rope of Hay and an Ass at the end perpetually eating it. Out of these inconveniences arises naturally one more, which is, that no Greatness can be satisfied or contented with it self: still if it could mount up a little higher, it would be Happy, if it could gain but that point, it would obtain all it's desires; but yet at last, when it is got up to the very top of the Pic of Tenarif, it is in very great danger of breaking its neck downwards, but in no possibility of ascending upwards, into the seat of Tranquility above the Moon. The first ambitious men in the world, the old Gyants are said to have made an Heroical attempt of scaling Heaven in despight of the gods, and they cast *Ossa* upon *Olympus* and *Pelion* upon *Ossa* two or three mountains more they thought would have done their Business, but the Thunder spoild all the work, when they were come up to the third story.

And what a noble plot was crost,
And what a brave design was lost.

A famous person of their Off-spring, the late Gyant of our Nation, when from the condition of a very inconsiderable Captain, he had made himself Lieutenant General of an Army of little *Titans*, which was his first Mountain, and afterwards General, which was his second, and after that, absolute Tyrant of three Kingdoms, which was the third, and almost touch'd the Heaven which he affected, is believed to have dyed with grief and discontent, because he could not attain to the honest name of a King, and the old formality of a Crown, though he had before exceeded the power by a wicked Usurpation. If he could have compast that, he would perhaps have wanted something else that is necessary to felicity, and pined away for want of the Title of an Emperour or a God. The reason of this is, that Greatness has no reallity in Nature, but a creature of the Fancy, a Notion that consists onely in Relation and Comparison: It is indeed an Idol; but St. *Paul* teaches us, *That an Idol is nothing in the world.* There is in truth no Rising or Meridian of the Sun but onely in respect to several places: there is no Right or Left, no Upper-Hand in Nature; every thing is Little, and every thing is Great, according as it is diversly compared. There may be perhaps some Villages in *Scotland* or *Ireland* where I might be a Great Man; and in that case I should be like *Cæsar*. [you would wonder how *Cæsar* and I, should be like one another in any thing] and choose rather to be the first man of the Village, than Second at *Rome*. Our Countrey is called *Great Britany*, in regard onely of a Lesser of the same Name; it would be but a ridiculous Epithete for it, when we consider it together with the Kingdom of *China*. That too, is, but a pitiful Rood of ground in comparison of the whole Earth besides: and this whole Globe of Earth, which we account so immense a Body, is but one Point or Atome in relation to those numberless Worlds that are scattered up and down in the infinite Space of the Skie which we behold. The other many Inconvenien-

niencies of grandeur I have spoken of dispersedly in several Chapters, and shall end this with an *Ode* of *Horace*, not exactly copyed, but rudely imitated.

Horace. L. 3. Ode 1.

Odi profanum vulgus, &c.

1.

HEnce, ye Profane; I hate ye all;
Both the Great, Vulgar, and the small.
To Virgin Minds, which yet their native whiteness hold,
Not yet Discolour'd with the Love of Gold,
(That Jaundice of the Soul,
Which makes it look so Guilded and so Foul)
To you, ye very Few, these truths I tell;
The Muse inspires my Song, Heark, and observe it well.

2.

We look on Men, and wonder at such odds
'Twixt things that were the same by Birth;
We look on Kings as Giants of the Earth,
These Giants are but Pigmeys to the Gods.
The humblest Blush and proudest Oak,
Are but of equal proof against the Thunder-stroke.
Beauty and Strength, and Wit, and Wealth, and Power
Have their short flourishing hour;
And love to see themselves, and smile,
And joy in their Preeminence a while;
Even so in the same Land,
Poor Weeds, rich Corn, gay Flowers together stand;
Alas, Death Mowes down all with an impartial Hand.

3.

And all you Men, whom greatness does so please,
Ye feast (I fear) like *Damocles*.
If you your eyes could upwards move,
(But you (I fear) think nothing is above)
You would perceive by what a little thread
The Sword still hangs over your head.

No

No Tide of Wine would drown your cares;
No Mirth or Musick over-noise your feares.
The fear of Death would you so watchfull keep,
Is not t'admit the Image of it, sleep.

4.

Sleep is a God too proud to wait in Palaces;
And yet so humble too as not to scorn
The meanest Country Cottages;
His Poppey grows among the Corn.
The Halcyon sleep will never build his nest
In any stormy breast.
'Tis not enough that he does find
Clouds and Darkness in their Mind;
Darkness but half his work will do.
Tis not enough; he must find Quiet too.

5.

The man, who in all wishes he does make,
Does onely Natures Counsel take.
That wise and happy man will never fear
The evil Aspects of the Year;
Nor tremble, though two Comets should appear;
He does not look in Almanacks to see,
Whether he Fortunate shall be;
Let *Mars* and *Saturn* in th'Heavens conjoyn,
And what they please against the World design,
So *Jupiter* within him shine.

6.

If of their pleasures and desires no end be found;
God to their Cares and Fears will set no bound.
What would content you? Who can tell?
Ye fear so much to lose what you have got,
As if you lik'd it well.
Ye strive for more, as if ye lik'd it not.
Go, level Hills, and fill up Seas,
Spare nought that may your wanton Fancy please;
But trust Me, when you 'have done all this,
Much will be Missing still, and much will be Amiss.

7. *Of Avarice.*

THere are two sorts of *Avarice*, the one is but a Bastard kind, and that is, the rapacious Appetite of Gain; not for its own sake, but for the pleasure of refunding it immediately through all the Channels of Pride and Luxury. The other is the true kind, and properly so called; which is a restless and unsatiable desire of Riches, not for any farther end or use, but onely to hoard, and preserve, and perpetually encrease them. The Covetous Man, of the first kind, is like a greedy *Ostrich*, which devours any Metall, but 't is with an intent to feed upon it, and in effect it makes a shift to digest and excern it. The second is like the foolish Chough, which loves to steal Money onely to hide it. The first does much harm to Mankind, and a little good too to some few. The second does good to none; no, not to himself. The first can make no excuse to God, or Angels, or Rational Men for his actions: The second can give no Reason or colour, not to the Devil Himself for what he does; He is a slave to Mammon without wages. The first makes a shift to be beloved; and envyed too by some People: The second is the universal Object of Hatred and Contempt. There is no Vice has been so pelted with good Sentences, and especially by the Poets, who have pursued it with Stories and Fables, and Allegories, and Allusions; and moved, as we say, every Stone to fling at it: Among all which, I do not remember a more fine and Gentleman-like Correction, than that which was given it by one Line of *Ovids*.

Desunt Luxuriæ multa, Avaritiæ Omnia.
Much is wanting to Luxury, All to Avarice.

To which saying, I have a mind to add one Member and render it thus,

Poverty wants some, Luxury Many, Avarice All Things.

Some body sayes of a virtuous and wise Man

That

hat having nothing, he has all: This is just his
ntipode, VVho, having All things, yet has nothing.
e's a Guardian Eunuch to his beloved Gold; *Au-*
vi eos Amatores esse maximos sed nil potesse. They'r
ie fondest Lovers, but impotent to Enjoy.
nd, oh, VVhat Mans condition can be worse
han his, whom Plenty starves, and Blessings curse;
he Beggars but a common Fate deplore,
he Rick poor Man's Emphatically Poor.

I wonder how it comes to pass, that there has ne-
er been any Law made against him: Against him,
o I say? I mean, For him; as there a publick Pro-
isions made for all other Madmen: It is very reaso-
able that the King should appoint some persons
and I think the Courtiers would not be against this
roposition) to manage his Estate during his Life
for his Heires commonly need not that care and out
f it to make it their business to see, that he should
ot want Alimony be fitting his condition, which he
ould never get out of his own cruel fingers. VVe re-
ieve idle Vagants, and counterfeit Beggars, but ha-
e no care at all of these really Poor men, who are
methinks) to be respectfully treated in regard of
heir quality. I might be endless against them, but
am almost choakt with the super-abundance of the
Matter; Too much Plenty impoverishes me as it
loes Them. I will conclude this odious Subject with
art of *Horace's* first *Satyre*, which take in his own
amiliar stile.

I'dmire, *Mecænas*, how it comes to pass,
That no man ever yet contended was,
Nor is, nor perhaps will be with that state
In which is own choice plants him or his Fate
Happy the Merchant, the old Soldier cries,
The Merchant beaten with tempestuous skies,
Happy the Soldier one half hour to thee
Gives speedy Death or Glorious victory.
The Lawyer, knockt up early from his rest
By restless Clyents, calls the Peasant blest,
The Peasant when his Labours ill succeed,

En-

Envys the Mouth which only Talk does feed,
'Tis not (I think you'l say) that I want store
Of Instances, if here I add no more,
They are enough to reach at least a mile
Beyond long *Orator Fabius* his Stile,
But, hold, you whom no Fortune e're endears
Gentlemen, Malecontents, and Mutineers,
Who bounteous *Jove* so often cruel call,
Behold, *Jove's* now resolv'd to please you all.
Thou Souldier be a Merchant, Merchant, Thou
A Souldier be; and, Lawyer, to the Plow.
Change all your stations strait, why do they stay?
The Devil a man will change, now when he may,
Were I in General *Jove's* abused case,
By *Jove* I'de cudgel this rebellious race:
But he's too good; Be all then as you were,
However make the best of what you are,
And in that state be chearful and rejoyce,
Which either was your Fate, as was your Choice.
No, they must labour yet, and sweat and toil,
And very miserable be a while.
But 'tis with a Design only to gain
What may their Age with plenteous ease maintain.
The prudent Pismire does this Lesson teach
And industry to Lazy Mankind preach.
The little Drudge does trot about and sweat,
Nor does he strait devour all he can get,
But in his temperate Mouth carries it home
A stock for Winter which he knows must come.
And when the rowling World to Creatures here
Turns up the deform'd wrong side of the Year,
And shuts him in, with storms, and cold and wet,
He chearfully does his past labours eat:
O, does he so? your wise example, th'Ant,
Does not at all times Rest, and Plenty want.
But weighing justly 'a mortal Ants condition
Divides his Life 'twixt Labour and Fruition.
Thee neither heat, nor storms, nor wet, nor cold
From thy unnatural diligence can withhold,
To th'*Indies* thou wouldst run rather than see

An

nother, though a Friend, Richer than Thee.
ond man! what Good or Beauty can be found
n heaps of Treasure buried under ground?
Which rather than diminisht e're to see
Thou wouldst thy self too buried with them be:
nd what's the difference, is 't not quite as bad
Never to use, as never to have Had?
n thy vast Barns millions of Quarters store,
hy Belly for all that will hold no more
han mine does; every Bakers makes much Bread,
What then? He's with no more than others fed.
Do you within the bounds of Nature Live,
nd to augment your own you need not strive,
One hundred Acres will no less for you
our Life's whole business than ten thousand do.
ut pleasant 'is to take from a great store;
What, Man? though you'r resolv'd to take no more
han I do from a small one? if your Will
e but a Pitcher or a Pot to fill,
o some great River for it must you go,
When a clear spring just at your feet does flow?
ive me the Spring which does to humane use,
afe, easie, and untroubled stores produce,
He who scorns these, and needs will drink at *Nile*.
Must run the danger of the Crocodile,
nd of the rapid stream it self which may
t unawares bear him perhaps away.
n a full Flood *Tantalus* stands, his skin
Washt o're in vain, for ever dry within;
He catches at the Stream with greedy lips,
rom his touch't Mouth the wanton Torment slips:
You laugh now, and expand your careful borow;
'Tis finely said, but what's all this to you?
Change but the Name, this Fable is thy story,
Thou in a Flood of useless Wealth dost Glory,
Which thou canst only touch but never taste;
Th'abundance still, and still the want does last.
The Treasures of the Gods thou wouldst not spare,
But when they'r made thine own, they Sacred are,
And must be kept with reverence, as if thou

No

No other use of precious Gold didst know,
But that of curious Pictures to delight
With the fair stamp thy *Virtuoso* sight.
The only true, and genuine use is this;
To buy the things which *Nature* cannot miss
Without d scomfort, Oyl, and vital Bread,
And Wine by which the Life of Life is fed.
And all those few things else by which we live;
All that remains is Giv'n for thee to Give;
If Cares and Troubles, Envy, Grief and Fear,
The bitter Fruits be, which fair Riches bear,
If a new Poverty grow out of store;
The old plain way, ye Gods, let me be Poor.

A Paraphrase on an Ode in Horace's *third Boock, beginning thus,*
Inclusam Danaen turris ahenea.

A Tower of Brass, one would have said,
And Locks, and Bolts, and Iron bars;
And Guards, as strict as in the heat of wars,
Might have preserv'd one Innocent Maiden-head.
The jealous Father thought he well might spare,
All further jealous Care,
And as he walkt, t'himself alone he smil'd,
To think how *Venus* Arts he had beguil'd;
And when he slept, his rest was deep,
But *Venus* laugh'd to see and hear him sleep.
She taught the Amorous *Iove*
A Magical receit in Love,
Which arm'd him stronger, and which help'd him more,
Than all his Thunder did, and his Almighty-ship before.

2.

She taught him Loves Elixar, by which Art;
His Godhead into Gold he did convert,
No Guards did then his passage stay,
Ne pass'd with ease; Gold was the Word;

Subtle

Subtle as Lightning, bright and quik and fierce,
Gold through Doors and Walls did pierce;
And as that works sometimes upon the sword,
Melted the Maiden-head away,
Even in the secret scabbard where it lay.
The Prudent *Macedonian* King,
To blow up Towns, a Golden Mine did spring.
He broke through Gates with this *Petar*,
'Tis the great Art of Peace, the Engine 'tis of War;
And Fleets and Armies follow it afar.
The Ensign 'tis at Land, and 'tis the Seamans Star,

3.

Let all the World, slave to this Tyrant be,
Creature to this Disguised Deitie,
Yet it shall never conquer me.
A Guard of Virtues will not let it pass,
And wisdom is a Tower of stronger brass.
The Muses Lawrel round my Temples spread,
'T does from this Lightnings force secure my head.
Nor will I lift it up so high,
As in the violent Meteors way to lye.
Wealth for its power do we honour and adore?
The things we hate, ill Fate, and Death, have more.

4.

From Towns and Courts, Camps of the Rich and Great,
The vast *Xerxean* Army I retreat,
And to the small Laconick forces fly,
Which hold the straights of Poverty.
Sellars and Granaries in vain we fill,
With all the bounteous Summers store,
If the Mind thirst and hunger still,
The poor rich Man's emphatically poor.
Slaves to the things we too much prize,
We Masters grow of all that we despise.

5.

A Field of Corn, a Fountain and a Wood;
Is all the Wealth by nature understood.
The Monarch on whom fertile *Nile* bestows
All which that grateful Earth can bear,

Deceives Himself; if he suppose,
That more than this falls to his share.
Whatever an Estate does beyond this afford,
Is not a rent paid to the Lord;
But is a Tax illegal and unjust,
Exacted from it by the Tyrant Lust.
Much will always wanting be,
To him who much desires. Thrice happy He
To whom the wise indulgency of Heaven,
With sparing hand, but just enough has given.

The dangers of an Honest man in much Company.

IF twenty thousand naked *Americans* were not able to resist the assaults of but twenty well-armed *Spaniards*, I see little possibility for one Honest man to defend himself against twenty thousand Knaves, who are all furnish *Cap a pe*, with the defensive arms of wordly prudence, and the offensive too of craft and malice. He will find no less odds than this against him, if he have much to do in humane affairs. The only advice therefore which I can give him, is, to be sure not to venture his person any longer in the open Campagn, to retreat and entrench himself, to stop up all Avenues, and draw up all bridges against so numerous an Enemy. The truth of it is, that a man in much business must either make himself a Knave, or else the world will make him a Fool: and if the injury went no farther than the being laught at, a wise man would content himself with the revenge of retaliation; but the case is much worse, for these civil *Cannibals* too, as well as the wild ones, not only dance about such a taken stranger, but at last devour him. A sober man cannot get too soon out of drunken company, though they be never so kind and merry among themselves, 't is not unpleasant only, but dangerous to him. Do ye wonder that a vertuous man should love to be alone?

It is

It is hard for him to be other-wise; he is so, when he is among ten thousand; neither is the Solitude so uncomfortable ro be alone without any other creature, as it is to be alone, in the midst of wild Beasts. Man is to man all kind of Beasts, a fauning Dog, a roaring Lion, a thieving Fox, a robbing Wolf, a dissembling Crocodile, a treacherous Decoy, and a rapacious Vulture. The civilest, methinks, of all Nations, are those whom we account the most barbarous, there is some moderation and good Nature in the *Toupinambaltians* who eat no men but their Enemies, whilst we learned and polite and Christian *Europeans*, like so many Pikes and Sharks prey upon every thing that we can swallow. It is the great boast of Eloquence and Philosophy, that they first congregated men dispersed, united them into Societies, and built up the Houses and the walls of Cities. I wish they coul d unravel all they had wooven; that we might have our Woods and our Innocence again instead of our Castles and our Policies. They have assembled many thousands of scattered people into one body: 'tis true, they have done so, they have brought them together into Cities, to cozen, and into Armies to murder one another; They found them Hunters and Fishers of wild creatures, they have made them Hunters and Fishers of their Brethren; they boast to have reduced them to a State of Peace, when the truth is, they have only taught them an Art of War; they have framed, I must confess, wholesome laws for the restraint of Vice, but they rais'd first that Devil which now they Conjure and cannot Bind; Though there were before no punishments for wickedness, yet there was less committed because there were no Rewards for it. But the men who praise Philosophy from this Topick are much deceived; let Oratory answer for it self, the tinckling perhaps of that may unite a Swarm: it never was the work of Philosophy to assemble multitudes, but to regulate onely, and govern them when they were assembled, to make the best of an evil, and bring

them, as much as is possible, to Unity again. Avarice and Ambition only were the first Builders of Towns, and Founders and Empire; They said, Gen. 11. 4. *Go to, let us build us a City and a Tower whose top may reach unto heaven, and let us make us a name, least we be scattered abroad upon the face of the Earth.* What was the beginning of *Rome*, the *Metropolis* of all the World? what was it, but a concourse of Thieves, and a Sanctuary of Criminals? it was justly named by the *Augury* of no less than twelve Vultures, and the Founder cimented his walls with the blood of his Brother; not unlike to this was the beginning even of the first Town too in the world, and such is the Original sin of most Cities: their Actual encrease daily with their Age and growth; the more people, the more wicked all of them; every one brings in his part to enflame the contagion, which becomes at last so universal and so strong, that no Precepts can be sufficient Preservatives, nor any thing secure our safety, but flight from among the Infected. We ought in the choice of a Situation to regard above all things the healtfulness of the place, and the healtfulness of it for the Mind rather than for the Body. But suppose (which is hardly to be supposed) we had Antidote enough against this Poison, nay, suppose farther, we were alwaies and at all pieces armed and provided both against the Assaults of Hostility, and the Mines of Treachery, 'twill yet be but an uncomfortable life to be ever in Alarms, though we were compast round with Fire, to defend ourselves from wild Beasts, the Lodging would be unpleasant, because we must always be obliged to watch that fire, and to fear no less the defects of our Guard, than the diligences of our Enemy. The summe of this is, that a virtuous man is in danger to be trod upon and destroyed in the crowd of his Contraries, nay, which is worse, to be changed and corrupted by them, and that 'tis impossible to escape both these inconveniences without

without so much caution, as will take away the whole Quiet, that is, the Happiness of his Life Ye see then, what he may lose, but, I pray, What can he get there? *Quid Romæ faciam? Mentiri nescio.* What should a man of truth and honesty do at Rome? he can neither understand, not speak the Language of the place; a naked man may swim in the Sea, but 'tis not the way to catch Fish there; they are likelier to devour him, than he them, if he bring no Nets, and use no Deceits. I think therefore it was wise and friendly advice which *Martial* gave to *Fabian*, when he met him newly arrived at *Rome*,

Honest and Poor, faithful in word and thought; *Mart. L.*
What has thee, *Fabian*, to the City brought? 3.
Thou neither the Buffoon, nor bawd canst play,
Nor with false whispers th'Innocent betray:
Nor corrupt Wives, nor from rich Beldams get
A living by thy industry and sweat;
Nor with vain promises and projects cheat,
Nor Bribe or Flatter any of the Great.
But you'r a Man of Learning, prudent, just;
A Man of Courage, firm, and fit for trust.
Why you may stay, and live unenvyed here;
But (faith) go back, and keep you where you were.

Nay, if nothing of all this were in the case, yet the very sight of Uncleanness is loathsome to the Cleanly; the sight of Folly and Impiety vexatious to the Wise and Pious.

Lucretius, by his favour, through a goot Poet; was but an illnatur'd Man, when he said, It was delightful to see other Men in a great storm: And no less ill-natur'd should I think *Democritus*, who laught at all the World, but that he retired himself so much out of it, that we may perceive he took no great pleasure in that kind of Mirth. I have been drawn twice or thrice by cõpany to go to *Bedlam*, ãd have seen others very much delighted with the fãtastical extravagãcie, of so many various madnesses, which upõ me wrough, so cõtrary an effect, that I alwayes returned not onely *Lucr. Lib. 2.*

melancholy, but ev'n sick with the sight. My compassion there was perhaps too tender, for I meet a thousand Madmen abroad, without any perturbation; though, to weigh the matter justly, the total loss of Reason is less deplorable than the total depravation of it. An exact Judge of human blessings, of Riches, Honours, Beauty, even of Wit it self, should pity the abuse of them more than the want.

Briefly, though a wise man could pass never so securely through the great Roads of human Life, yet he will meet perpetually with so many objects and occasions of compassion, grief, shame, anger, hatred, indignation, and all passions but évy (for he will find nothing to deserve that) that he had better strike into some private path; nay go so far, if he could, out of the common way. *Utnec facta audiat Pelopidarum*; that he might not so much as hear of the actions of the Sons of *Adam*. But, Whither shall we flye then? into the Deserts, like the antient Hermites?

Metam. I. *Quia terra patet fera regnat Erynnis.*
In facinus jurasse putes.

One would think that all Mankind had bound themselves by an Oath to do all the wickeness they can; that they had all (as the Scripture speaks) sold themselves to Sin: the difference onely is, that some are a little more crafty [and but a little God knows] in making of the bargain. I thought when I went first to dwell in the Countrey, that without doubt I should have met there with the simplicity of the old poetical Golden Age: I thought to have found no Inhabitans there, but such as the Shepherds of Sir *Phil. Sydney* in *Arcadia*, or of *Monsieur d'Urse* upon the Banks of *Lignon*; and began to consider with my self, which way I might recommend no less to Posterity the Happiness and Innocence of the Men of *Chertsea*: but to confess the truth. I perceived quickly, by infallible demonstrations, that I was still in old *England*, and not in *Arcadia*, or *La Forrest*; that if I could not content my self with any thing less than exact Fidelity in human conversation,

sation, I had almost as good go back and seek for it in the Court, or the Exchange, or Westminster-Hall. I ask again then Whither shall we fly, or what shall we do? The World may so come in a Mans way, that he cannot choose but Salute it, he must take heed though not to go a whoring after it. If by any lawful Vocation, or just necessity men happen to be Married to it, I can onely give them St. *Pauls* advice. *Brethren, the time is short, it remaines that they that have Wives be as though they had none. But I would that all Men were even as I my self.* 1 Cor. 7. 29. Vers. 7.

In all cases they must be sure that they do *Mundum ducere*, and not *Mundo nubere*. They must retain the Superiority and Headship over it: Happy are they who can get out of the sight of this Deceitful Beauty, that they may not be led so much as into Temptation; who have not onely quitted the Metropolis, but can abstain from ever seeing the next Market Town of their Country.

Clauaian's Old Man of *Verona*.

HAppy the Man, who his whole time doth bound
Within th'enclosure of his little ground.
Happy the Man whom the same humble place,
[Th'hereditary Cottage of his Race]
From his first rising infancy has known,
And by degrees sees gently bending down,
With natural propension to that Earth
Which both preserv'd his Life, and gave him birth.
Him no false distant lights by fortune set,
Could ever into foolish wandrings get.
He never dangers either saw, or fear'd:
The dreadful stormes at Sea he never heard.
He never heard the shrill allarms of War,
Or the worse noises of the Lawyers Bar.
No change of Consuls marks to him the year,
The change of seasons is his Calendar.
The Cold and Heat, Winter and Summer shows,

Autumn by Fruits, and Spring by Flow'rs he knows.
He measures Time by Land-marks, and has found
For the whole day the Dial of his ground.
A neighbouring Wood born with himself he sees,
And loves his old contemporary Trees.
H'as only heard of near *Verona's* Name,
And know's it like the *Indies*, but by Fame.
Does with a like concernment notice take
Of the Red-Sea, and of *Benacus* Lake.
Thus Health and Strength he to'a third age enjoyes;
And sees a long Posterity of Boys.
About the spacious World let other roam,
The Voyage Life is longest made at home.

9. *The shortness of Life and uncertainty of Riches.*

IF you should see a man who were to cros from *Dover* to *Calais*, run about very busie and sollicitous, and trouble himselfe many weeks before in making provisions for voyage, would you commend him for a cautious and discreet person, or laugh at him for a timerous and impertinent Coxcomb? A man who is excessive in his pains and diligence, and who consumes the greatest part of his time in furnishing the remainder with all conveniencies and even superfluities, is to Angels and wise men no less ridiculous; he does as little consider the shortness of his passage that he might proportion his cares accordingly. It is, alas, so narrow a streight betwixt the Womb and the Grave, that it might be called the *Pas de vie*, as well as that the *Pas de Calai*. We are all Ἐφήμεροι as *Pindar* calls us) Creatures of a day, and therefore our Saviour bounds our desires to that little space; as if it were very probable that every day should be our last, we are taught to demand even Bread for no longer a time The Sun ought no to set upon our Covetousness no more than upon our Anger, but as to God Almighty a thousand years

years are as one day, so in direct opposition, one day to the covetous man is as a thousand years; *Tam brevi fortis jaculatur ævo multa*, so far he shoots beyond his Butt: One would think he were of the opinion of the *Millenaries*, and hoped for so long a Reign upon Earth. The Patriarchs before the Flood, who enjoy'd almost such a Life, made, we are sure, less stores for the maintaining of it, they who lived Nine hundred years scarcely provided for a few days; we who live but a few days, provide at least for Nine hundred years, what a strange alteration is this of Humane Life and Manners? and yet we see an imitation of it in every mans particular experience, for we begin not the cares of Life till it be half spent, and still encrease them as that decreases. What is there among the actions of Beasts so illogical and repugnant to Reason? when they do any thing which seems to proceed from that which we call Reason, we disdain to allow them that perfection, and attribute it only to a Natural Instinct; If we could but learn to number our days (as we are taught to pray that we might) we should adjust much better our other accounts, but whilst we never consider an end of them, it is no wonder if our cares for them be without end too. *Horace* advises very wisely, and in excellent good words, *Spacio brevi spem longam reseces*, From a short Life cut off all Hopes that grow too long. They must be pruned away like suckers that choak the Mother-Plant, and hinder it from bearing fruit. And in another place to the same sence, *Vitæ Summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam*, which *Seneca* does not mend when he says, *Oh quanta dementia est spes longas inchoantium*! but he gives an example there of an acquaintanced of his named *Senecio*, who from a very mean beginning by great industry in turning about of Money through all ways of gain, had attained to extraordinary Riches but died on a suddain after having supped merrily. *In ipso actu bene cedentium rerum, in ipso procurrentis fortunæ im-*

petu, In the full course of his good Fortune, when she had a high Tide and a stiff Gale and all her Sails on; upon which occasion he cries, out of *Virgil*

Insere nunc Melibœe pyros, pone ordine vites:

Go *Melibœus* now,
Go graff thy Orchards and thy Vineyards plant;
Behold the Fruit!

For this *Senecio* I have no compassion, because he was taken as we say, in *ipso facto*, still labouring in the work of Avarice, but the poor rich man in St. *Luke* (whose case was not like this) I could pity, methinks, if the Scripture would permit me, for he seems to have been satisfied at last, he confesses he had enough for many years he bids his soul take its ease, and yet for all that, God says to him. *Thou Fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee*, and the things thou hast laid up, whom shall they belong to? where shall we find the causes of this better Reproach and terrible Judgement? we may find, I think, Two, and God perhaps saw more. First, that he did not intend true Rest to his Soul, but only to change the employments of it from Avarice to Luxury, his design is to eat and to drink, and to be merry. Secondly, that he went on too long before he thought of resting; The fulness of his old Barns had not sufficed him, he would stay till he was forced to build new ones; and God meted out to him in the same measure; Since he would have more Riches than his Life could contain, God destroy'd his Life and gave the Fruits of it to another.

Thus God takes away sometimes the Man from his Riches, and no less frequently Riches from the Man; what hope can there be of such a Marriage, where both parties are so fickle ād uncertain? by what Bonds can such a couple be kept long together?

I.

Why dost Thou heap up Wealth, which thou must quit,
Or, what is worse, be left by it?
Why dost thou load thy self, when thou'rt to flie,
Oh Man ordain'd to die?

2. Why

2.

Why dost thou build up stately Rooms on high,
Thou who art under Ground to lie?
Thou Sow'st and Plantest, but no Fruit must see;
For Death, alas! is sowing Thee.

3.

Suppose, thou Fortune could to tameness bring,
And clip or pinion her wing;
Suppose thou couldst on Fate so far prevail
As not to cut off thy Entail.

4.

Yet Death at all that subtilty will laugh,
Death will that foolish Gardner mock,
Who does a slight and annual Plant engraff,
Upon a lasting stock.

5.

Thou dost thy self Wise and Industrious deem;
A mighty Husband thou wouldst seem;
Fond Man! like a bought slave, thou all the while
Dost but for others Sweat and Toil.

6.

Officious Fool! that needs must medling be
In business that concerns not thee!
For when to Future years thou' extendst thy cares
Thou deal'st in other mens affairs.

7.

Even aged men, as if they truly were
Children again, for Age prepare,
Provisions for long travail they design,
In the last point of their short Line.

8.

Wisely the Ant against poor Winter hoords
The stock which Summers wealth affords,
In Grashoppers that must at Autumn die,
How vain were such an Industry?

9.

Of Power and Honour the deceitful Light
Might halfe excuse our cheated sight,
If it of Life the whole small time would stay,
And be our Sun-shine all the day,

10. Like Lightning that, begot but in a Cloud
[Though shining bright, and speaking loud]
Whilst it begins, concludes its violent Race,
And where it Guilds, it wounds the place.
11. Oh Scene of Fortune, which dost fair appear,
Only to men that stand not near!
Proud Poverty, that Tinsel brav'ry wears!
And, like a Rainbow, Painted Tears!
12. Be prudent, and the shore in prospect keep,
In a weak Boat trust not the deep.
Plac'd beneath Envy, above envying rise;
Pity Great Men, Great Things despise.
13. The wise example of the Heavenly Lark,
Thy Fellow-Poet, *Cowley* mark,
Above the Clouds let thy proud Musique sound,
Thy humble Nest build on the Ground.

10. The dangter of Procrastination.

A Letter to Mr. S. L.

I Am glad that you approve and applaud my design, of withdrawing my self from all tumult and businesse of the world; and consecrating the little rest of my time to those studies, to which Nature had so Motherly inclined me, and from which Fortune, like a Step-Mother has so long detained me. But nevertheless (you say, which, *But*, is *Ærugo mera*, a rust which spoils the good Metal it grows upon. But you say) you would advise me not to precipitate that resolution, but to stay a while longer with patience and complaisance, till I had gotten such an Estate as might afford me (according to the saying of that person whom you and I love very much, and would believe as soon as another man) *Cum dignitate otium.* This were excellent advice to *Iosua*, who could bid the Sun stay too. But there's no fooling with Life when it is once turn'd beyond Forty. The seeking for a Fortune then, is but a desperate After-game, 'tis a hundred to one, if a man fling two Sixes and recover all; especially, if his hand

Horat.

be

bē no luckier than mine. There is some help for all the defects of Fortune, for if a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes, he may have his Remedy by cutting of them shorter. *Epicurus* writes a Letter to *Idomeneus* (who was then a very powerful, wealthy, and (it seems) bountiful person) to recommend to Him who had made so many men Rich, one *Pythocles*, a friend of his, whom he desired might be made a rich man too; But I intreat you that you would not do it just the same way as you have done to many less deserving persons, but in the most Gentlemanly manner of obliging him, (which is not to adde any thing to his Estate, but to take something from his desires. The summ of this is, That for the uncertain hopes of some Conveniences we ought not to defer the execution of a work that is Necessary, especially, when the use of those things which we would stay for, may otherwise be supplyed, but the loss of time, never recovered; Nāy, farther yet, though we were sure to obtain all that we had a mind to, though we were sure of getting never so much by continuing the Game, yet when the light of Life is so near going out, and ought to be so precious, *Le jeu ne vaut pas la Chandille*, The play is not worth the expence of the Candle: after having been long tost in a Tempest, if our Masts be standing, and we have still Sail and Tackling enough to carry us to our Port, it is no matter for the want of Streamers and Top-Gallants; *Utere velis, Totos pande sinus.* A Gentleman in our late Civil Wars, when his Quarters were beaten up by the Enemy, was taken Prisoner and lost his life afterwards, only by staying to put on a Band, and adjust his Periwig: He would escape like a person of quality, or not at all, and dyed the noble Martyr of Ceremony, and Gentility. I think your counsel of *Festina lente* is as ill to a man who is flying from the world, as it would have been to that unfortunate well bred Gentleman, who was so cautious as not to fly undecently from his Enemies, and therefore I prefer *Horace's* advice before yours.

---- *Sapere*

------ *Sapere Aude, Incipe* ------

Libr. 1. Agric. Begin; the Getting out of doors is the greatest part of the Journey. *Varro* teaches us that *Latin* Proverb, *Portam itineri longissimam esse*: But to return to *Horace*,

------ *Sapere Aude,*
Incipe, vivendi qui recte prorogat horam
Rusticus expectat dum labitur Amnis, at ille
Labitur, & labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise;
He who defers the work from day to day,
Does on a RiversBank expecting stay, (be gon,
Till the whole stream, which stopt him should
That runs, and as it runs, forever will run on.

Cæsar (the man of Expedition above all others) was so far from this Folly, that whensoever, in a journey he was to cross any River, he never went one foot out of his way for a Bridge, or a Foord, or a Ferry; but flung himself into it immediately, and swam over; and this is the course we ought to imitate, if we meet with any stops in our way to Happiness. Stay till the waters are low, stay till some Boats come by to transport you, stay till a Bridge be built for you: You had even as good stay till the River be quite past. *Persius* (who, you use to say, you do not know whether he be a good Poet or no, because you cannot understand him, and whom therefore (I say) I know to be not a good Poet) has an odd expression of these Procrastinators, which, methinks, is full of Fancy.

Pers. Satyr. 5. *Jam Cras Hesternum consumpsimus, Ecce aliud Cras Egerit hos annos.*

Our Yesterdays To morrow now is gone,
And still a new To morrow does come on,
We by To morrows draw up all our store,
Till the exhausted Well can yield no more.

And now, I think, I am even with you, for your *Otium cum dignitate*, and *Festina lente*, and three or four other more of your New Latine Sentences: if I should

I should draw upon you all my forces out of *Seneca* and *Plutarch* upon this subject, I should overwhelm you, but I leave those as Triary for your next charges I shall only give you now a light skirmish out of an Epigrammatist, your special good Friend, and so, *Vale.*

Mart. Lib. 5. Epigr. 59.

To morrow you will Live, you always cry;
In what far Country does this morrow lye,
That 'tis so mighty long'ere it arrive?
Beyond the *Indies* does this Morrow live?
'Tis so far fetcht this Morrow, that I fear
'T will be both very Old and very Dear.
To morrow I will live, the Fool does say;
To Day it self's too Late, the wise liv'd Yesterday.

Mart. Lib. 2. Ep 90.

Wonder not, Sir (you who instruct the Town
In the true Wisdom of the Sacred Gown)
That I make haste to live, and cannot hold
Patiently out, till I grow Rich and Old.
Life for Delays and Doubts no time does give,
None ever yet, made Haste enough to Live.
Let him defer it, whose prepostrous care
Omits himself, and reaches to his Heir.
Who does his Fathers bounded stores despise,
And whom his own too never can suffice:
My humble thoughts no glittering roofs require,
Or Rooms that shine with ought be constant Fire.
we Ill content the Avarice of my sight
With the fair guildings of reflected Light:
Pleasures abroad, the sport of Nature yields
Her living Fountains, and her smiling Fields:
And then at home, what pleasure is't to see
A little cleanly chearful Familie?
Which if a chast Wife crown, no less in Her
Than Fortune, I the Golden Mean prefer.
Too noble, nor too wise, she should not be;
No, nor too Rich, too Fair, too fond of me.
Thus let my life slide silently away,
With Sleep all Night, and Quiet all the Day.

10. Of

11. *Of My self.*

IT is a hard and nice Subject for a man to write of himself, it grates his own heart to say any thing of disparagement, and the Readers Eares to hear any thing of praise for him. There is no danger from me of offending him in this kind; neither my Mind, nor my Body, nor my Fortune, allow me any materials for that Vanity. It is sufficient, for my own contentment, that they have preserved me from being scandalous, or remarkable on the defective side. But besides that, I shall here speak of myself, only in relation to the subject of these precedent discourses, and shall be likelier thereby to fall into the contempt, than rise up to the estimation of most people. As far as my Memory can return back into my past Life, before I knew, or was capable of guessing what the world, or glories, or business of it were, the natural affections of my soul gave me a secret bent of aversion from them, as some plants are said to turn away from others, by an Antipathy imperceptible to themselves, and inscrutable to mans understanding.. Even when I was a very young Boy at School, instead of running about on Holy-daies and playing with my fellows; I was wont to steal from them, and walk into the fields, either alone with a Book, or with some one Companion, if I could find any of the same temper. I was then too, so much an Enemy to all constraint, that my Masters could never prevail on me, by any perswasions or encouragements, to learn without Book the common rules of Grammar, in which they dispensed with me alone, because they found I made a shift to do the usual exercise out of my own reading and observation. That I was then of the same mind as I am now (which I confess, I wonder at my self) may appear by the latter end of an Ode, which I made when I was but thirteen years old) and which was then printed with many other Verses. The Beginning of it is Boyish, but of this part which I here

set down (if a very little were corrected) I should hardly now be much ashamed.

9.

This only grant me, that my means may lye
Too low for Envy, for Contempt too high.
Some Honor I would have
Not from great deeds, but good alone.
The unknown are better than ill known.
Rumour can ope' the Grave,
Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends
Not on the number, but the choice of Friends.

10.

Books should, not business entertain the Light,
And sleep, as undisturb'd as Death, the Night
My House a Cottage, more
Than Palace, and should fitting be
For all my Use, no Luxury.
My Garden painted o're
With Natures hand, not Arts; and pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

11.

Thus would I double my Lifes fading space,
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.
And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, this happy State,
I would not fear nor wish my fate,
But boldly say each night,
To morrow let my Sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them; I have liv'd to Day.

You may see by it, I was even then acquainted with the Poets (for the Conclusion is taken out of *Horace*;) and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate love of them which stampt first, or rather engraved these Characters in me: They were like Letters cut into the Bark of a young Tree, which with the Tree still grow proportionably. But, how this love came to be produced in me so early, is a hard question: I believe I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such Chimes of

of Verse, as have never since left ringing there, For I remember when I began to read, and to take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my Mothers Parlour (I know not by what accident, for She her self never in her life read any Book but of Devotion) but there was wont to lie *Spencers* Works; this I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the Stories of the Knights, and Giants, and Monsters, and brave Houses, which I found every where there: (Though my understanding had little to do with all this) and by degrees with the tinckling of the Rhyme and Dance of the Numbers, so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old, and was thus made a Poet as immediately as a Child is made an Eunuch. With these affections of mind, and my heart wholly set upon Letters, I went to the University; But was soon torn from thence by that violent Publick storm which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every Plant, even from the Princely Cedars to Me, the Hyssop. Yet I had as good fortune as could have befallen me in such a Tempest; for I was cast by it into the Family of one of the best Persons, and into the Court of one of the best Princesses of the World. Now though I was here engaged in wayes most contrary to the Original design of my life, that is, into much company, and no small business, and into a daily sight of Greatness, both Militant and Triumphant for that was the state then of the *English* and *French* Courts, yet all this was so far from altering my Opinion, that it onely added the confirmation of Reason to that which was before but Natural Inclination. I saw plainly all the Paint of that kind of Life, the nearer I came to it; and that Beauty which I did not fall in Love with, when, for ought I knew, it was real, was not like to bewitch, or intice me, when I saw that it was Adulterate. I met with several great Persons, whom I liked very well, but could not perceive that any part of their Greatness was to be liked or desired, no more

re than I would be glad, or content to be in a Storm, though I saw many Ships which rid safely and bravely in it: A storm would not agree with my stomach, if it did with my Courage. Though I was in a croud of as good company as could be found any where, though I was in business of great and honourable trust, though I eate at the best Table, and enjoyed the best conveniences for present subsistance that ought to be desired by a man of my condition in banishment and publick distresses; yet I could not abstain from renewing my old School boys Wish in a Copy of Verses to the same effect.

Well then; I now do plainly see
This busie World and I shall ne're agree, &c.

And I never then proposed to my self any other advantage from His Majesties Happy Restoration, but the getting into some moderately convenient Retreat in the Country, which I thought in that case I might easily have compassed, as wel as some others, with no greater probabilities or pretences have arrived to extraordinary fortunes: But I had before written a shrewd Prophesie against my self, and I think *Apollo* inspired me in the Truth, though not in the Elegance of it.

Thou, neither great at Court nor in the War, *Pindar. Od. Destiny.*
Nor at th'Exchange shalt be, nor at the wrangling Barr;
Content thy self with the small barren praise
Which neglected Verse does raise, &c.

However by the failing of the Forces which I had expected, I did not quit the Design which I had resolved on, I cast my self into it *A Corps perdu*, without making capitulations, or taking counsel of Fortune. But God laughs at a Man, who says to his Soul, *Take thy ease*: I met presently not onely with many little encumbrances and impediments, but with so much sickness (a new misfortune to me) as would have spoiled the happiness of an Emperour as well as Mine: Yet I do neither repent nor

nor alter my course. *Non ego perfidum Dixi Sacramentum*; Nothing shall separate me from a Mistress, which I have loved so long, and have now at last married; though she neither has brought me a rich Portion; nor lived yet so quietly with me as I hoped from Her.

------- *Nec vos, dulcissima mundi*
Nomina, vos Musæ, Libertas, Otia, Libri,
Hortique Sylvæque anima remanente relinquam.

Nor by me ere shall you,
You of all Names the sweetest, and the best,
You Muses, Books, and Liberty and Rest;
You Gardens, Fields, and Woods forsaken be;
As long as Life it self forsakes not Me.

But this is a very petty Ejaculation; because I have concluded all the other Chapters with a Copy of Verses, I will maintain the Humour to the last.

Martial. L. 10. Ep. 47.

Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem, &c.

SInce, dearest Friend, 'tis your desire too see
A true Receipt of Happiness from Me;
These are the chief Ingredients, if not all;
Take an Estate neither too great nor small,
Which *Quantum Sufficit* the Doctors call
Let this Estate from Parents care descend:
The getting it too much of Life does spend.
Take such a Ground, whose gratitude may be
A fair Encouragement for Industry.
Let constant Fires the Winters fury tame,
And let thy Kitchens be a Vestal Flame.
Thee to the Town let never Suit at Law;
And rarely, very rarely Business draw.
Thy active mind in equal Temper keep,
In undisturbed Peace, yet not in sleep.
Let exercise a vigorous health maintain,
Without which all the Composition's vain.

In

In the same weight Prudence and Innocence take,
Ana of each does the just mixture make.
But a few Friendships wear, and let them be
By Nature and by Fortune fit for thee.
In stead of Art and Luxury in food.
Let Mirth and Freedome make thy Table good.
If any cares into thy Day-time creep,
At night, without Wines Opium, let them sleep.
Let rest, which Nature does to Darkness wed,
And not Lust, recommend to thee thy Bed,
Be satisfi'd, and pleas'd with what thou art;
Act chearfully and well th'allotted part,
Enjoy the present Hour, be thankful for the Past,
And neither fear, nor wish th'approaches of the last.

Martial Book 10. *Epigram.* 96.

ME who have liv'd so long among the great,
You wonder to hear talk of a Retreat:
And a retreat to distant, as may show
No thoughts of a return when once I go.
Give me a Country, how remote so e're,
Where Happiness a mod'rate rate does bear,
Where poverty it self in plenty flowes,
And all the solid use of Riches knowes.
The ground about the house maintains it there,
The House maintains the ground about it here.
Here even Hunger's dear, and a full board,
Devours the vital substance of the Lord.
The Land it self does there the feast bestow,
The Land it self must here to Market go.
Three or four suits one Winter here does wast,
One suit does there three or four winters last.
Here every frugal Man must oft be cold,
And little Luke-warm-fires are to you sold.
There Fire's an Element as cheap and free.
Almost as any of the other Three.
Stay you then here, and live among the Great;

Attend

Attend their sports, and at their tables eat.
When all the bounties here of Men you score:
The Places bounty there, shall give me more.

Epitaphium Vivi Auctoris.

HIC, O Viator, sub Lare parvulo
Couleius *Hic est Conditus, Hic Jacet;*
Defunctus humani Laboris
Sorte, supervacuâque vitâ.

Non Indecora pauperie *Nitens,*
Et Non inerti *nobilis* otio,
Vanóque dilectis popello
Divitiis animosus Hostis.

Possis ut illum dicere mortuum;
En Terra jam nunc Quantula *sufficit?*
Exempta sit Curis, viator;
Ttrra sit illa Levis, precare.

Hic sparge Flores, *sparge breves* Rosas,
Nam vita gaudet Mortua Floribus,
Herbisque Odoratis Corona
Vatis adhuc Cinerem Calentem.

FINIS.